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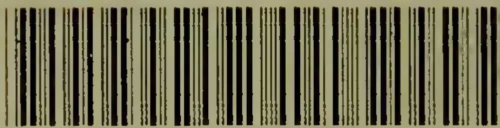
LABOUR AND VICTORY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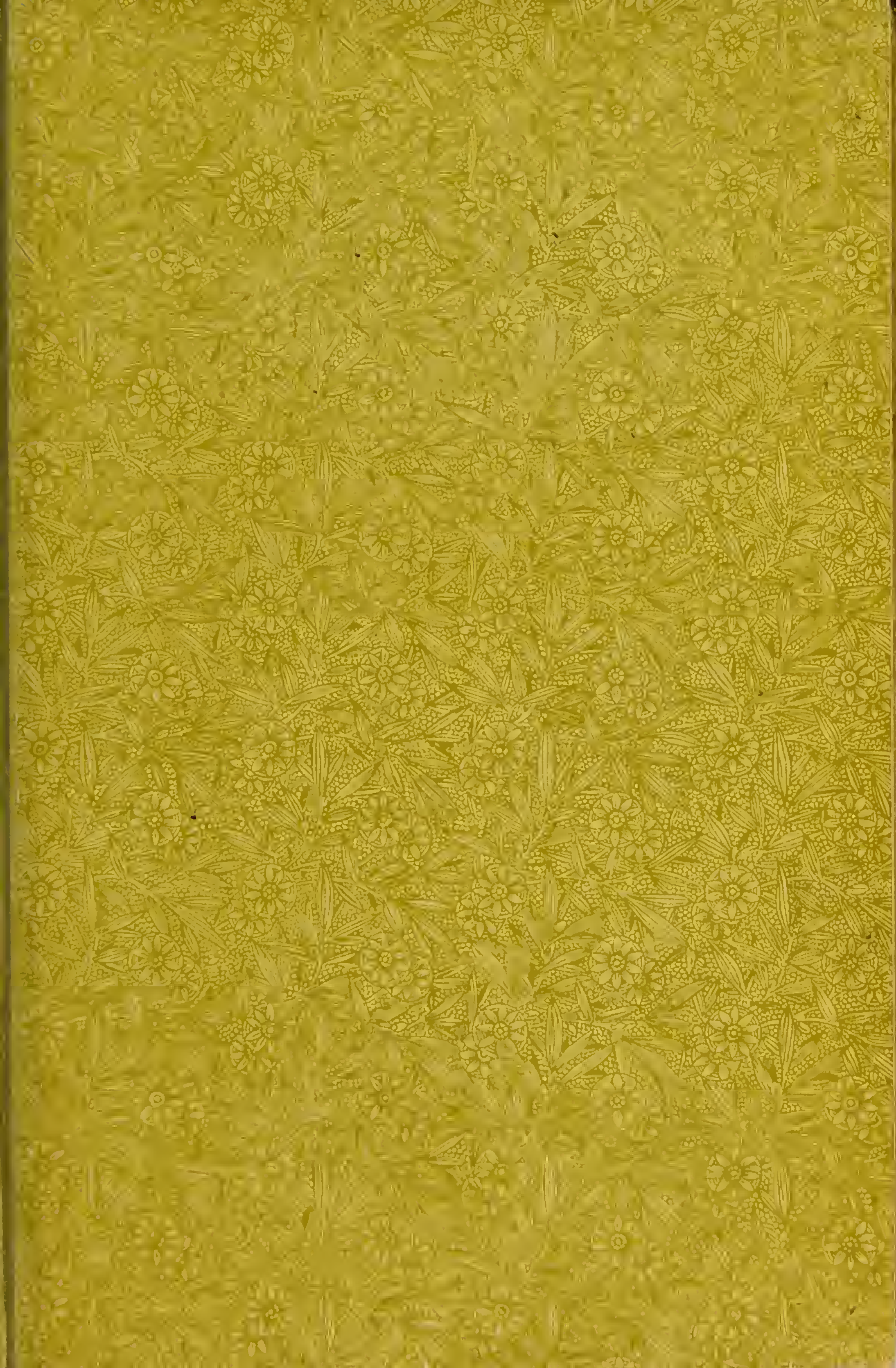

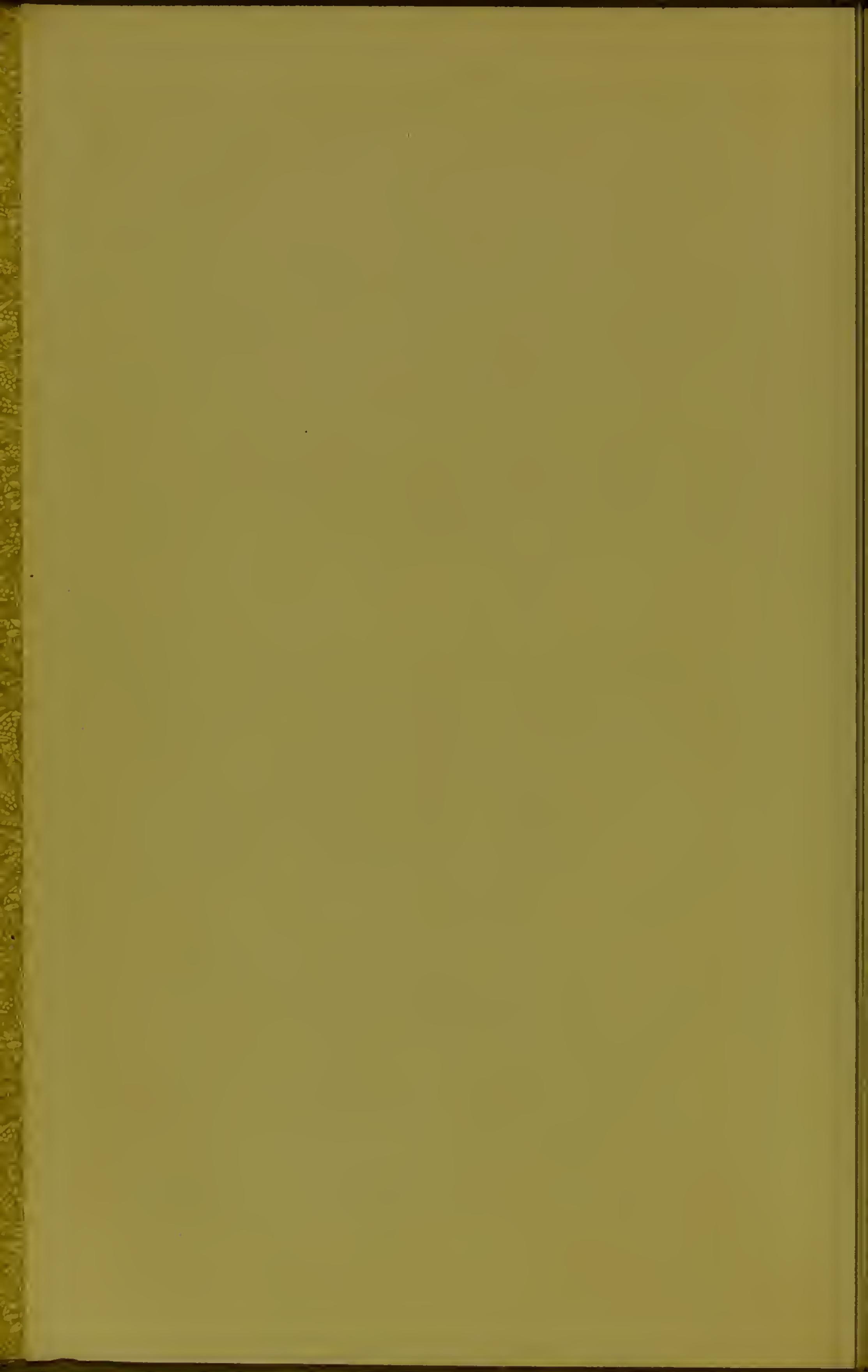

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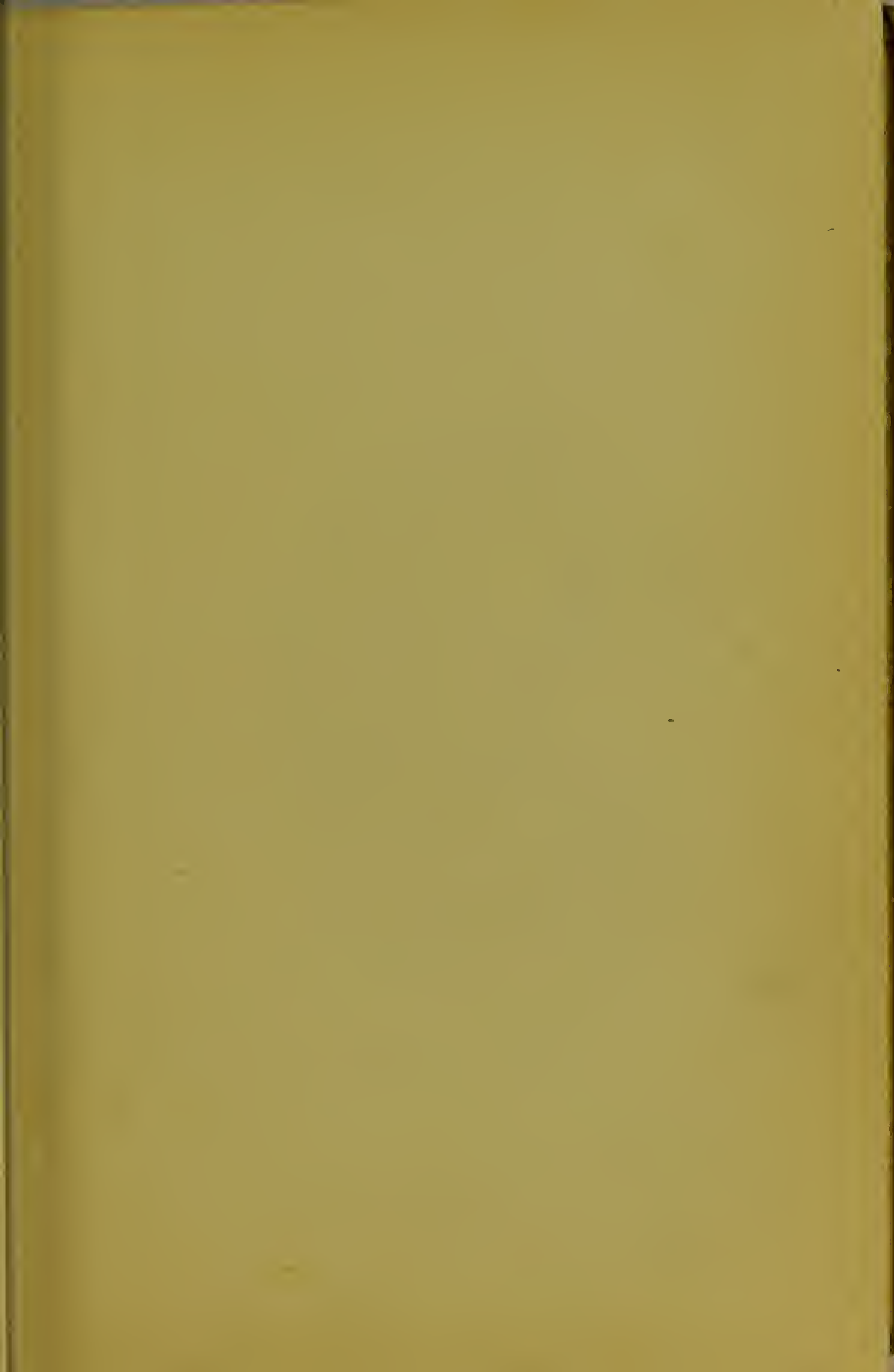

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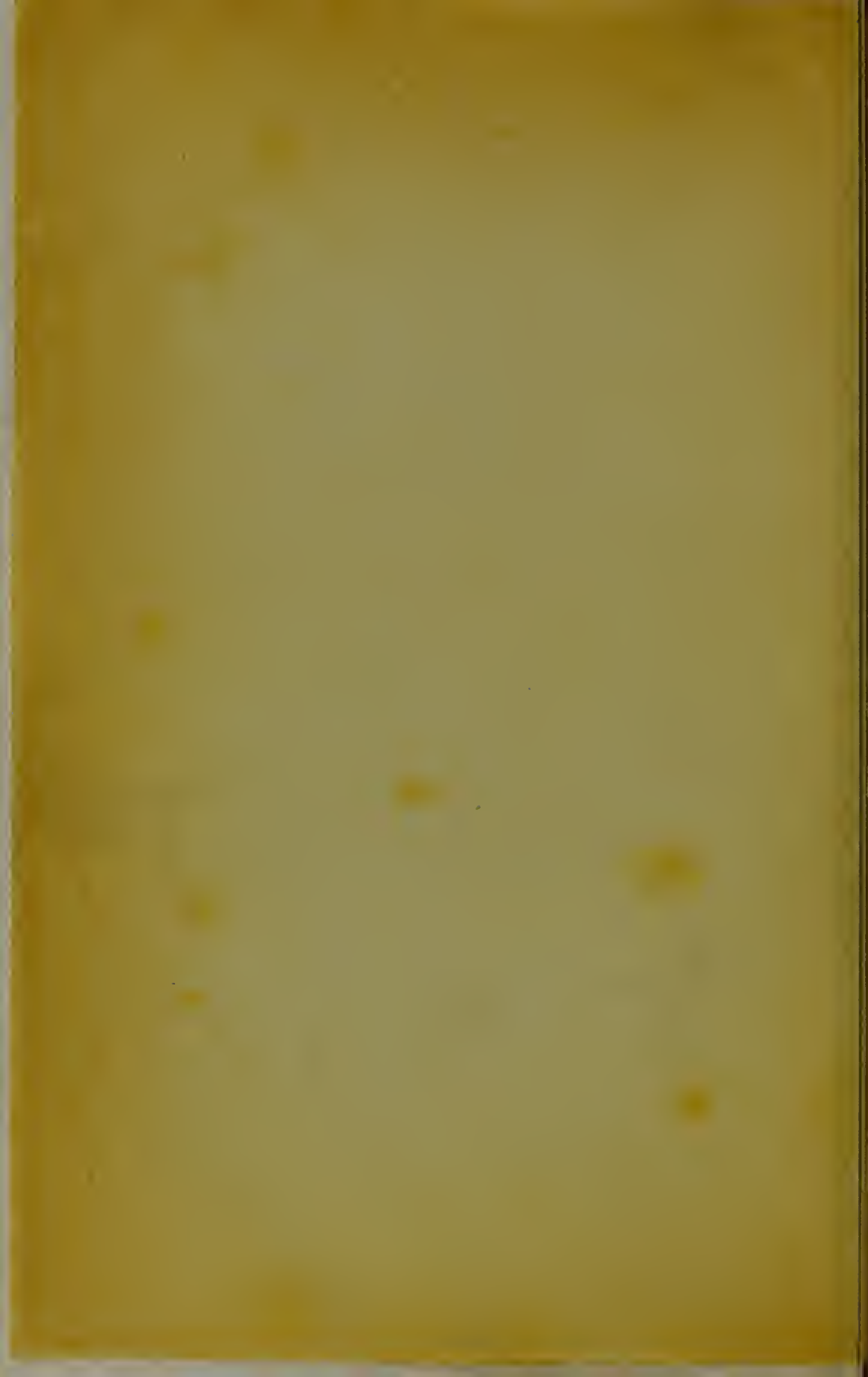

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LABOUR AND VICTORY

A Book of Examples for those who would Learn

By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D.,
F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.,

AUTHOR OF "GERMAN LIFE AND LITERATURE," "MASTER-MISSIONARIES," "INDUSTRIAL CURIOSITIES," ETC. ETC.

Third Edition

LONDON
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Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Longfellow.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume, most of the sketches in which have appeared in sundry monthly magazines, presents, it is hoped, sufficient variety to meet the tastes of those for whom it is primarily intended. The soldier-statesman, the man of science, the missionary, the determined self-helper, the faithful pastor, the man of business, the ardent philanthropist, are all represented in it; and certainly, if the author has approached in any way to doing the subjects justice, good impulses and inspirations should arise in the hearts of many young readers as they read. The last sketch may have some interest as showing, in midst of the rumours of re-awakening prejudices against the Jews and Jewish converts, that there have been, and no doubt still are, cases where the sincerity of the convert, as proved by many sacrifices, cannot be gainsaid.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

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SIR JAMES OUTRAM.

THERE are certain men whose names stand for great qualities. When these names are mentioned we think almost more readily of the quality than of the person. Sir James Outram is of this class. He is pre-eminently the modern knight; and Outram stands for chivalry. The tales of mediæval romance seem possible when we hear of his daring exploits, of his unselfish surrender and indifference to worldly profit. To read of them even in outline must be exhilarating and helpful, especially if we try to trace the process by which his character was formed and his great fame slowly grew.

I.

James Outram was born at Butterley Hall, Derbyshire, on January 29, 1803. He came of a race which had given honourable names to literature and to the Church of England; but his father, who showed a distinct genius for mechanical pursuits, and has the honour of having

been associated with Stephenson and other early railway magnates, was a civil engineer—so active, practical, and persevering that his Christian name of "Benjamin Franklin" did no discredit to the sponsorship implied by it. Some have even traced to the last syllable of his surname the word "Tram," now in common use. Just when he was securing a high rank in his profession, he abandoned it to found the Butterley Iron Works Company, in which he was chief partner. His enterprise, tact, and determination would no doubt have fully justified the step had he not died at a comparatively early age, before he was able to realise his projects, leaving his affairs in such a position that a very inadequate result remained for his family. His wife, the daughter of a Scottish gentleman, was a woman of great independence, energy, reticence, and firmness, and at once, on being made aware of the circumstances in which she had been left, resolved, so far as she could, to help herself. Her father, Dr. Anderson, had done some service to Lord Melville and to the country, and had incurred loss by it; and her characteristic and independent appeal to his lordship for justice, and her frank statement of the circumstances in which she was placed, brought a small pension from Government. The story of her visit to Lord Melville in London, which resulted in the grant of this pension, is well worth telling. This is her own account of the interview, given twenty years after its occurrence:—

"My spirit rose, and in place of meanly supplicating

his favour like a pauper soliciting charity, I addressed him like a responsible being, who had misused the power placed in his hands by employing my father's time and talents for the good of his country, and to meet his own wishes and ends, then leaving him ignobly to suffer losses he could not sustain, but which his high-toned mind would not stoop to ward off by solicitations to those who had used him so unjustly. I then stated my own situation, my dependence and involved affairs, and concluded by saying that I could not brook dependence upon friends when I had claims on my country by right of my father, adding, 'To you, my lord, I look for the payment of these claims. If you are an honest or honourable man, you will see that they are liquidated; *you* were the means of their being incurred, and *you* ought to be answerable for them. In making this application I feel that I am doing your lordship as great a favour as myself, by giving you an opportunity of redeeming your character from the stigma of holding out promises and not fulfilling them.' All this I stated and much more in as strong language, which was so different from anything his lordship expected, or was used to meet with, that he afterwards told me he never was so taken by surprise or got such a lecture in his life."

With this pension and the remnant saved from the wreck of her husband's estate, she devoted herself to the rearing of her five young children, of whom the eldest was Francis, who became an officer in the Indian service, like his more celebrated brother James.

After a few years' residence at Worksop and then at Barnby Moor (where for the sake of low rent Mrs. Outram bravely occupied a house that was popularly said to be haunted), she removed to Aberdeen. Her own early training and education, we are told, had been very incomplete, and this step was dictated in great part by the resolution that in this respect her children should not suffer. Living and schooling were cheap in Aberdeen; and it exhibits her foresight in the fairest light that she should have faced all the inconvenience and difficulty of removal—far greater at that time than now—for a prospective benefit for her children. At first she lived in a small cottage in the outskirts. When her daughters grew older we learn that she moved to an "upper flat" in Castle Street, that the best tuition available might be within their reach. She herself lost no opportunity of improvement, and when later in life she was free to travel abroad, no one would have detected a trace of the early defects in her training. She was "exceedingly accurate and punctual." She boasted, and, it is believed, with accuracy, that she had never of her own fault kept a person waiting five minutes in her life. She was ready to admire excellence in many walks of life. She abhorred meanness; could express herself well, and even wrote verses. She abhorred debt; to avoid it and every form of dependence was her daily thought.

"Her intimate friends," says Miss Catherine Sinclair, who knew her well, "knowing that her income was straitened, made frequent offers of assistance, but all in

vain. Her independent Scottish spirit recoiled from receiving an obligation, and she struggled successfully on through every difficulty or privation. Mrs. Outram was formed by nature to be the mother of a hero, and those among her friends who knew the gallant and chivalrous son might see that he had inherited his mother's generous sentiments, his bright talents, his inflexible integrity, and his indomitable energy from a parent of the old Scottish stamp, who has since her recent decease left few equals behind her. Even after the age of eighty Mrs. Outram's conversation continued to be so original, so sprightly, so full of wisdom and excellence, that every day there gathered around her a circle. . . . With the most cordial kindness there was an intellectual dignity in her manner that commanded respect. Mrs. Outram occasionally received her friends in the evening, and on her eighty-second birthday she had about twenty ladies at tea, to each of whom she presented a beautiful shawl of her own work. . . . Lord Dalhousie, while Governor-General in India, fully appreciated the noble character of Sir James Outram, and on his lordship's return, he became so partial to the society of the hero's mother that he visited her very frequently, and when on his deathbed he said, 'If I ever reach Edinburgh again, my first visit shall be to Mrs. Outram.' . . . She had a peculiar talent for letters, writing the most graphic description of passing scenes and of daily events with a sparkle of vivacity and a glow of kindness never to be imitated. As years advanced, her style be-

came more thoughtful, and she read for hours at a time with those large bright eyes which served her for above eighty-three years without becoming dim."

For a short period Outram went to school at Udney, where he was taught by Dr. Bisset, who later became Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and showed no little pride in his pupil. Here he showed more skill in draughtsmanship than in grammar, and in manly exercises and field-sports than in Latin and Greek, and was more inclined to defend the little boys against the big bullies than to ingratiate himself with his superiors. On one occasion he appeared at home with face so bruised and features so changed that he was hardly to be recognised by his relatives. On this occasion he had upheld the weak against the strong, and to the anxious questions put to him by his sister with a view to eliciting an explanation of his condition, he was able to reply triumphantly, "Never mind, Anna, I've licked the biggest boy in the school in such a manner that, I'll be bound, he'll not ill-treat any of the little boys again."

"He had the courage and fortitude of a giant," says his sister, "with the body of a pigmy, being very small for his age." His firmness and decision were extraordinary. Once on the seashore, when his hand had been caught by a crab, "he calmly held it up, the blood streaming down on the creature, which thus hung until of its own accord it relaxed its hold and fell to the ground. Not a cry had been heard from the sufferer, not even a wry face made.

He wrapped his handkerchief round his wounded finger, coolly saying, 'I thought he'd get tired at last.'"

"He was the reverse of studious," says his sister, Mrs. Sligo, "but equally the reverse of indolent. His play-time was spent in active exercise, gardening, mechanics, and every athletic sport. His great enjoyment, however, was to associate with the soldiers at the barracks, or the sailors at the docks—we, in the meantime, never knowing where our missing brother had gone. I recollect our surprise one evening when, on returning from our walk and glancing at the soldiers going through their exercises, we saw our own little Jemmy at their head, as perfect in all the manœuvres as any among them. He was the delight of the regiment, but even still more, if possible, the sailors' pet. There was a mutiny among the latter—I can't remember the date, but I think he must then have been about twelve or thirteen years of age. All Aberdeen was uneasy; my brother, of course, not at home. The sailors were drawn up in a dense body on the pier. The magistrates went down to them, backed by the soldiers, whose muskets were loaded; and they were held in readiness to fire on the mutineers, if necessary. Between the latter and their opponents, Jemmy Outram was to be seen, with his hands in his trousers-pockets, stumping about from one side to the other, like a tiger in his den, protecting his sailor friends from the threatening muskets; resolved to receive the fire first, if firing was to be. All ended peacefully, however, much to the general satisfac-

tion, and to our particular thankfulness, when we were told how our brother had exposed himself."

He was so skilful in carving that his mother would have made him a sculptor could she have found a place for him. After four years at Udney School he was removed to that of the Rev. W. Esson, then thought to be the best in Aberdeen; and here he was prepared for Marischal College, which he entered for mathematics and natural philosophy in the Session 1818–19, making very satisfactory progress in these studies. While his mother was anxiously casting about among her friends for advice and aid as to starting him in a profession, James had quietly made up his mind about a career. When it was proposed that, through the patronage of his relative, Archdeacon Outram, he might make his way into the English Church, he said to his sister, "They mean to make me a parson. You see that window; rather than be a parson I'm out of it, and I'll 'list for a common soldier." That necessity was averted through Captain Gordon, member for Aberdeenshire, a friend of his mother's, who procured for him a military cadetship in India. His mother accompanied him to London and saw all the duc preparations made; and he sailed in the good ship "York" on the 2d of May 1819, being then only in his seventeenth year, but with more of stern manhood than most who undertake the same voyage, notwithstanding his puny height—five feet one inch—over which he is said to have mourned. Years afterwards he was

described by his brother as the "smallest staff-officer in the army." Bombay was reached on the 16th August, and soon thereafter he was posted as Lieutenant of the First Grenadier Native Infantry, and speedily joined the 2d battalion. India was then at peace, and it was natural enough that a lad with unbounded energy and high spirits should seek a sphere for the exercise of his energies in field-sports, which he did at the various points at which he was first stationed—Rajkot, and other places. Lieutenant Outram was soon known as an expert pig-sticker, tiger, and lion-hunter. He ignored difficulties, and had no sense of danger. Many records of his daring doings in this department survive, and suffice to illustrate his character on this side; though, perhaps, that which best bespeaks the man is the resolution with which, at a later period, he hunted down and slew the tiger that had made an end of his much-loved Bheel chief and trusted companion—Khundoo.

II.

His exploits in hunting were, however, wholly thrown into the shade very soon by performances in another and higher field. His indomitable character and his fine sympathy with his men speedily made his influence felt, and before long he was advanced to the post of adjutant, having been in the meantime transferred to another regiment—the 23d Bombay Native Infantry, with which his

name remained to the end associated. He was a strict disciplinarian, but mixed humanity with it. His biographer says :—

"His love of field-sports, in which he was ready to join those under him, so far from leading them to be lax in their duties, made every man try to do his best. Duty was always a labour of love with those under him, for he inspired all who were capable of any elevation of feeling with some portion of his own ardour, and made all such willing assistants rather than mere perfunctory subordinates. Thus early did he show that wonderful tact of commanding men which few have possessed in such a high degree."

At this time he was only twenty-one years of age, and his advancement was particularly welcomed, inasmuch as it enabled him to gratify his filial feelings, always strong, in joining his brother in remitting regularly sums to his mother in Scotland.

His physique was much tried by the climate; but he had made up his mind to fight it out with the climate or die. And he did fight it out; for, strange to say, illness after illness did not leave him worse permanently, but appeared only to have strengthened his constitution, till it seemed to be of iron. He was given up in cholera more than once, and experienced fevers and other diseases or complaints, which, humanly speaking, would have killed most men; but excitement and work soon became, and long remained, his best restoratives and tonics.

The first opportunity presented to him for really distinguishing himself was in repressing the rising in Kittur, brought about by the death of the Deshai, or native hereditary governor, and a conspiracy to palm off a pretended successor. James Outram was then in Bombay on sick leave. He volunteered for the service, and bore himself so well as to have received special mention. A more important service, and one which was to have more permanent results, was ready for him soon after his return to Bombay. An outbreak occurred in Western Khandesh, in the Malair district, and Outram was sent to quell it. This he did with such decision and despatch, as well as soldierly craft, that the insurgents were surprised and scattered before the main body of the troops sent forward for the work had reached the scene of action. This marked him out for superior work, and, as the able man is always in his place, Outram was not found wanting when, still a young man of twenty-three, he was relieved from regimental duty and sent forward on the arduous enterprise of raising a Bheel corps in that province for police duty. The Bheels were very unlikely material for this end. Held to be a wholly distinct people from those surrounding them, they stood, to the number of some fifty-five thousand, as hopeless irreconcilables, Indian Ishmaels, their hands against every man. They have been called the Rob Roys of India. Roving, restless, keen for plunder, and quick to find an advantage against those of more settled modes of life, they levied a heavy tax upon

all within their reach. Skilful, indomitable, inured by ages to strife and foray, it seemed well-nigh a hopeless task to tame them to servitude and good citizenship. They regarded robbery as a sacred institution, and engaged in it with the spirit of men who ply their calling under divine sanction. Taught to divide their spiritual allegiance between the minor infernal deities, they were accustomed to propitiate these evil powers with sanguinary sacrifices. In addition to other debasing vices, they were greatly addicted to drunkenness; and "all their evil propensities," we are told, burst into a "flaming fire when roused by the effects of ardent spirits." The unfortunate province of Khandesh lay wholly at their mercy. Once populous and fertile, "Mahrattas, Arabs, Bheels, and Pindarries had combined to desolate it. And it came into our hands a desert—its towns in ruins, its villages destroyed, its soil uncultivated, its roads broken up, and myriads of its population swept off by famines, plagues, and battles.* Nor, for long, did it seem that the British supremacy was destined to bring repose to this stricken land. The Pindarries were no more; the power of the Mahrattas had been dissolved, the marauding Arabs had been driven out, and the mild sway of a paternal government had taken the place of misrule and rapacious tyranny. But the inhabitants of Khandesh found not peace. Their plains were still ravaged by the

* History of the British Conquest in India. By Horace St. John, Esq. Vol. ii. p. 79. Colburn & Co., 1852.

wild Bheels, who occupied the neighbouring mountains. And in vain did they invoke the protection of their new masters against these ruthless caterans, who, secure in their rocky defiles and dense pestilential jungles, continued for seven long years to baffle the political sagacity of the British Government, and to deride its military resources."

Mr. Elphinstone's predecessor in the government of Bombay had looked to the utter extermination of the Bheels as the only measure by which peace could be re-established in Khandesh. It is to Mr. Elphinstone's honour that he perceived in these wild men the possibility of much good, if they could once be brought under proper influences. He saw in their characters elements which would make it well worth while to win them to good order and peace. Once won, he felt they would be resolute, faithful, and brave.

Sir Frederic Goldsmid thus speaks of the policy of Mountstuart Elphinstone, and the position of the Bheels :—

"Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone looked hopefully to the possibility of ameliorating the condition of these proscribed brigands and outcasts. His scheme, however, was not only treated as unwise and impracticable, it was sneered at by 'practical men as utterly wild and visionary.' He would reclaim rather than exterminate; and happily the Home Government, despite of objections put forward, eventually supported his proposals. The selec-

tion of so junior an officer as James Outram for the double work of morally civilising and physically disciplining the rough and ignorant Bheels of Khandesh, was not more creditable to the nominee's character than to the judgment of the governor."

In at once throwing up his regimental position, and accepting the appointment offered, the young adjutant acted against the advice of his friends, who expatiated on the poor prospect of a successful result of his labours, and warned him seriously against risking his life in such a wild and utopian enterprise. But he was wise in his generation, as Sir F. Goldsmid says.

Outram set about the work in a decided way, though he fully appreciated the milder policy of conciliation recommended by the famous Mountstuart Elphinstone. First of all he directed his force upon the main centres, persuaded that so long as the spirit of rebellion was fostered by the belief that our troops could not attack the evil at its source, by penetrating to the mountain retreats, nothing effective could be done. With immense difficulty he made his way, with thirty bayonets, to the almost inaccessible mountain head-centre, and surprised the rebels. The suddenness, the confusion, above all, the sound of musketry, caused them to scatter in various directions. By a well-concerted plan, which had been entered into with his companions engaged in the work, the soldiers, who were soon reinforced, separated into small parties in pursuit. All the Bheel haunts and

strongholds were speedily occupied, and many were taken prisoners. No sooner was their power broken, than Outram set himself to conciliation and reconstruction. He urged on the Bheels with whom he came into contact the advantages that would arise to them from accepting regular service in the army, and enlistment forthwith began.

"It is not hard to understand," says his biographer, "the objection of the Bheels to enter on a new line of life on the representation of comparative strangers. They had had ample cause to mistrust authority under native governments, and insufficient experience of the British rule to accept it in a thoroughly trusting spirit. The fears of the men at some supposed lurking mischief were among the main obstacles to enlistment, and three or four of the first comers were frightened away by a report that they had been enticed with a view to eventual transportation beyond seas. At length five of the bolder, and it may be the more intelligent, of the number were persuaded to take the shilling in earnest, and on July 1, Outram had as many as twenty-five recruits. In August the number had increased to sixty-two, and a little later to ninety-two.

Suspicions, continually fomented by thoughtless talk in the camp, formed one of the great difficulties with which he had to contend. A fellow-officer of these days tells that, "for months after he first tried to enlist men for his Bheel corps, Bheel opinion as to his object was divided. It

was generally supposed that the Bheel recruits were wanted to be made into sepoys, and sent across the great 'black water' to England. Others believed that Outram required them to fatten for the cannibal Rajah whose servant he was. The liberal supply of food given to all in his camp favoured this idea. The Sahibs cared as little as the Bheels themselves for what was hallowed or unhallowed in the way of food, and the Hindu and Mohammedan servants would frequently terrify the Bheels by telling them 'that the people who eat beef and pork were not likely to stick at cannibalism.'"

Outram had not attained the first step in the work of conciliation till he and his assistants had impressed on the Bheels that the English officers were not only no cannibals, but were quite their equals in all things on which the Bheels most prided themselves; that they could walk longer, climb better, and were as courageous and more effective hunters than the Bheels themselves. "This was not difficult with such men as Outram had assigned to him for his companions and assistants. They were all young officers, full of energy, spirit, and the high principle of British soldiers. . . . Always taking the post of danger, always daring what the wildest of the Bheels shrank from, and always by his courage and coolness being successful, Outram established such an ascendency over these men, that they who had at first refused every offer to enlist crowded around him with offers of service, and he was enabled to choose the best and bravest of the

tribe to form his corps, which for many years not only kept the peace of the wilder portions of Khandesh, but put a stop to all marauding, whether by man or wild beast, within the sphere under his charge. His daring was only equalled by his generosity, and the warmth and kindliness of his nature."

His constant endeavour was to remove their fears by free intercourse with them, by talking of the cruelties done to them under the Peishwa's government with marks of detestation and without reserve, by listening to their complaints and redressing real grievances, and by displaying a perfect confidence in them. This policy was highly successful. When some rumours arose of contemplated foul play on the part of the English, scaring the Bheels, he says: "I ordered the Bheels to assemble, and was promptly obeyed. I explained to them how much disappointed I had reason to be in men who, notwithstanding the confidence I placed in them, sleeping under their swords every night (having none but a Bheel guard at my residence), still continued to harbour suspicions of me. The feeling with which they answered me was so gratifying that I did not regret the cause which brought it forth. Others have given early proof of their fidelity."

And he thus proceeds to indicate some interesting details of his methods and results:—

"In the beginning of August I despatched two parties to recruit, the one of a *havildar* and twenty Bheels to the

Chálisgáon, the other of a *naick* and ten Bheels to the Londir *ta'lukas.* Most of them were inhabitants of the countries to which they were sent, and on their arrival at their homes they found that report had been busy with their fate during their absence. So terrified were their relations from what they had heard of our intentions, that they endeavoured by every means to persuade my men to desert; but notwithstanding such solicitations they all returned, though they could only prevail on nine men to accompany them."

There were, of course, special obstacles in the way of the work :—

"The great bar to order at first was their frequent indulgence in intoxication; this I have put out of their power by the mode of payment, which provides them daily with merely the necessaries of life; except on the last day of the month, when the surplus of their pay is given, which I am happy to find they are beginning to expend in articles of finery in preference to spirituous liquors, and I have not observed a single instance of excess in this respect during the past month. . . .

"To terrify the Bheels into taking timely refuge in the corps, I also employed my men on one or two occasions to apprehend offenders. You have already been informed that a detachment from the Bheel corps was anticipated in the seizure of the notorious Heeria Naick, by one day. They also apprehended a gang of thirteen which had just committed a highway robbery; but the stolen articles not being found upon them, the prisoners were released—

though there was no doubt they were the perpetrators, the information against them having been given by an accomplice whose evidence I did not think it prudent to bring forward. The alacrity they evince in the performance of these services convinces me they will soon have no scruple to bring about their nearest relations to justice when required to do so."

He begs for more latitude in dealing with the Bheels than would be allowed in less exceptional circumstances, and then goes on:—"Placing early trust in them will naturally be regarded as imprudent, and as placing temptation in their way—yet I am persuaded that this is the only way to make them trustworthy."

And he thus excuses himself to his mother and his friends for his temerity:—

"If I have been carried away by enthusiasm occasionally to expose myself unnecessarily, believe me I shall bear your advice and admonition in mind, and abstain for the future. In my situation a little daring was necessary to obtain the requisite influence over the minds of the raw, irregular people I command; and if ever you hear of any act of temerity I may hitherto have been guilty of, do not condemn me as unmindful of what I owe to you and our family, but attribute it to having been a part of my peculiar duty."

And well he knew his men.

In less than eleven months from the date at which Outram had commenced the "conciliation" of the Bheels,

the foundation had been laid, and the erection of the structure was but a work of time and patience. All outbreak, marauding, and disobedience were summarily and sternly dealt with; Outram would tolerate no license; as we have seen, he so arranged the pay of the Bheels as to induce temperance and economy, and soon he founded schools both for adults and children. In 1828, the Collector reported that, for the first time in more than twenty years, the country had enjoyed six months of uninterrupted repose. The keen interest and exceeding delight he took in the school for the Bheel children was such as to soften somewhat the blow which at this time fell upon him from the painful and untimely death of his brother Francis,—certain circumstances in connection with which deeply grieved him, and led to much correspondence.

The complete success of his dealings with the Bheels of the north-east, suggested that the same thing might be done for the Bheels of the Dang, a tract of tangled forest on the west of Khandesh. Detachments of our troops had for years been maintained on the frontier of the Dang, but no effort had been made to conquer the tribes that occupied it; and any attempt to penetrate their fastnesses had been avoided by Government on account of the uncertain nature of the enterprise and the unhealthiness of the country. Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, had in council expressed his opinion that a strong brigade of regular troops would be insufficient to attempt the invasion of the Dang country; and it was his

confidence alone in Outram's foresight and skill that led him to sanction the project.

Outram perceived how Bheels could be used to tame other Bheels. He undertook to march a body of troops into the heart of the fortresses of Dang; and did it with such success that within a fortnight after the commencement of proceedings the desired end was accomplished; the force returned, "with the principal chief our prisoner, and all the others in alliance, after having subdued and surveyed the whole country,"—which, be it remembered, had been hitherto unexplored, and had been deemed wholly impracticable; and all this, by virtue of skill and decision, was attained with the loss of only one life on our side. The thanks of the Bombay Government were sent to Outram for the "highly meritorious service of the detachment on the Dang. . . . Nothing could exceed the indefatigable efforts made by yourself and the officers and troops under your command, bringing this most harassing duty to a conclusion . . . which has now been most happily effected through the unyielding perseverance maintained, and the judicious measures you have pursued throughout."

And in the course of the work not only were Bheels used to tame other Bheels, but Bheels and regular soldiers were led to fraternise on such terms as promoted emulation and love of discipline. These sentences from Outram's diary attest this:—"Not only were the Bheels received by the men without insulting scoffs, but they were even received

as friends, and with the greatest kindness invited to sit down among them, fed by them, and talked to by high and low—as on an equality from being brother soldiers. This accidental circumstance will produce more beneficial effects than the most studied measures of conciliation; and Bheel reformation will owe much to it. The Bheels returned quite delighted and flattered by their reception, and entreated me to allow them no rest from drill until they became equal to their brother-soldiers! Thus happily has another obstacle been removed." This obstacle—a purely moral one—he explains to have been caused by the impression that his men would be unfavourably disposed towards the regular army; whereas, instead of any such result accruing from the contact, a feeling of regard for the red-coats arose in the minds of the Bheels, which would assuredly, in his opinion, be communicated to future recruits. A postscript, dated January 4, reports the arrival and distribution of arms and accoutrements. The men seemed highly pleased with and proud of the former, notwithstanding that a very few months before they had expressed themselves strongly against receiving them.

Early in 1826 Outram had returned to Dharangaon, which place he then determined to make his permanent headquarters. On May 1 of that year he states that it is his intention to discontinue for a time recruiting; and on July 1 he reports that he has "now in the service 308 Bheels, of whom 258 attend drill." During the two

previous months the men had been much engaged in the construction of barracks. Their conduct continued to be satisfactory; there had not been a single complaint against them from villagers throughout June, and none that could be remembered in May. They abstained from spirituous liquors, except on certain special occasions, when the use was authorised; they exerted themselves with zeal and success to suppress robbery and violence; and they loyally responded to the call of their commandant to set an example of soldierly obedience and good behaviour, whether on duty or parade, or in quarters with their families.

In December the Bheels were inspected by Mr. Bax, of the Bombay Civil Service, who had succeeded Colonel Robertson as Collector of Khandesh. The corps were reported competent to take part in the charge and escort of treasure; to keep the peace in case of plundering or disturbance; to act in a body, or detachments, against outlaws or rebels; to assist regular troops in the event of serious field operations; and to supply ordinary guards and escorts to the local authorities. Outram concludes an official report, dated December 13, with the expression of his intention to recommence recruiting as soon as the arrival of his expected adjutant would enable him to move about the country. "I shall endeavour," he says, "to draw off recruits from all parts of the Satpura range, and make myself perfectly acquainted with every stronghold and place of refuge in these mountains; so that, on the occurrence

of any disturbance similar to those of last rains, and every former year, I may be able to circumvent all such gangs by my Bheels, and at once."

The real secret of Outram's success lay in great insight into character and great firmness, combined with unselfish concern for the good of those he sought to subdue.

" He spared no pains to establish over his outlawed friends the power which springs from tested sympathy—not that inspired by awe alone. They found not only that he surpassed them in all they most admired, in all that was most manly, but that he thoroughly understood their ways—that he loved them—that he could and did enter thoroughly into their fears and difficulties, their joys and sorrows. Such a bond, all-powerful in its action, could be established and maintained only by the genial intercourse of daily life. Though his wild subjects saw their *sahib* exercising the open-handed hospitality of Anglo-Indian bachelor life in his costly residence at Dharangaon—a palace in their eyes—yet they felt that he essentially belonged to themselves; while his active habits brought him into constant contact with the minute interests of their everyday existence. No wonder that we hear of his memory still lingering in Khandesh, shrouded by a semi-divine halo We are told that a few years ago some of his old sepoys happened to light upon an ugly little image. Tracing in it a fancied resemblance to their old commandant, they forthwith set it up and worshipped it as 'Outram Sahib.' "

The Bheels had discovered that an Englishman could surpass them in all the qualities on which they most prided themselves—in personal courage, scorn of danger, and resolute bravery—and that he could also impart much to which they had heretofore been strangers. As Sir F. Goldsmid says :—" The discovery had been made that an Englishman could use the rod with impartiality, even though it were one of iron. If other Englishmen were of the stamp of those sent to govern Khandesh, within the limits of the agencies, then, it might reasonably be argued, must their words and wisdom be trustworthy ; and if *they* said that education was essential to those under their charge, it was more than probable that they were right. It was not to be expected that so little advanced a thinker as the Bheel would stop to inquire whether all Englishmen were alike. And of course he knew nothing whatever of policies, or of the views of particular Governments and particular Viceroys."

Thus it was that Outram attracted the affection and admiration of the wild Bheels. Willingly would they have followed him anywhere. He could excel in tiger-slaying —a feat in which was their own greatest pride. He could trust their rude honour—a result at which none of his predecessors could arrive, though officials of a native government. He was clearly their pattern of an authority which they could acknowledge without loss of self-esteem, or such equivalent for caste as they were contented to accept. That *caste*, in the Indian sense, is not a term

applicable to themselves, is perhaps undisputed. Even the common village barber would not exercise his profession upon the Bheel otherwise than on compulsion; and one collector of Khandesh had to administer a fine before the razor was produced for shaving the men of his guard.

Lieutenant Douglas Graham, who succeeded Lieutenant Beck as adjutant of the Bheel corps, writing of his commanding officer in 1833, designates him his own "staunchest friend," and the "boldest and best sportsman" in Western India. "We have lived together," he says, "for seven long years now . . . without having had a difference . . . He has saved my life; I have done the like good office to him; we have fought together, and *fed* together, been for months without any but our own sweet society; and, to sum up the story, I do not think friendship can go a step further than what exists between us two."

III.

So Outram worked till 1835 among the Bheels, doing at several other points much the same work as we have noted in Khandesh and Dang; but, not unnaturally, a desire for a wider field uprose in his mind. After a time he was sent on a special mission to arrange some differences in the Mahi Kanta—a distant portion of Guzerat, far above the Khandesh and the Narbada, of which the

Kolees form the most numerous inhabitants—a people nearly allied to the Bheels, and like them warlike and rebellious, though less tall and muscular. The Government proposed to survey the tract, and to conciliate the wild inhabitants in the same manner as had been done in Khandesh.

Outram went to Bombay, where he was married to his cousin, Miss Anderson, attended conferences, and was by and by appointed to this work. Sir Robert Grant's excessive desire for peace and conciliatory measures somewhat hampered him; for he knew well that with such people a stern front must be shown first; and we find him asking, in a very characteristic manner, how, after having pardoned and taken under protection the chiefs who shall submit to us, he was to deal with those whom they might have injured. "It will, I presume, be necessary to satisfy all well-founded claims against them, both in justice and to prevent retaliation"—a sentence which indicates not only Outram's political sagacity, but his full sense of justice and rectitude.

These circumstances of restraint on the side of mildness threatened to have led to some difficulty respecting the outlawry and treatment by Outram of one of the Kolee chiefs; but his conduct throughout the difficult work had been so conspicuously masterly that, in spite of the apparent departure from the Governor's principles implied in this action, the outlawry of Suraj Mall was not only condoned, but admitted to have been successful in the

result. In the same way he acted against Kolee disturbers of local authority at many points, putting them down, bringing harmony and order out of confusion and lawlessness; and there can be no doubt that his intrepidity and resolution did much to prevent a general rising, which there is ample proof was at one time threatened. It is very odd to read the mixed strain of protest and of admiration which runs through the despatches to him as agent in this province—the one sometimes obtaining ascendency, sometimes the other; but the worst that could be said was that the sphere was too limited for the worthy display of such remarkable military talents, and his justifications of his policy, as being really the mildest, are as skilfully formed as were his military plans.

"Had any negotiations," he says in one despatch, "with the Bharwatti been attempted, as suggested, I am convinced that the Thakeer would have continued 'out,' in the hope of ultimately gaining his ends; and had any modification in the terms finally decided on and publicly promulgated by Government have been allowed, it would have encouraged a continuance of the system of the Bharwattaism, which I am convinced it is in our power, as it is our duty, I conceive, to put an end to."

It scarcely needs to be said, however, that in view of the success attained, his sensitive mind chafed at the tone of reprimand which too often showed itself in Government orders.

In 1838 he was removed from this post, and attached

to the staff of Sir John Keane, at Scinde. as an extra aide-de-camp. "Neither you nor I," he wrote to his wife, "ever could have thought I should have been an A.-D.-C.; but recollect this is not to flutter about in a ballroom, but to attend to the general on service." Then, as if apprehensive that he had foreshadowed a position of too much danger, he immediately changes his note, and explains how pleasant will be the discharge of duties enabling him to see everything as an amateur; adding that, since the enemy never came near enough to the chief of the forces to endanger his life, the aide-de-camp ran no risk whatever!

Added to his cares in the midst of such a change, he had domestic trials: his wife was in ill-health, and had been compelled to leave India. He was solitary and depressed; he worked harder than ever, however—to such an extent as to forego all but enforced exercise. On the first hint of the Afghan war he was ready with his suggestions, remarking on the weakness of the cavalry in the army destined for Afghanistan, and proposing the enrolment of certain classes of natives, under English officers, for this work. Into the peculiar position of Scinde at this time, and the circumstances that led to the Afghan war, it is impossible for us here to enter; but it must be said that Captain Outram and Lieutenant Eastwick were associated in a mission to the Court of Hyderabad in order to bring the Ameer to a clear understanding with reference to these among various other matters: the necessity of a

British military cantonment at Thatta; the part payment by the Ameer of our troops quartered in Scinde. On their way through the country, Outram's eyes were busy taking note of its military capabilities; and whilst he was engaged in a survey of the town he was presented with only too marked proofs that the cordiality of the princes in durbar was not shared by the people or by the Belooch soldiery. Demands for explanation were not met by satisfactory replies, and Outram and Eastwick had to embark without a second interview. Their small detachment of sixty-nine men would have been attacked had it not been that all were kept on the alert. War in this case also was only averted by decisive military demonstrations, by which the Ameers were brought to a better mind. On returning to Jerak, he found that matters were coming to a crisis in Afghanistan, and he was despatched on a mission to Macnaghten, then in the camp of Shah Shuja.

"Riding all night on a tired camel, and for half the distance quite alone, through a country of abandoned grainfields and protective watchtowers—frequented by Belooch plunderers, who evinced their hostility by murdering every stranger—he reached Gandava (forty-one miles) late in the morning. Thence, on the following day, March 15, he continued his route to Bagh (forty-five miles) upon a pony lent him by the commissariat officer, escorted by two armed Beloochis entertained for the journey. Here he fell in with Mr. Macnaghten, and communicated to him the objects of his coming, returning on the 19th to Gandava,

and rejoining Sir John Keane at Panjak, a few miles beyond. Owing to the information which he brought from the royal camp, the chief directed him to hasten back to Gandava, for the purpose of despatching thence an express messenger to the envoy, conveying the intelligence that his Excellency had resolved upon pushing on with a small escort to Dadar, there to meet the Shah, and accompany his Majesty and the British officers with him up the Bolan, then occupied by our soldiers. The latest accounts from Sir Willoughby Cotton were to the effect that the head of his column was within one march of the top of the pass, and that it was expected no opposition would be offered to its progress before arrival at Kandahar."

To his friend Lieutenant Eastwick he wrote what seems to have some practical application even now:—

"Every day's experience confirms me in the opinion that we should have contented ourselves with securing the line of the Indus alone, without shackling ourselves with the support of an unpopular emperor of Afghanistan, whom to maintain will cost us at least thirty lakhs annually, besides embroiling us hereafter with all the rude states beyond, which it must perpetually do. We have now stretched out our feelers too far to pull them back, however, and must and will carry our objects for the *present* triumphantly; but I cannot blind myself to the embarrassment we are storing up for the future."

And again, to Major Felix about the same time:—

"If, as I suspect will be the case, Dost Mahomed pre-

fers temporary exile to submission, seeing that the Shah is only upheld by the presence of a British army which must soon be withdrawn, he will return with tenfold popularity to raise the standard of the faithful against a king forced upon bigoted Afghanistan by infidel bayonets. Then will Shah Shuja be in his turn deserted by those who are now seduced to his side by British gold, but who only can be held there so long as the golden stream flows undiminishedly. The fact is not to be concealed that Dost Mahomed, at the outset of this struggle, had the preponderance of *personal* weight in this country, a well-tried, able, and fortunate ruler, against the bad luck ('bad bakht'), which goes a great way with natives, and *bad name* of Shah Shuja; and it is not to be supposed that the Dost's temporary expulsion will otherwise than enlist the sympathy of his countrymen, who will hail his return too as the triumph of the champion of the 'true faith' *over* the hireling slave of '*infidels*,' as they will then be taught to consider Shah Shuja, if they do not already do so. . . . I am of opinion we should be restricted to placing Shah Shuja in possession of Kabul, leaving officers to discipline his contingent, and a resident to guide him; and that our army should then descend to Attock before winter, thence to operate on Scinde, or to return to India, as may be required. . . .

"For our own sakes I think it better we should pass peaceably through Afghanistan and fulfil our mission without hostilities; because once involved in warfare, we

should have to continue it under lamentable disadvantages in this country. A blow once struck by us at the Afghans will oblige us to become principals on every occasion hereafter, much to our cost and little to our credit. . . . You will be surprised that *I* should display so little desire for actual war; but I hope you will give me credit for some discretion, which is as necessary as bravery to a good soldier, and do me the justice to believe that I would weigh well the consequences before plunging into war when hostilities can honourably be avoided. I have well considered every side of this question, and am now satisfied that British bayonets need never be pushed beyond the Hala Mountains for the defence of India; that British armies of any strength could not be supplied or supported for a length of time on this, the Afghan, side of these mountains, and that the natural and impregnable boundary of our empire is the Indus."

But the business of the true soldier is to act, not to argue. When war was entered on Outram was a tower of strength. His conduct at the siege of Ghuznee was heroic; he knew no fear; he faced death as if it had no terror. On the day of arrival before Ghuznee, he more than once conveyed his chief's orders to the troops engaged with, or threatened by, the enemy, after the fire had been opened on both sides. Under Sir J. Keane's instructions he placed guns at a point to the western face of the fortress, with the view to check the escape of the garrison; and he afterwards rode to the eastern wall to

make arrangements to intercept the fugitives in that direction. And he led in a masterly manner that expedition through Haji Guk* and the Kalu Pass in pursuit of Dost Mahomed, which, though it failed by reason of the duplicity of native guides, was one of the most admirable achievements of the campaign.

His biographer well says: "The capture of the strong fortress of Ghuznee, accomplished within three-quarters of an hour from commencement of the assault, is an event which occupies too prominent a place in history, and has already been too well and circumstantially chronicled, to warrant the obtrusion, at this late hour, of any new account.† That Outram's name does not appear in the despatches is one of those unexplained occurrences, which if it were compulsory on the historian or biographer to fathom, we venture to affirm that few histories or biographies would be written at all. Either would the inquirer not arrive at the root of the matter, or arriving there, he would find weaknesses and littlenesses which, if not unbecoming his office to exhume, would sorely embarrass him to apportion fairly to the respective possessors. In this case the omission cannot be accounted for as accidental, nor can it be laid at the door of custom or precedent."

* A pass 12,000 feet above the ocean, whence they saw the snow 1500 feet below them.

† Perhaps the most recent and circumstantial version is that contained in Durand's "First Afghan War." Longmans, 1879.

IV.

On his return from the Kalu Pass, Outram was despatched to tranquillise the disturbed Ghilzai tribes between Kabul and Kandahar, which, in the face of the greatest difficulties, he accomplished by a series of the most original and best planned surprises, surrounding and capturing the chiefs of the tribes, who, if they had escaped to their stronghold, might have "held out successfully against all the material with which the Bombay Division is provided."

No sooner was Shah Shuja on the Afghan throne than Outram was despatched to Kelat as a volunteer; soon, however, finding a regular position under General Willshire, who knew his value.

"James Outram was not one to be spared from the scene of emergencies, when they arose within his sphere of work. Circumstances had made it more or less imperative, on the part of our high politicals, to call Mihrab Khan of Kelat to account for an obstructiveness which had become dangerous to the interests they sought to protect. It was therefore decided that General Willshire should march against him in his headquarters. Kelat is situated about a hundred miles south and a little west of Quetta; and thither the attacking force moved leisurely on 4th November 1839, through the large and well-watered valley of Mastung. A week from that date they

were at a distance of two easy marches from their goal. Outram had accompanied as an amateur up to this point. He was now nominated to attend the general in the capacity of aide-de-camp during the expected action, and to serve with the engineers during the siege. Mihrab Khan had threatened to bring out his whole force to expel or annihilate the Feringhee intruders, but, wisely perhaps, if unfortunately, contented himself with preparing for defence within walls."

The same tale in main essentials has to be retold. Outram's bravery at the siege was thus recognised by the general in his despatch: "From Captain Outram, who volunteered his services on my personal staff, I received the utmost assistance, and to him I feel greatly indebted for the zeal and ability with which he has performed the various duties that I have required of him." And Outram himself was the bearer of this despatch, deputed to survey the direct route from Kelat by Sonmiani Bandar, and to report its practicability or otherwise as a passage for troops, which the general considered an object of the first importance. The fulfilment of this duty led Outram into passages of adventure that read like a romance.

His biographer says:—

"There are two roads from Kelat to Sonmiani, the more easterly of which, by Wadd, separating from the other at Sohrab, and re-uniting at Baila, had been reported on by Colonel Pottinger, who traversed it in the

early part of 1810, moving upwards from the sea-coast. On that occasion both Pottinger and Christie had assumed the character of agents to an influential native contractor for supplying horses to the Governments of Madras and Bombay; but, although the actual *status* of the English officers was a puzzle to most inquirers, and their European origin was patent to many, the native dress which they wore kept them from that suspicious and continuous scrutiny with which the Feringhee traveller is distressed in his wanderings through the less visited regions of the East. They were three full weeks in getting from Sonmiani to the capital of Mahmud Khan, then chief of Kelat: that is to say, they performed the journey in fifteen marches, and halted seven days, reckoning the distance at a fraction above 345 miles.

"Outram chose the western route, by Nal; made out his journey in less than eight days, and reckoned the distance 355 * miles—a figure somewhat higher than that of his predecessor. His movements were necessarily secret and rapid, too much so for accurate survey or observation; for he was travelling at a time of great local excitement, through an enemy's country, and amid a rough and rude people. Starting at midnight, disguised as an Afghan, with one private servant only, he left camp under the guardianship of two Saiyids of Shal, who had accepted the responsibility of escorting him, and whose two armed

* The Itinerary attached to his Diary has become a valuable reference.

attendants made up the whole party. There were thus six persons in all — mounted on four ponies and two camels."

A very small detachment, indeed, to perform the vast service that it did in the then state of the country.

The step to major, which he ought to have had for Ghuznee, he now received for Kelat, which should have brought a colonelcy and C.B. The Court of Directors in London actually thought that he had attained the two steps, and he was congratulated by Lord Auckland on the supposed well-won promotion. Hostile influences must have been at work. "No explanation has ever been given why this particular promotion, officially announced to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram by the Governor of Bombay, did not have effect; but no remonstrance on the subject was ever submitted by the officer concerned, who considered that 'honours *sought* are not to be esteemed.'"

"He also received the thanks of both the Bombay and supreme Governments for the 'very interesting and valuable documents' relating to the Kelat-Sonmiani route. The perusal of these had afforded the Governor-General 'much satisfaction.' Prior to this, moreover, the envoy and minister with Shah Shuja had conveyed his Majesty's bestowal of the second class order of the Durani Empire, in 'acknowledgment of the zeal, gallantry, and judgment' which he had displayed in several instances during the past year, whilst employed on the king's immediate behalf. Three of the instances in which his 'merit and

exertions' were 'particularly conspicuous,' are specially cited :—

"First, on the occasion of his gallantly placing himself 'at the head of his Majesty's troops engaged in dispersing a large body of rebels, who had taken up a threatening position immediately above his Majesty's encampment on the day previous to the storm of Ghuznee.'

"Secondly, on the occasion of his 'commanding the party sent in pursuit of Dost Mahomed Khan,' when his 'zealous exertions would in all probability have been crowned with success, but for the treachery of his Afghan associates.

"Thirdly, for 'the series of able and successful operations' conducted under his superintendence, 'which ended in the subjection or dispersion of certain rebel Ghilzai and other tribes, and which have had the effect of tranquillising the whole line of country between Kabul and Kandahar, where plunder and anarchy had before prevailed.'"

He was well received at the Presidency, and was offered the appointment of Political Agent in Lower Scinde. Scarcely, however, had he settled down to work in Scinde when war in the north-west began to threaten. At once he put himself at the disposal of the Government, writing thus to Mr. Macnaghten in the course of a long letter :—

"Most gladly shall I obey the summons; for in addition to zeal for the public service, I have now the impulse

of personal gratitude to the Governor-General, to you, and to the Shah. Pray remember also that I require no pecuniary advantage, and would accept of none; for the moiety of my salary in Scinde, which I would still receive while absent on duty, is most handsome, and far above my deserts. I look upon it, not only to more than compensate for any services I may have to perform in that country, but also as the purchase in advance of all that I could ever do hereafter in the public service. My wife will arrive in Bombay about May, but I would not wait on that account. As a soldier's wife, she knows and will admit my first duty to be to the public, to which all private and personal considerations should be sacrificed. . . . Please order me when and where to go and what to do; you will find me punctual to tryst, and ready to perform whatever is expected of me in any quarter. At the same time pray write for the Governor-General's sanction to my temporary absence from Scinde, the duties of which could, I hope, be fulfilled for the present by my assistants, as no great steps for the improvement of our relations in that quarter can be entered upon until everything has been effectually settled in the north-west."

He had, however, in the meantime, to abide at his political post. The work in Lower Scinde was hard, but more locally important than generally interesting; the two main features of the first period were the reduction of taxes on inland produce brought to Kurachee and the

relief of the Indian traffic from tolls, and the transfer of Shikarpur to the British Government. By and by, through changes that had been long contemplated, he was placed in charge of Upper Scinde as well as Lower. This additional work had its disadvantages as well as advantages. For one thing, it practically broke up the domestic life which had just been taken up afresh with the arrival of Mrs. Outram from England. In spite of all this he intimated himself ready to assume a third charge still more remote in the event of the death of Mr. Rose Bell, who was in seriously bad health. With such responsibilities, he remodelled completely the administration of Lower and Upper Scinde, and in such a manner as made him loved and trusted both by the people and the native princes.

When the old Ameer died, he took farewell of Outram as of a brother—a scene which Outram has thus affectingly described:—

"The Ameer, evidently feeling that we could not meet again, embraced me most fervently, and spoke distinctly to the following purport, in the presence of Dr. Owen and the other Ameers: 'You are to me as my brother Nusseer Khan, and the grief of this sickness is equally felt by you and Nusseer Khan; from the days of Adam no one has known so great truth and friendship as I have found in you.' I replied, 'Your Highness has proved your friendship to my Government and myself by your daily acts. You have considered me as a brother,

and as a brother I feel for your Highness, and night and day I grieve for your sickness.' To which he added, 'My friendship for the British is known to God. My conscience is clear before God.' The Ameer still retained me in his feeble embrace for a few moments, and, after taking some medicine from my hand, again embraced me as if with the conviction that we could not meet again."

And, in view of the reversed policy which, in opposition to all the wishes and feelings of Outram, came to be pursued towards Scinde shortly afterwards, there is something touching as well as slightly humorous in his apology to the Governor-General for the premature enthusiasm of Ameer and people, to which his lordship thus replies:—

"You need not have made any apology for the salute which was prematurely fired by the Ameer of Scinde upon the rumour of your promotion. I must feel that goodwill exhibited . . . whilst it is an evidence of kind personal feeling towards you, it is an exhibition also of goodwill towards the Government which you represent, and I readily therefore admit of such a compliment being paid you."

Whilst he was thus busy, and moving rapidly from one point of his large territory to another, negotiating new treaties and revising taxation, disastrous tidings from Afghanistan called him to fresh interests. The envoy and his people were shut up in Kabul. His one aim was to prepare support for Kandahar, from whence, he felt,

we must look for the retrieval of affairs should we be driven to extremities at Kabul. The line of forts by the Khybar were more complete than by either of the other routes.

There was suspense for a time and then came the worst of news! Outram at once set his whole mind and energies to the task of retrieving the honour of his country, and it should never be forgotten how nobly and eloquently he protested against the suggestion of retiring from Kabul, leaving the prisoners in the hands of the Afghans. He was as nobly consistent in this as he had been in his protests against the war at first, and he did not rest till all that human skill and bravery could do had been done to retrieve that humiliation, supplying the most practical aid and ministering counsel and heartening everywhere by word or by letter; while he sped from place to place and kept in good order the discontented and unruly tribes on the border of his own territory, who might at any moment have risen and caused a new disaster. It is painful to read that his plain and outspoken expression on all these matters only had the effect of bringing on him the displeasure of the higher authorities.

Sir Frederic Goldsmid has well said:—"It must be premised that the position of Major Outram in Scinde, and of Mr.—better known in later years at the Council Board as Sir—George Russell-Clerk, on the north-west frontier, was that of men who had good reason to fear that an

ignominious withdrawal of our forces from Afghanistan was contemplated, without an effort either to release our captives or to restore our most dangerously shattered prestige. They both foresaw the disastrous results of such a solution of our embarrassments, a solution fatal to the future peace and prosperity of India. They both saw how easy it would be for Pollock and Nott to open the way for retreat by aggressive action and the consequent release of our prisoners and reassertion of our power. And they both risked their all in persistent endeavour to induce the Governor-General to see things in the same light, and to act accordingly. Directly and indirectly, officially and demi-officially, by appeal and by allusion, he continued to press the matter during these dreary busy months; others, besides the Generals Pollock and Nott, strove towards the same end, and at last prevailed—after a fashion. Henry Lawrence, himself Commissioner of Peshawur during the crisis, and a correspondent of Outram's, though personally then and for many years after a stranger to him, has had naturally something to say on the subject, and thus wrote to the 'Calcutta Review' of September 1845:—'James Outram in one quarter, and George Clerk, a kindred spirit, in another, were the two men who then stood in the breach, who *forced* the authorities to listen to the fact against which they tried to close their ears, that the proposed abandonment of the British prisoners in Afghanistan would be as dangerous to the State, as it was base towards the captives. These

counsels were successfully followed: the British nation thanked our Indian rulers, while, of the two men, without whose persevering remonstrances and exertions Nott and Pollock might have led back their armies without being permitted to make an effort to retrieve our credit—Clerk was slighted and Outram superseded!'"

After all Outram's labours for Scinde and the place he had made for himself in the hearts of princes and people, it was hard to be subordinated and relegated to subaltern duty as he was. He had resolved, however, to do the work as faithfully for General Nott as though he were acting wholly on his own responsibility, and to make his way through Kutchee to Quetta at a most trying time of year and at great risks. True soldier as he was, he resolved not only to obey the letter of the instructions received, but to carry out in a loyal spirit the duties required at his hands. He was, however, mortal, and could not but feel aggrieved at the *modus agendi* adopted towards him, so different from that to which he had been accustomed under former masters.

He had written to one of his friends and sympathisers, Mr. Willoughby, as follows:—

"I go up to officiate in the immediate neighbourhood, and as the humble subaltern of General Nott, where so lately I was supreme; I pass through the heat of Kutchee, and the dangers of the Bolan, to the deadly climate, privations, and annoyances of Quetta, from a comfortable house, and the comparative ease and luxury of this sta-

tion—with certainly less cheering prospects, under *these* circumstances, but with undiminished zeal and determination to fulfil the duty assigned to me, however degrading that may be in my opinion, and however lowered my personal position: but I must here in justice to myself add, that it is not my intention to remain in this country, in the subordinate capacity so assigned to me, one hour after the withdrawal of the army, and hostilities have ceased; when the necessity for a *military dictator* in these countries no longer existing, I should degrade myself by continuing in a lower position than that to which Government had thought proper to raise me, and in which, so far from in a single instance incurring displeasure, every act of mine has been highly approved, and every measure successful. Unless, therefore, the Court of Directors are pleased to order that, on the termination of hostilities in Afghanistan, General Nott's political powers over me are withdrawn, I must assuredly most respectfully resign the line in which I have so long endeavoured to serve them and join my regiment, a poorer man than when I left it nearly twenty years ago. It is in no bitter spirit that I write this; these are simply the words of an honourable man willing to do his duty as long as he can do so without dishonour, but not grovelling enough to submit to the least degree of disgrace."

In proceeding by the frontier posts of Khangarh, Chatar, and Sibi, which he subjected all to minute inspection, then on by Dadar, through the Bolan Pass to

Quetta, every step was at the risk of his life; but he attained his end of conveying all needful stores to the general; and by the exercise of his usual energy and decision, he contributed materially to the final settlement of the Afghan problem. He was thanked by the Governor-General, and a promise was actually made that on a scheme of the settlement of the Lower Indus being effected, he should be named envoy; "His lordship being perfectly satisfied with the zeal and ability you manifest in the discharge of your duty." But the promise was not fulfilled. Outram went to the Residency of Sukkur, from which he put forth many valuable schemes. Unfortunately very shortly a difference arose with regard to some circumstances in the transference to Kelat of the districts of Shal and Sibi, which had been promised by Lord Auckland as good policy, so soon as the difficulties in Afghanistan were brought to a close. This Outram felt was due the more that the young khan had throughout acted so loyally; but remarks were made at headquarters which deeply wounded Outram—an error, if error it were, being by the Governor-General substantially spoken of as a fiction in political transactions to which it was not justifiable to resort. Outram on this subject wrote to a friend:—

"From the above you will observe that I have incurred his lordship's displeasure, and that I have been ill. The first was caused by my taking on myself to restore the province of Shal to Kelat, after in vain seeking instruc-

tions for two months (having stated that its immediate restoration was essential to preserve the Brahoes faithful) —*which restoration had previously been pledged by Lord Auckland!* Notwithstanding which, and our treaty with the Khan of Kelat, Lord Ellenborough was for leaving him and the Afghans to scramble for what we ourselves had robbed Kelat of in the first instance! My having taken this . . . on my own responsibility caused the extreme wrath of his lordship. . . . So much for my own affairs. Oh, by the by, I forgot the allusion to my late illness. It was a serious bout of brain fever, of which I thought little and the doctors thought serious. Now to turn to the satisfactory fact that our troops *are* on the march (though at the eleventh hour, and doing what ought to have been done two months ago) to Ghuznee and Kabul.

"I complain not of military supersession, because where warfare is likely to occur, the responsibility should never be divided, and of course should rest on the military commander; I complain not of being bandied like a racket-ball up and down this abominable Pass, because it is my duty to go wherever it is thought I am most required; but I do complain of the *lackey* style in which I am treated by the Governor-General; of the bitter reproof he so lavishly bestows on me when he thinks me wrong and I know I am right; of the withering neglect with which he treats the devoted services of those in my department; of the unjust sacrifice of one of my most deserving

assistants; of the unceremonious dismissal of five others without any communication to myself whatever on the subject. Such treatment (caused solely by his lordship's vexation at my advocacy of the advance on Kabul and poor Hammersley's cause) would have goaded many men to madness; but I verily believe it has been the resurrection of me from the very jaws of death, like Marryat's middy, for, when in extreme danger the other day (brought on, by the by, by attendance on the death-bed of poor Hammersley, whose death, the medical men declare, was accelerated, if not positively caused, by the treatment he received), the most insulting letter I ever received in my life . . . . arrived; my eager desire to reply to which gave a fillip to my system from which I benefited, at any rate."

It must have been a great satisfaction to Outram, who always prized sympathetic comprehension, to receive at this time such letters as the following from Lieutenant John Jacob, later the well-known General Jacob:—

"As far as we small fry are concerned, it must be a matter of perfect indifference, I should think, to all; but *every one* must be indignant at the . . . way in which *you* have been treated. . . . Pray accept my best thanks for all your kindness to me. One thing you may be sure of, namely, that no man was ever looked on with more profound respect and admiration than yourself, not only by your friends, but the very party against you. They might as well try to put out the sun as to throw your services in the shade!"

Receiving but the most formal recognition for brave and unwearied services, at the greatest personal risks, in effecting means of transport to Afghanistan, in a country where transport is the chief difficulty in military movements, Outram might well have become disheartened. Sir Charles Napier had been appointed commander of the troops in Scinde, with entire control over the political agents and civil officers. Outram, true to himself, determined to aid Sir Charles in every way, and a meeting at Sukkur showed the utmost harmony between the two. It certainly surprised Outram and his friends when, very shortly after this and in face of Sir Charles Napier's reiterated expression of the value to him of Outram's advice and aid, Outram was remanded to his regiment. The reason, as assigned by Outram himself, was that advocacy of Captain Hammersley's cause against the decision of head-quarters. It was on the occasion of Outram now leaving Scinde that Sir Charles Napier, at a public dinner given to him, used the now famous phrase, "the Bayard of India," which becomes charged with a certain irony in the light of some of the later relations of these two great and distinguished men. The following is the full text of that remarkable and, we may say, historical speech :—

"Gentlemen,—I have told you that there are only to be two toasts drunk this evening; one, that of a lady (the Queen) you have already responded to, the other shall be for a gentleman. But before I proceed any further, I must tell you a story. In the fourteenth century there

was in the French army a knight renowned for deeds of gallantry in war, and wisdom in council; indeed, so deservedly famous was he, that by general acclamation he was called the knight *sans peur et sans reproche.* The name of this knight, you may all know, was the Chevalier Bayard. Gentlemen, I give you the 'Bayard of India, *sans peur et sans reproche,* Major James Outram, of the Bombay army.'"

V.

To the surprise of all, and most of all, perhaps, to the surprise of Outram, while he was in Bombay, preparing to sail for England, he was directed by the Governor-General to hold himself in readiness for Sir Charles Napier's order to be a Commissioner for the arrangement of a revised treaty to the Ameers of Scinde. The order was summary and even peremptory. Outram wrote :—

"The summary manner in which I had been removed from my late important charge where I had been so long the representative of Government, and the unceremonious manner in which I was ordered back to serve in a subordinate capacity where I had previously been supreme, caused my most intimate friends to advise my declining again to place myself at the Governor-General's disposal, to the sacrifice of my private interests, especially considering my previous treatment at his lordship's hands, and the ungracious manner of my recall to Scinde. But

the principle which has ever guided me throughout my career of service—implicit obedience to the orders of Government (and when, as in this case, orders were conveyed, and no option was left to me)—I had no hesitation in following on this occasion, and accordingly replied as follows :—'Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated 24th ultimo, and to forward, for the information of the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India, the copy of a letter I addressed in consequence to the Political Secretary to the Government of Bombay, with that gentleman's reply, and of my letter to the Adjutant-General of the Bombay army, in accordance with which I purpose embarking in a steamer which proceeds to Scinde to-morrow. I expect to arrive at Sukkur about the 30th instant. Dated Bombay, December 13.'"

Outram, it is evident, was full of hope that his representations in favour of the Ameers had made a more definite impression on the mind of Sir Charles Napier than they had really done; for we find him writing thus, in the course of a long letter to his mother, when he was at the most distant points arranging matters :—"My present chief, Sir Charles Napier, is fortunately so good and kind-hearted a man that he never would drive the Ameers to extremity so long as he could prevent bloodshed, and I myself am satisfied that all will be quietly settled . . . he and I are equally anxious to prevent warfare. We shall be back at Khairpur about the 20th instant, when, I doubt not, the chiefs will combine to

arrange matters amicably. . . . After arranging with the Upper Scinde Ameers I shall have to go to Haidarabad to effect a settlement with those of Lower Scinde: so I fear my calculation of going home in the March steamer is wrong, and that I cannot, at any rate, get away before April."

Great work might these two men have done in Scinde, for Outram's devotion to Sir Charles Napier was great; but before long it became evident that they differed widely with respect to political changes necessary, and on points regarding which Outram had thought much, and had cherished convictions. Napier wished to overturn the patriarchal system of Government in Scinde, and Outram was opposed to that. These differences so grew that at length it became difficult for them to work together.

Very soon, as every one knows, Sir Charles Napier, by persistence in his policy, had so far alienated the Scinde princes that they were compelled to regard themselves as likely to meet force, and to prepare for it. In a letter which Outram addressed to Sir Charles Napier when these differences began to become too evident to the former, he wrote thus:—

"Until we entered Scinde, I verily believe all classes in the country were as happy as those under any government in Asia. The amity with which four rulers at Haidarabad, and four at Khairpur, acted together, was dwelt upon by all who visited these countries with wonder and

admiration. Although every chief ruled his own people, each brotherhood had one head, or 'Ráis,' for the conduct of the foreign relations of the State, and whose power interposed in internal quarrels. I do not justify our location in Scinde under the terms of the former treaty (my objections to which, stated to Colonel Pottinger at the time . . . I submitted to you), and undoubtedly our coming here has been the cause of much misrule. For instance, we destroyed the ruling head of Lower Scinde, where now six chiefs have equal powers; and we undermined the power of the 'Ráis' of Upper Scinde to his ultimate destruction. I am, therefore, very sensible that it is our duty to remedy the evils which we have ourselves caused, and my idea as to the mode in which we might have done so, I have stated above. . . .

"You observe that I myself had pointed out Ali Murad's previous consistency of character, and advocated his claims to the 'Ráis'-ship. I did recommend that his claims to that dignity, *when it became vacant by Rustam's death,* should be admitted, as consonant with the customs of the country, and as politic, because Ali Murad never would have submitted to the domination of any of his nephews, and in any struggle with them would have been victorious . . . and because Ali Murad is personally a more able man, as far as we can judge, than any of the others, and under our strict control and guidance, might be prevented from misusing his power; but I never contemplated conferring the chiefship on him

before the demise of Mir Rustam—a usurpation which must turn all classes against him, who otherwise would have been as ready to support Ali Murad as any of the others. . . . I never had any idea of dispossessing *any* of the other chiefs of *any portion of their territory* to uphold Ali Murad's power, which is sufficiently secured by our countenance. . . . I consider that the superior share of territory assigned to the Ráis by Meer Sohrab, was for the maintenance of troops necessary to protect the State against foreign aggression, which, as I before remarked, is no longer required under British protection. . . .

"Had I been in your position, of course I must have obeyed; as it is, I consider myself fortunate that I am here as your subaltern . . . for I know you will never order me to do what my conscience condemns; and if I find it impossible to arrange details which the parties spurn, and you are satisfied that I have honestly exerted myself to the utmost of my ability, I hope you will allow me to depart—which I shall do, I assure you, with a heavy heart, for it is my most earnest desire to serve you usefully, in gratitude for the extreme kindness I have ever experienced from you.

"I fear I can be of no manner of use here now, but still hope I may possibly do something at Haidarabad, both with the Upper and Lower Scinde Ameers, should you send me there.

"I make no excuses for the freedom with which I have expressed myself, because you asked my sentiments,

and, I know, would expect me to give them without disguise. . . .

"I cannot close this without expressing my sorrow that you should have such a very low estimate of the Ameers personally. I call them 'children' merely in reference to their puerile dealings with us and foolish suspicions, but they are much like most Oriental princes, and, in my opinion, equally able to manage their own affairs."

It is almost demonstrable that Sir Charles allowed himself to become the tool of the wily Asiatic, Ali Murad, just referred to, who was plotting to deprive his relative of the turban, in order to place it upon his own head. Outram had to become the supporter of such a policy as made him rejoice that "he was only a subaltern." He exhausted all his resources in trying to preserve peace, warning the princes to wait patiently; but without success.

Sir Charles Napier found pretexts for quarrelling with them with respect to the levying of duties on goods of natives passing up and down the Indus, which right, according to Outram, had been specifically reserved to them by treaty, the articles of which they had never countervened. Sir Charles accused them of acting secretly against the British Government, and of employing agents for this purpose, yet without making definite and formal accusation; of being privy to a robbery of a mail or dawk, which was probably rather the well-calculated work

of Ali Murad and his allies to mislead Sir Charles, as he was misled; and it becomes only too evident from the Government reports and from Outram's "Commentary," which was afterwards wrung from him in self-defence, through the all too-determined influence of the *idola tribus* in General William Napier's "History of the Conquest of Scinde," that Sir Charles Napier had determined on a policy of annexation, and was eager to find reasons to justify it. No one doubts that Sir Charles Napier was a great soldier, and a man of grand character; but few unprejudiced readers would fail to admit, after a careful perusal of the books referred to, either that he figures poorly as a politician under Outram's treatment, or that his cause in the Scinde question, taken abstractly, was hardly so good as his brother and his friends would fain have made it appear. The courtesy and the gracefulness of the letters of the Ameers contrast strangely, at all events, with the brusque and "commanding" tone of not a few of his to them. Here is the Ameer's reply to one of his most disrespectful letters:—

"I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter through Mr. Brown. You state that several people, agents of mine, have gone towards Lahore to seduce your troops, and that these agents deceive me if they flatter me with prospects of succeeding in that sort of way. Further, you say, that you have received your orders, which you intend to execute; that hostile preparations appear to be going on here, and that you fear there will

be bloodshed. You then recommend me to consult my brother, Sheer Ali Murad Khan, and you conclude by mentioning that you have not yet appointed agents to see the provisions of the treaty carried out, because you first expect a plain 'Yes or No' from me. My friend, in answer to all this, I can only declare that we have never given money to any one for the purpose of corrupting your troops, and we challenge you to prove the charge. God knows we have no intention of opposing the British, nor a thought of war or fighting—we have not the power. Ali Murad Khan is indeed a brother, and, as such, we shall of course consult him. A messenger has been sent off to him, and I expect him here in a day or two, and then I shall have the honour of reporting to you the result of our conference. Mr. Brown has left without waiting for this event.

"Ever since my possessions were guaranteed to me and my posterity by the British Government, under a formal treaty, I have considered myself a dependent of theirs, and have thought myself secure. I have always attended to the least wish of the British officers; and now that my territory is being taken from me, I am at a loss to find out the reason of so harsh a measure. I have committed no fault; if any is alleged against me, let me hear what it is, and I shall be prepared with an answer. I feel strong in the possession of that treaty, and I trust to the consideration of the British; still, if without any fault on my part you choose to seize my territory by force, I shall not

oppose you, but I shall consent to, and observe the provisions of the new treaty. I am now, and shall continue to be, a suitor for justice and kindly consideration at your hands."

We have given this letter mainly that we might make intelligible, so far, the following passage from Outram's "Commentary:"—

"It was as though the Ameer had said, 'You accuse me of meditating a night attack upon your camp, of collecting armed bands, of making preparations to oppose you, of tampering with your soldiers, and of plundering your mails. I assert my innocence, and you but further taunt me. I am an old man and feeble, and but little able to contend with the adverse events which throng upon me; let me therefore come to your camp, let me but know what your will is, and I will issue orders accordingly. I am beloved by my people, and they will obey me. But cease to persecute me as you have done. Can I give you more conclusive proof of the friendly feelings by which I am actuated, or more satisfactorily disprove the calumnies with which my enemies have thought to injure me in your estimation?'

"But to receive this venerable suppliant for mercy '*would have embarrassed* Sir Charles Napier *very* much.' How? Wherefore? Could it have irritated the other Ameers by leading them to infer that Rustam was in fact a prisoner? Such is the view assigned by the historian for rejecting the alleged proposal of the Ameer's

(p. 164). It was an embarrassing proposition. Too favourable for a peaeeful settlement of the disputes to be rejeeted, it had, however, this drawback, that every proeeeding of the Ameer would be imputed to eoercion.

"The remedy was obvious,—to treat the Ameer with distinction, to leave his movements unwatched and unimpeded, and to allow his sons and other relatives aeeess to him as they chose,—in a word, to reeognise him as an allied sovereign from choiee residing in the British camp. To any one not trammelled, as Sir Charles Napier was by his eonneetion with Ali Murad, this would have seemed a most favourable opportunity for establishing at onee, and on a seeure basis, that peaeeable settlement of the eountry which his policy had so long unneeessarily delayed, and whieh it eventually frustrated. By having Rustam in his eamp, and thus under his influenee, Sir Charles Napier might have eontrolled Scinde as he ehose, even had the old ehief been as mueh an objeet of indifferenee to the people as he was beloved and venerated by them. Not only would his presenee there as an honoured guest have been powerful, but omnipotent for every legitimate purpose the General eould have had."

It was rather unfortunate for General William Napier, as an historian, that he should have eelebrated the mareh to Emaumghar in the terms that he did, as it gave Outram an opportunity for one of his very finest points in retort, as will be seen from the following :—

"He eame back," says General William Napier of his

brother, "he came back triumphant without a check, without the loss of a man, without even a sick soldier, having attained his object, DISPERSED THE AMEER'S ARMY, AND BAFFLED THEIR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN." On this Outram incisively says :—"Four hundred men marching unopposed to a desert castle, with not a soul in it, blowing it up with some powder which the castle itself provided, and marching back again." Thus was Sir Charles Napier's heroic enterprise celebrated by the eloquence of a brother; "No wonder," said Outram, "that the *Siècle* recommended the English press to restrain its indignation at Colonel Pelissier's doings, till the acts of Sir Charles Napier had been erased from the records of the East."

When the appeal to arms at last was made by the Ameers against all Outram's representations, he fought, as of old, for his country, but he never ceased to feel friendly to the Ameer and princes.

The attack on the Residency was repelled after a very skilful defence—and with but slight loss, that of two men, due chiefly to Outram's being forearmed. This accomplished, he retired to join Sir Charles Napier at Matári, a town some sixteen miles north of Hyderabad, and from that point a successful effort was made to dislodge the enemy from Miani, where they had concentrated all their available force. The result placed at the disposal of the British Government the country on both sides of the Indus from Sukkur to the sea. It is pathetically told that when the Ameers saw the battle going against them

they tried, by their spy-glasses, to detect Major Outram that they might surrender to a personal friend. He had procured Sir Charles Napier's leave to embark for Bombay, and left at such a time as to render impossible a personal leave-taking of the princes, which must have been painful; but he wrote to his friend, Lieutenant Brown, to whose custody they were entrusted—

"As you are the custodian of the captive princes, let me entreat of you, as a kindness to myself, to pay every regard to their comfort and dignity. I do assure you my heart bleeds for them, and it was in the fear that I might betray my feelings that I declined the last interview they yesterday sought of me. Pray say how sorry I was I could not call upon them before leaving; that, could I have done them any good, I would not have grudged . . . any expenditure of time or labour on their behalf; but that, alas! they have placed it out of my power to do aught, by acting contrary to my advice, and having recourse to the fatal step of appeal to arms against the British Power."

Though he had parted from Sir Charles Napier with the feeling that it was improbable they could act together well, yet, hearing that Sir Charles expressed regret at his loss, he offered to go back should this be deemed desirable. Fortunately, perhaps, it was not, and he returned to England, where he was active in representing the case of the Scinde Princes—a self-imposed duty, which led him to be so seriously misunderstood by Sir Charles Napier that

interruption of their friendship was the consequence: a sorrowful circumstance to Outram.

VI

He returned to India as Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, C.B., somewhat suddenly, prompted by the hope of finding active service on the outbreak of the Sikh war. There was still too much opposition to him in high quarters, and he was disappointed. He made for Sir Hugh Gough's head-quarters, to be depressed by the tone that obtained there, particularly at the indifference expressed by so many of his brother officers on the annexation of Scinde—a proceeding which he looked upon in the light of usurpation. It appeared somewhat like an insult when he was offered the inferior post of political revenue officer of Nimar, an appendage to Indore, yielding less than he had had ten years before, and annulling practically his services in Mahi Kanta, and in Scinde; but he had the good sense to accept the post, and patiently and ably discharged its duties, though he admitted himself dispirited and depressed. On Lord Ellenborough's recall in May he resigned, and after six months occupancy returned to Bombay. He intended to proceed to England, but before he had taken ship war broke out in the Maratta country, for which he volunteered, and in which he rendered such service as called forth the special praise and thanks of the

General. This led to his appointment of Joint-Com missioner of the Maratta country, which he held till another appointment was made. His defence of the policy of Mr. Reeve and himself did not serve to regain him favour at head-quarters. Then he was offered the post of political agent in the South Maratta country. This he declined. He had some service to do, however, in the storming of the Forts of Páwangarh and Panala, before taking leave, being among the foremost who entered the latter fort. Then he was employed in quelling the uprising in Sawant-Wari, a country to the south of that he had just quitted, where he had a very narrow escape, and afterwards in the proceedings against Goa.

It was during a short period now spent as resident at Sattara that he so significantly showed what manner of man he was in his disposal of that "prize money of Seinde." His portion amounted to some £3000. At first he intended to intimate to Government that he did not wish to receive it, and would not receive it, but, under good advice, he finally concluded at once to turn it over to philanthropic institutions—one of Dr. Duff's schools and Lady Lawrence's Hill Asylum receiving the larger share. His biographer has followed his own example; for we hear more of this "blood-money" and its disposal in other memoirs than in that of Sir James Outram. Dr. George Smith has a good deal to say of it in his "Life of Dr. Duff;" for Outram, on consenting to receive the money, at once consulted Dr. Duff respecting its dis-

posal, to find that the great Free Church missionary was then casting about anxiously for means to found and to build a new boys' school, which was much needed, and which has done in every respect a great work. This and Lady Lawrence's Hill Asylum exhausted the bulk of it; and surely seldom has money so obtained been better or more fitly disposed of—one good result, at least, that may be said to have flowed from Sir Charles Napier's Scinde wars.

This circumstance gives a very peculiar interest to the following record, from the hand of Lady Lawrence, of the only time that Outram and Sir Henry Lawrence saw each other very suddenly in meeting on the route in going to and from India:—

"The van containing the Outrams met that in which Sir Henry and Lady Lawrence were returning towards India from a brief sojourn in England. Lawrence, we are told, 'got out, and, in the twilight, had ten minutes' talk with Colonel Outram.' The much esteemed lady who records the circumstance, in a letter to her son, adds:—'They have long known each other by character, and corresponded pleasantly, but have never met before. There is much alike in their characters; but Colonel Outram has had peculiar opportunities of protesting against tyranny, and he has refused to enrich himself by ill-gotten gains. You cannot, my boy, understand the question about the conquest of Scinde; . . . but I wish you to know that your parents consider it most unjust.

Prize-money has been distributed to those concerned in the war. Colonel Outram, though a very poor man, would not take money which he did not think rightfully his, and distributed all his share in charity—giving £800 to the Hill Asylum at Kussowlee. I was glad, even in the dark, to shake hands with one whom I esteemed so highly.'"

Singularly enough, says Sir F. Goldsmid, this was the first meeting between two men who, with all their diversities of taste and disposition, were, despite of separation, instinctively drawn to each other. James Outram could not but admire so true a man as Henry Lawrence, and did not hide his appreciation of his noble qualities. Lawrence not only admired and spoke his admiration of Outram, but recorded his opinions of him in widely circulated contributions to periodical literature. On reaching Cairo after the incident above noted, Outram seems to have written to his natural friend, proposing to discard the superficial formality which a newly-acquired title might have introduced into their correspondence, had it not been fairly brushed away by the chance interchange of personal greeting. For in Sir Henry's reply from Suez, thanking him for his "kind letter," we read: "You seem to have forgotten that before we met we had got beyond the ceremonies in addressing each other. I hope our hasty glance at each other's faces by starlight will not make us more ceremonious. My luck having been greater than yours is certainly no reason; for no man is more of

opinion that *you* ought to have been a K.C.B. years ago than myself." Allusion is made to the sum paid to the Kussowlee Institution, in a few lines from Lady Lawrence, added as a postscript to her husband's letter just quoted: "We have received newspapers telling us who is the benefactor of our Hill School Asylum. Your benefaction is not the less acceptable because it comes in the form of allegiance to what we believe a righteous cause." The subject had clearly been broached at the brief interview, but Outram had then veiled, as he was always accustomed to veil, his own identity when dispensing charitable gifts.

In connection with Outram's conduct in regard to this "blood-money," one can hardly help thinking of Wordsworth's lines in "The Happy Warrior"—

> "Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
> And fear, and bloodshed—miserable train—
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

But the matter did not end here, as it ought to have done, for the credit of all parties. Some little time afterwards the Pay Department made a grand discovery—almost worthy of a genius like that of Swift; and it applied the knowledge in a manner that would probably have put Machiavelli to the blush. We may well assume that the Pay Department, because of Outram's principle of doing his good works in secret, did not know how the prize-money had been bestowed. At any rate, a claim was made on Outram to refund it, on the ground that he had only held a civil appointment when certain actions

were fought, which certainly adds a touch of irony to the whole affair, notwithstanding that this tantalising procedure of the Pay Office was stopped by a hint from higher quarters. It is depressing to learn that, after twenty-six years of such service as we have faintly described, Outram held only the regimental grade of captain.

From Sattara he passed to Baroda, and his stay there was made memorable by his efforts against what was called *khutput* or bribery, by which the English officials wrongfully enriched themselves, and a premium put upon bad government; in fact, the corruption that existed, if we may credit good authorities, penetrated into every department, and was felt even at the Council Board. We can easily imagine how such a state of things would affect a mind like that of Outram. He was kept in an attitude of constant protest, and the worry, more than the work, brought on ill-health.

In 1849 he was compelled to leave Baroda and go on sick leave to Egypt. This was not wholly to rest, however. Mr. Stuart Poole, who saw much of him then, tells us that he fancied Colonel Outram lost mental strength from the power that an *idée fixe* had over him; the wrongs of the Ameers of Scinde and Baroda bribery being constantly on his mind. When in 1850 he returned to his post, he was ceaseless in his efforts to make an end of this and of other evils. At length he was asked by Government to report, and he did so in a manner so efficient and plain-spoken that he received the frowns of Government

instead of its encouragement for so patriotic a service. He was actually told to resign. Writing to his family, he says: "Do not fancy that I am at all cast down by this. I fully expected it, and am not sorry to get away from this 'sink of iniquity;'* though, of course, I should have preferred a more honourable retreat." But "Khutput" and Outram's report did not end here! It was not possible to shelve either the one or the other in this way; and any one who reads with care Outram's remarkable pamphlet, "Baroda Intrigues and Bombay Khutput," will, we think, agree with us in feeling some gratitude to Mr. Lestock Robert Reid for having, by his letters to the Editor of the *Daily News*, definitively called it forth. It is a skilful as well as a scathing exposure of one of the worst forms of corruption that obtained in our Indian possessions. The Court of Directors at Leadenhall Street at last took up the affair, sifted it to the bottom, and

* For the reason why this is put in quotation marks, see "Baroda Intrigues and Bombay Khutput," p. 22, where we read: "Even Mr. Reid admits that HE and MANY OTHERS warned Nursoo Punt [a native official whom Outram detected in malversation, and who was defended by Mr. Reid] of the danger of taking service in a place which was known to be so vile a *sink of iniquity and corruption* as Baroda; and pointed out to him that he would incur THE RISK EITHER OF BEING HIMSELF CONTAMINATED BY A RESIDENCE in such a nest of villany, or of losing his present well-earned reputation, though he might be as virtuous as an angel." And Nursoo Punt's virtue, if evidence of a moral kind can be trusted, was *tried*. Outram's power of detecting men of the type of Ali Murad and Nursoo Punt was one of his great gifts; but he did not frequently at the moment gain by it.

demanded Outram's restoration to the very office from which he had been dismissed. Outram, the Court of Directors declared, had done a great and difficult service in a masterly manner.

His final stay at Baroda, however, was not prolonged. From it he went to Aden as Commissioner, and after that he became Chief Commissioner in Oude. He who had in Scinde so upheld the native princes had now to condemn those in Oude as effete and helpless. It was to the interests of the people that he looked, and native princes were to be respected only as far as they held the respect and affection of the people, and ruled for their benefit. On the whole, he recommended annexation in Oude, because "in upholding the sovereign power of this effete and incapable dynasty, we do so at the cost of five millions of people."

Outram liked this appointment, and did heroic work in it. Those who knew Oude best wondered at the reformations so quietly and thoroughly effected.

VII.

Ill health compelled a visit to England in 1856. On Outram's return to India, he took the command of the Persian Expedition, which did the most brilliant service. One of the most notable undertakings was the Expedition to Ahwaz, of which the following is only a faithful account :—

"A more daring feat is not on record perhaps than that of a party of 300 infantry, backed by three small river boats, following up an army of some 8000 men, braving it by opening fire, and deliberately landing and destroying the enemy's magazine, and capturing one of his guns, in face of his entire army, and actually compelling that army to fly before them, and then occupying for three whole days the position they had compelled the enemy to vacate! The effect will be to clear Kuzzistan entirely of the Persians; and the entire province, including Shuster and Dizphool, is now at our command. And the Persians will never make head again in the province, for they have neither troops, nor guns, nor stores, nor munitions of war, wherewith to reinforce and supply their troops in this quarter. Whether, therefore, we occupy Ahwaz or Shuster, the Persians will certainly leave the province altogether, in apprehension of an attack from our army. So gallant an adventure, attended with such important results, merits, you will I think agree with me in this opinion, marked distinction for the principal parties concerned, Captain Rennie (now officiating Commodore), Captain Kemball, and Captain Hunt, and also Captains Wray and Malcolm Green."

Practically, the war was ended by this brilliant enterprise, and on the very day the expedition returned, the unexpected news that peace with Persia had been concluded reached Sir James Outram by express from Bagdad, and was promulgated as soon as received.

For his great services in the Persian campaign, Outram was thanked by the Government, the approval of the authorities being intimated in unqualified terms, and her Majesty conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath. And not improbably what Outram would prize as much as the distinction itself was the letter of Lord Dalhousie, then just about to return home, congratulating him on the honour, and the efforts Lord Dalhousie had made to obtain it for him :—

"It is some comfort to me for other mortifications that I am able," says his lordship, "by the 'Gazette' which I found here, to hail you as Sir James Outram before I cease to sail under the Company's flag. I congratulate you very heartily on the well-earned honour, and trust you may wear it with pleasure, until you exchange it for a higher. And now let me bid you farewell. As long as I live, I shall remember with genuine pleasure our official connection, and shall hope to retain your personal friendship. A letter now and then from you, when you can find time, would be a great gratification to me."

How far Lord Dalhousie had himself contributed to the grant of this richly-merited distinction of K.C.B. (Civil) may be judged from the following extract of a minute under his signature, dated September 20, 1855 :—

"From the Presidency of Bombay, I have the honour to recommend the name of Major-General James Outram. I feel that it would be utterly superfluous for me to recite at length the services of General Outram.

From the time when, as a young man, he took in hand the wild tribes of the Bheels, to the day when he attained to the Residency of Lucknow—which has always been regarded as the foremost place in the whole range of political office in India — General Outram has left the mark of his abilities and of his value to the State on every conspicuous page of the public records. Moved by no personal feeling, but having regard only to the brilliant record attached to his name, I do not hesitate to express my opinion that General Outram has not received the reward that was his due. I venture humbly to express my hope that, before quitting the shores of India, I shall enjoy the deep gratification of seeing the gracious favour of the Crown extended to this most gallant and distinguished officer." Sir John Lawrence was gazetted K.C.B. at the same time.

Outram was still at Bushire when the following message was addressed by Lord Canning to Lord Elphinstone, and speedily re-despatched to its destination: "Write to Sir James Outram that I wish him to return to India immediately. . . . . We want all our best men here." Outram at once posted to Calcutta, and thence to Benares by river. It was a crisis that brooked no delay. Before he had reached Benares the mutiny had spread through Oude. Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed at Lucknow. Outram was appointed to the post which he had surrendered to Sir Henry's hands eighteen months before, and with this was joined the military control. He chose his

staff with rare insight, Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, being his military secretary and chief of the Adjutant-General's department. The masterly despatch of his forced marches from Benares to Allahabad, and then from Allahabad to Lucknow, in spite of sickness and exhaustion among the troops, as well as the skilful misleading of the enemy as to his route, the bravery and decisive sagacity which he exhibited in the actual relief operations, are known to every one; but it may not be so clearly remembered how he could not support the idea of superseding Havelock before the great work was done, at last resolving, as he told Colonel Napier, to go "in his political capacity." He had accordingly written thus to Havelock, in a tone which proves the true Bayard: "I shall join you with reinforcements, but to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already so nobly struggled. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as Commissioner, placing my military services at your disposal, should you please to make use of me, serving under you as a volunteer."

Though severely wounded in the arm, he would not on that account slacken, for a moment, his personal exertions; and it is half humorous, half pathetic, to read of him going about, "his only coat in his hand, begging that some lady would kindly mend the bullet-hole in his sleeve."

And the sacrifice of solid advantages beyond that of mere fame was, we are now certain, fully realised by him. He had had practical experience of what a Pay Depart

ment could do on the plea of having fought only "*in a civil capacity!*" His biographer says :—

"He believed, on what were at the time good grounds, that the rebellion would virtually collapse after the capture of Dehli and relief of Lucknow, and that any subsequent operations would be of a desultory character, unlikely to afford any opportunity of distinction to an officer of his rank. In short, he believed that this month's campaign would, in all probability, bring his military career to a close. He was already a G.C.B., and any additional reward must necessarily assume the form of a permanent title with a pension attached. He therefore believed he was irretrievably surrendering the certainty of a baronetcy and its accompaniment. Further, it was understood that the treasure in the Residency, stated to be from 23 to 32 lakhs of rupees, would, in accordance with precedent, be adjudged prize-money. He elected to receive the insignificant share of a civilian volunteer, instead of the very substantial one of the General in actual command. Thus he deprived himself 'not only of all honours, but' [we quote an allusion to the subject in a private letter of his own] 'of the only means of support for the declining years of a life, the chequered vicissitudes of which have afforded no opportunity of making any provision for the requirements of age.' If, in after years, the matter was mooted in his hearing, he was wont, as his custom was when his own good deeds were spoken of, to turn it off by some self-

depreciatory remark, such as, 'People have made too much of it.' 'I had the chance of obtaining the highest object of my ambition, the Victoria Cross,' and so on. But it is only fair to the memory of an unselfish man, now to make public what he only revealed in confidence. The surrender of the command was no mere chivalrous impulse, but a deliberate act of self-sacrifice."

The account of the seven troublous weeks during which Outram skilfully maintained the position taken up both within and without the still besieged Residency is one of the most exciting, and yet one of the most perfectly satisfying on record, while the plan and execution of the evacuation of the Residency ranks among the most complete and successful of modern military achievements.

In the somewhat anomalous position which Outram had chosen for himself in reference to General Havelock, complete harmony was maintained. The onerous task of strengthening and supplying the 'Alam-bágh was compassed with the utmost patience and skill. Outram's desire was to mingle mercy with judgment, and not to confound the innocent and the guilty in one indiscriminate condemnation. The proclamation which he published on his re-entrance into Oude, bespeaks his moderation and his desire still to win over the wavering. The withdrawal of the Lucknow garrison was "one of the most *perfect* military combinations, of which a nation may well be proud;" and though Outram, with that generosity which always characterised him, disclaimed the com-

plete credit which was attributed to him in favour of another, the result was more complete than it could have been save for his presence. His genial and yet self-restraining temper was everywhere and absolutely inspiring; but it was restraining also. We must quote here a passage from that part of the memoir giving the reminiscences of Sir Joseph Fayrer:—

"His care for the soldiers, consideration for brother-officers, and abnegation of self were then, as throughout his career, proverbial; and anecdotes no doubt abound in illustration of these prominent features in his character at this period. At the Residency, we are told that, on one occasion, when the scarcity of provisions for the mere sustenance of life necessitated a strict frugality on the part of all ranks, his indignation was aroused at the unexpected offer of an exceptionally luxurious meal. The soldier-butcher had begged his acceptance of the heart and liver, or other delicate portions of the internal economy of a bullock, in addition to the ration of meat for the day. Now such a proposal was, in his opinion, simply outrageous: the idea that *he*, of all others in the camp, should be selected as the recipient of a kind of modified *Khutput*, was too horrible to contemplate; nothing would satisfy him but to place the culprit under arrest! But a little after-inquiry into the matter elicited the fact that the proffered dainties were the legitimate perquisites of the well-inclined butcher, who was at liberty to dispose of them as he liked, and had as much right to offer them

to the General commanding as to the junior subaltern among his officers. The poor man was therefore released with a kindly apology.

"Another time, an officer of the old garrison, who had hoarded a bottle of precious pickles, was seized with the unhappy notion of presenting his treasure to the General commanding. Great was Outram's anger when solicited to accept a luxury of the kind. He considered that everything should have been given up for general use at a time of common scarcity and trial, especially such articles as might be fitly consumed in hospital. An occasional present of wine, sent by Mr. Gubbins, was invariably made over to the hospital five minutes after receipt.

"The medical officer on General Havelock's staff, writing of the straits to which the defenders of our position in Lucknow were put, prior to Sir Colin Campbell's advance, says:—'Cigars were sold for six shillings each in the garrison, and General Outram used often to say he wished I was a smoker, for then he should have the pleasure of giving me one.'

"Captain Chamier, who was, in those memorable days, aide-de-camp to Sir James, relates that in the Baillie Guard on one occasion, when his chief was taking his usual walk round the defences, he remarked to a batch of men who were discussing their scanty breakfast, 'I am very sorry, my men, to be obliged to reduce your rations.' The reply from one of the number was, 'I should not mind it at all, General, if my appetite was not so uncom-

monly good!' To solicitude for others and disregard of personal comfort were joined compassion for the weak and helpless, and a withering scorn of bravado or meanness—instances of which, in the ordinary occurrences of daily life, were treasured up in the memory of comrades, who have repeated them in after years with sympathetic delight. The following are reminiscences by one of them, of Outram at the 'Alam-bágh:—

"A remark was made in his hearing, at dinner, on the necessity of administering severe and indiscriminate punishment to mutinous sepoys, wherever caught, and under whatever circumstances. Outram turned suddenly to the speaker and said: 'I have always observed that those who are the most bloodthirsty in talk are the least remarkable for personal courage.' Again: He was out with a portion of the force, endeavouring to cut off a body of mutineers, and had sat down on the ground to rest with some of his officers. A young armed rebel was brought in, whose demeanour clearly indicated—and possibly that of his custodians led him to believe—that his end was at hand. His captor, after reporting the case to the General, seemed to suggest and expect that the trembling youth should be instantly hung upon one of the neighbouring trees. 'Never shall I forget,' are the words of the notedly gallant soldier who has retailed this incident, 'the look of intense disgust and scorn in Outram's face,'—a response to the implied demand very different from what had been awaited. The unfortunate indivi-

dual who had spoken, immediately withdrew, abashed and disconcerted."

The demonstrations both in India and England, in favour of Outram, on the suppression of the Mutiny, were such as amply to atone to him for any feeling of neglect or supersession in earlier times. He was recognised for what he was—a great and good man, as well as a great soldier, statesman, and philanthropist. In April 1860, a banquet was given to the 78th in Edinburgh, at which Mrs. Outram, Sir James's mother, was present. The following short extract, from the reported speech of Dr. Douglas MacLagan, needs no comment to intensify at once its proud and pathetic associations :—"With Havelock the name of Outram is inseparably connected (loud cheers, particularly from the regiment). Ay, let them ring out that cheer—(renewed cheering)—there is a double reason for it : we are delighted and honoured to have among the spectators this evening the mother that bore him (great cheering from the soldiers, who rose almost *en masse*). I say that never fell music softer or sweeter on the ear of a British matron than that loud acclaim falls on her ear, from the voices of the soldiers he commanded, in testimony to the worth of her heroic son (renewed cheers)."

One official recognition specially pleased him, though it necessarily came to nothing. It was contained in a letter from the Adjutant-General in Bombay to the Adjutant-General in Calcutta, and ran thus :—"Sir William

Mansfield desires me to say that Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram is incomparably the most distinguished general officer on the rolls of the Bombay Army. His Excellency, however, is not aware whether the fact of his not having yet succeeded to a regimental colonelcy should be considered a bar to his selection. If it is not so considered, Sir James Outram should be nominated to one of the regiments (106th)." But that unfortunate fact was an insuperable bar, and "the most distinguished general officer on the rolls of the Bombay Army" was destined to be laid in Westminster Abbey a regimental lieutenant-colonel.

His minutes as member of the Indian Government—to which he was later appointed—are pervaded by great wisdom and large-hearted benevolence; many of his suggestions have since his death been carried into effect.

He returned to England, but, alas! not to enjoy the rest and the honour which he had so well earned. A near relative tells:—

"The last two years were but a prolonged struggle with suffering. He purchased a house in Queen's Gate Gardens to be the home of his declining years; but his asthma kept him so much on the move that he enjoyed little more than a few weeks of occasional residence in it. The stimulus of a congenial friend or of cheery young people would, however, now and then revive him a little, when something of his former self would pleasantly flash out. Youngsters had always been favourites

with him, and he was never seen to more advantage than when entering thoroughly into their interests, telling them of his hunting days, or indulging in the good-humoured badinage to which he was prone. His quaint humour, his keen sense of the ludicrous, his merry glance added to the effect of his well-told and well-timed anecdotes; and he had a peculiar way of looking up and laughing with his eyes which gave irresistible point to his shrewd comments or sly remarks.

"His taste was good, indeed apt to be fastidious, and he greatly appreciated music of a touching character. Sacred music, always his preference, was an especial solace to him now. Books were still a means of whiling away an hour or two, but reading was no longer the resource it had been. Imperial politics—home, foreign, or Anglo-Indian—continued to occupy his thoughts to the last. Of party intrigues he had seen more than enough, and preferred to judge men and measures from his own point of view. Brag, bluster, or insincerity in any shape were an abomination to him, and he was most averse to persons professing infidel views. But he was tolerant of divergent opinions generally, if only he were convinced of the sincerity of those who advanced them. No one more readily appreciated sterling worth in any sphere of life."

He died on the 11th March 1863. His grave is in Westminster Abbey, near the centre of the nave, and

is marked by a marble slab bearing the epitaph suggested by Dean Stanley :—

"THE BAYARD OF INDIA."

Close round him lie a band of England's best and bravest—Clive, Pollock, Dundonald, Lord Lawrence, and David Livingstone. The monument erected by the Secretary of State for India in Council, is over the door of exit from the aisle to the Jerusalem chamber. A Bheel and a Scinde Belooch are the mourners. The relief represents the meeting of Campbell, Outram, and Havelock at Lucknow. The inscription is from the pen of Sir John Kaye. Over the entrance of the western transept are windows to the memory of gallant officers of Sir James Outram's division who fell in Oude, as recorded on the pavement below; and in the "Poet's Corner" the monument of his far-off kinsman meets the eye. Something is thus at hand to suggest the name of James Outram, from whatever side one may enter the Abbey.

VIII.

Outram's claim to a special place among great Englishmen may be said to lie in his rare union of strength and fineness of nature. A certain sobriety of mind, and a spareness of imagination, Hugh Miller found to characterise the great heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race—Crom-

well, Wellington, Washington, who, he says, succeeded by exactly knowing—much in consequence of this sobriety and spareness—what could and what could not be accomplished. Outram touched the qualities of caution and English method with the finer lines of emotion and imagination, communicating dash and poetry; and he succeeded, in effect, by the somewhat surprising and unexpected union of them. He often makes us think of Bacon's words: "There is no beauty but hath some strangeness in the proportion." He was not only a great soldier, but a great politician. He united forecast, firmness, and decision with the quickest sympathy and the truest instinct. He had what, for lack of better terms, we may call a divining nature. He was unerring in his judgments of men. He saw the good point readily, and in respect of rough untutored characters he had, what few even of great conquerors have, the skill to seize them by the smooth side on closest contact with them. He was full of fervour and of faith, well-restrained and educated; had he not been gifted with powers that tempt towards what must seem to the baldly practical mind but wild enterprises, he could never have done the work that he did. It was by this mainly that he triumphed; he perceived at once and almost infallibly the point where men could be touched to finer issues, if they could be touched at all; and he soon retreated to the coolest and most watchful attitude, if men would give forth no true response to the better side of his own being. We see this in his decisive method with men like Ali Murad

and Nursoo Punt. Upright, without any shadow in the secret places of his mind, he threw forth from him a pure light, in which men showed their true colours, as it were, without effort on his part, and often indeed when he would fain have spared himself the revelation. His indomitable courage, which never faltered, was yoke-fellow with his unsullied purity and loftiness of motive. "Speak the truth," says one, "and the mean and unworthy will shun you." Outram discovered the supple knaves of Oriental diplomacy, because they soon learned to shun the testing light of his character. He was ever faithful to himself and his highest motives. His duty to the Government he served was brought into harmony with his duty to himself, through many sacrifices; and at length his nobility of nature convinced even those whose plans and prospects he seemed to have hindered, that he had been wisest. His successes sprung from his moral more than from his intellectual nature—grand as that was—and along with Sir Henry Lawrence and Havelock he testifies anew that the only "happy warrior" is he whose actions carry fruitful lessons for each and all of us Well and truly wrote the *Times* on the day of his death, recognising the lofty moral element in his character and activity:—

"James Outram was an illustration of what can be done by a strong-minded, truth-loving, honest, and valiant nature in such an arena as India affords. Because he had neither rank nor fortune, he stood in that press of self-reliant men from which the hand of patron or politi-

cian could pluck no favourite. He took his place among his peers in the race when there was a fair field and no favour; and he came to the front, and bore himself so well that his distanced rivals echoed the applause which greeted the winner. It was but natural that he should have been proud of the service in which he won such honours, and that he should be jealous of any measure which did it wrong. And to the last he was the Indian officer to whom the Indian army was dear, who loved its reputation, and resisted any effort to destroy its individuality. . . . Truly was he told in the address which was voted to him by his countrymen at home, 'By men of your stamp was our Indian Empire won; by men of your stamp must it be preserved'—by men as honest, as single-minded, as chivalrous, as humane, with as much love for the people of the country, as much pride in an Indian career, and as little thought of self as James Outram."

As he was quick to find the best side of those he governed, so he ever showed the good and noble side to his associates, drawing out the best in them. He was without envy, as he was without affectation. It has been well said that his surrender of all the glory of the relief of Lucknow to his companion in arms, Havelock, "has probably no parallel in military annals." Yet it is simply of a piece with Outram's whole life. His mind was constantly occupied with thoughts for the good of others; and of this one obtaining proof is the foundation

and successful existence of the Outram Institute, which has done a really remarkable work, and one that was loudly called for. That man, indeed, should utterly miss the meaning of much in Outram's life who failed to recognise the "red thread" of unaffected philanthropy that ran through all the strands of it, and efficiently marked it as one and indivisible. One who later rose to the highest office wrote thus :—

"I would venture now to offer my humble tribute of admiration to the character of Outram in his civil and social capacity. During his residence in Calcutta, as member of the Supreme Council of India, it was my good fortune to be a frequent guest in his house, and to enjoy a considerable share of his confidence. His active mind seemed to be perpetually occupied with the practical problem of how he could best serve the interests of his country, and benefit those classes, whether European or native, who fell within the legitimate range of his influence. Above all, the welfare of the 'British soldier' in India was ever uppermost in his thoughts. To this end, among many other benevolent acts, he expended large sums in the purchase of books for distribution to various regimental libraries; and he did all in his power to introduce a system of healthy recreations and useful occupations in barracks, during those periods of unavoidable idleness when the soldier is most liable to fall into evil habits, from sheer lack of proper objects to engage his attention. These efforts culminated in the establishment,

at the cantonment of DumDum, of what became known as 'The Outram Institute,' and was the first 'soldiers' club,' on a durable basis, introduced into India. Its success may be said to have given the first impetus to a general adoption of the system throughout the service, with well-known beneficial results. In this, as well as in more ways than I need here particularise, Outram may be said to have established an unquestionable claim to special distinction as 'The Soldier's Friend.'

"It is well known that he was strongly opposed to the abolition of the old 'local European regiments' in India, and that he drew up, for submission to the Home Government of that day, an able and exhaustive State paper on the 'amalgamation' question. The subsequent experience gained during the past twenty years has tended to justify his opinions, inasmuch as the re-establishment of a local European force is understood to be at present a matter of consideration with our home authorities."

Sir Joseph Fayrer, his companion-in-arms at Lucknow, must perforce fall into the same strain :—

"I saw much of him in Calcutta, until he finally left for Europe, whence I and others heard from him. He never seemed to tire of doing kind and thoughtful things for his friends. He wrote several letters to my father, and ever continued to take an interest in my welfare. I know how great a proof it was of his regard for me when he consented to sit several times to Mr. A. Buxton for his portrait. I may just add one other incident illustra-

tive of the humble view he took of his own great powers. In Calcutta he showed me a letter offering him a high appointment in one of the other presidencies, and his reply to it, saying that he did not consider himself fit for it. He was a better judge of others than of himself. Of the many great men that the India of former days has produced, none ever exceeded him in the mental power of grasping all the prominent points of any great subject, and none ever gave effect to the method of dealing with it with greater force or vigour.

"One of the last minutes he wrote in Calcutta had reference to the provision of hospital accommodation and comforts for sick officers coming to the Presidency, and, like all he did, it was full of thought and care for those who so much needed it. I may add, he was one of the best friends the medical service ever had, and he was always anxious to do justice to their claims and to advance their interests."

Another officer most competent to speak of him says :—

"By sympathising appreciation of good work done, added to sympathising encouragement, he brought out all the best qualities of the doers, and made them, so to speak, all that they afterwards became. Besides that, he was their fast friend through life, and never forgot their interests, however unmindful of his own. Advantage to himself was what he never thought of, and money was literally the dirt under his feet, except only when he could make it helpful to others. There never was a man more

entirely simple and free from all self-consciousness. There was about him the highest ideal of dignity, because there was the absence both of all assumption and of all affected disclaimers of dignity."

Another still must be quoted :—

"The Commander-in-Chief, unfortunately, did not consider an officer of such exalted rank would be an appropriate recipient of the Victoria Cross; which envied decoration could, in his opinion, be only conferred as a rule on those below the rank of a Field Officer. When the matter eventually became known to Outram himself, he acknowledged to me that *he would have counted and prized the 'Victoria Cross' more than any other military distinction that could be conferred; 'not even excepting the G.C.B.'* This feeling was quite in harmony with his whole character and antecedents, and I feel assured that it would have gratified the whole Indian army to have seen so appropriate and well-earned a decoration on the breast of their favourite hero.

"As a Commander in the field, the generous chivalry of his nature was constantly manifesting itself, not only in the utter disregard of personal danger, but in the prominence he was ever ready to give, when opportunity offered, to the humblest services of those under him, and in his anxiety that the full meed of merit should be rendered to even the lowest in rank, when fairly due. Such just and genial attributes could not fail to secure for him a degree of personal attachment and devotion such

as has fallen to the lot of few leaders of men since the days of Cæsar and his favourite legions.

"In those military operations wherein he bore the chief command, and which came under my own observation, he seemed to combine two excellent yet quite opposite attributes; each valuable in its own particular way, but rarely found united in one person, viz., *a most vigilant 'caution,' with an irresistible 'dash.'* The union of these two qualities proved of inestimable value to the small force (mustering less than 4000 men) which, under his masterly guiding mind, was left behind (on the departure of the Commander-in-Chief from Lucknow on November 26, 1857) *to maintain a defensive position* on the open plain of 'Alambágh, on the south side of the city, for a period of nearly four months, during which it had to ward off repeated attacks from the mutinous forces that occupied Lucknow itself; whose numbers were being constantly reinforced from the adjoining province of Rohilcund, whence they were being gradually dislodged and dispersed by the Commander-in-Chief's effective tactics, and driven, as a last refuge, to concentrate within the walls of Lucknow, to make there a final united stand against the British power which they had so recklessly defied.

"Thus, towards the end of January 1858, the 'Alambágh force under Outram found itself in face of a vas hostile army, consisting chiefly of trained soldiers, whose numbers had by that time increased to upwards of 100,000; and whose position, behind the fortified strong-

holds of Lucknow, enabled them to dispose of large bodies for field operations against the 'Alambágh force, and perhaps to cut off its communications with Cawnpore, and intercept all needful supplies. Seldom has a General been placed for so long a period in a position so full of anxious responsibility.

"Outram, in view of the daily increasing danger, was possessed with an ardent and impatient longing to attack his foe by a *coup-de-main*, but his hands had been tied by strict orders from head-quarters to *act solely on the defensive*, until the Commander-in-Chief himself should return to the scene, for a final onslaught."

The moral welfare of the soldiers was to be first cared for, but the supply of innocent and good reading was not to be forgotten :—

"I trust I shall not be deemed unreasonable if I express a very decided opinion that, daily (before breakfast), the troops should be assembled for the public worship of God. I do not ask for a long service. On the contrary, I think that all our services are too long for a military congregation ; and the week-day services I would make very short. But a service of some sort there should be, were it to embrace no more than the singing of the morning or some other hymn—the reading of a few verses of the Bible, and the recitation of one or two collects—or the Litany on those days on which the Church prescribes that the Litany should be used."

And again :—

"On the same principle that I propose placing in the

canteen the very highest of our cheap but wholesome literature, in order to catch those who do not habitually visit the library, in the hope that they may by such means be won over to prefer the library to the canteen, I would endeavour to supply stimuli to mental culture, and to furnish its means, to those whom the Regimental School, and the prizes it holds out, fail to attract thither. And I look, in the event of the arrangement above recommended being adopted, to the officers of our military stations supplementing the efforts of Government by the delivery of lectures to the men on many interesting subjects."

His thoughts were often engaged in the welfare of the wives and children of the soldiers, and such a passage as this is wholly characteristic of him :—

"It is not enough that their officers should invariably be kind to the women and children of their men—few are otherwise. But they should be *methodically* so. The women should feel, and their husbands and husbands' comrades should see, that the most trifling matters affecting their comfort and happiness engaged their officers' constant and solicitous attention. They should be addressed as if it were assumed that every woman was, in feelings, a lady, and in moral tone all that her best friends could wish. One little incident that occurred under my own command serves well to illustrate the appreciation which soldiers have of respectful conduct on the part of officers to their female relatives. An officer, who, like the rest of his comrades, had to leave

all his property behind on the evacuation of Lucknow, was, on his arrival at the 'Alambágh, accosted by a sergeant and two privates of the 1st Madras Fusiliers, who brought him several silver articles which he had left in his room on the occasion of his starting for the Dilkoosha in charge of ladies and children of the garrison, twenty-four hours before the troops finally moved out of the entrenchment. 'It was a small thing, sir,' said the honest sergeant in reply to the earnest thanks of my astonished friend, 'to do for you and your good lady, who made us tea with her own hands, yes, and brought it to us every day we were on duty near your quarters—and this, sir,' he added, pointing to one of the men—'is an old friend, sir—he knew you at Warley—here, Jack, speak up for yourself to the gentleman'—and Jack promptly answered the summons. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'there's much come and gone since then, but I knowed you the moment I seed you, and I told them all about you, sir. It's not every officer, sir, as brings presents to our babies, and lifts his hat to our wives, *and calls them ma'am.* She's gone, sir, she's gone,' added the honest fellow, brushing a tear from his manly eyes, 'but she minded you to the last, and the time the colonel and you stopped your carriage to give her a lift, poor lass, from the railway on that wet afternoon.' We may depend upon it that kindly presents given to soldiers' babies are crumbs thrown on the water that after many days will return with interest, if not to the donors at least to the service; but more valuable still is that respectful de-

ference shown to soldiers' wives symbolised in the act of *calling them ma'am.*"

After advocating the formation of Ladies' Associations at each station, to promote the remunerative employment and general well-being of soldiers' wives, he winds up his proposals thus :—

"The ladies' efforts in behalf of their humbler sisters would react beneficially on themselves. And it is to be hoped that, besides being the means of saving the immortal souls of some of our own countrywomen, these associations might tend to the spread of the Gospel in this land, prompting the heathen to moderate the rancour and contempt they bear our Holy Faith, as, watching the efforts and results of our ladies, they were compelled to say, 'Behold these Christians, how they love one another!' Whether at present we exert ourselves on behalf of our soldiers' wives as beseems those who realise the truth of the creed they profess, and feel in their hearts what they so glibly utter in their prayers, each man must answer to his own conscience. Mine, I confess, refuses a comforting response."

After this, we are not surprised to learn that Sir James Outram was averse to holding association with infidels, and can realise that this dislike did not arise merely from prejudice.

We find Sir F. Goldsmid thus writing of his work as a member of the Government of India :—

"Though himself a member of Government and guar-

dian of administrative orthodoxy, not free to follow all impulses of his own generous heart, he was ready to burst his red-tape bonds if they restrained him from good and just acts. Such power was not, however, abused. There are those now living who could bear high testimony to its exercise in a spirit of usefulness to the State and the individual. To Sir Bartle Frere's concurrence in his colleague's recommendations on behalf of sick officers, Mr. James Wilson, the Finance Minister, added his own. 'I concur in much, and admire all, that his zeal and interest in the army has prompted the President in Council to write,' are his well-considered words."

The following passage on the individuality of the soldier, from a minute of February 21, 1860, we feel constrained to give :—

"I believe that the tendency of our military system has been mischievously to repress his *individualism*, to weaken his sense of personality, and thus to check the development of that intelligent consciousness of personal capacities, and of that desire to multiply his resources of independent action, the want of which is apt to prove most lamentable in many of the contingencies of active service. I believe that much more could (and ought to) be done, to augment the *individual* efficiency and practical knowledge of our men. . . . I would not leave the matter one altogether of choice. I would *compel* our men to acquire a practical knowledge of everything that could influence their individual comfort, safety, and efficiency,

in every conceivable contingency of active service. I would take care that each soldier was thoroughly indoctrinated in all such practical expedients and their philosophy, as are, for example, laid down in Mr. Galton's useful little book, 'The Art of Travel.' . . . He should, moreover, be made thoroughly to understand the *rationale* of all the movements, formations, and evolutions, to the mechanical performance of which he is drilled. He should be habituated to contemplate, and to frame for himself, rules of action in trying emergencies, which may at any time occur on field service—such, for instance, as those in which detached posts lose their commissioned and non-commissioned officers, or pickets are cut off from their supports (as has happened sometimes in jungly districts during the recent campaigns and in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, for hours, and even days together). He should be not only theoretically, but practically, trained to the procedure and precautions indispensable in that street, suburb, and jungle fighting, to which no judicious leader will ever unnecessarily expose him, but which it is impossible always to avoid in the conduct of military operations. Very much more attention should be paid to his perfection in marksmanship than I fear is, or, at all events, used to be, the case."

Which shows a mind of a most practical cast, ready to dwell patiently on the minutest details in view of a great result.

His chivalrous feeling towards his subordinates bespoke

him the true leader of men. Sir Henry Lawrence said on this point :—

"Outram's chivalrous defence of his assistant, Lieutenant Hammersley, is one of the many instances in which he advocated the right, at the peril of his own interests. Hammersley was as brave, as honest-hearted a young soldier as ever fell a victim to his duty. We knew him well; and no man who did so need be ashamed to shed a tear over his fate. He was literally sacrificed for telling the truth—a truth, too, that was of vital importance to the beleaguered Candahar army—nay, to the in terests of British India ! Peace be to the memory of this noble fellow !"

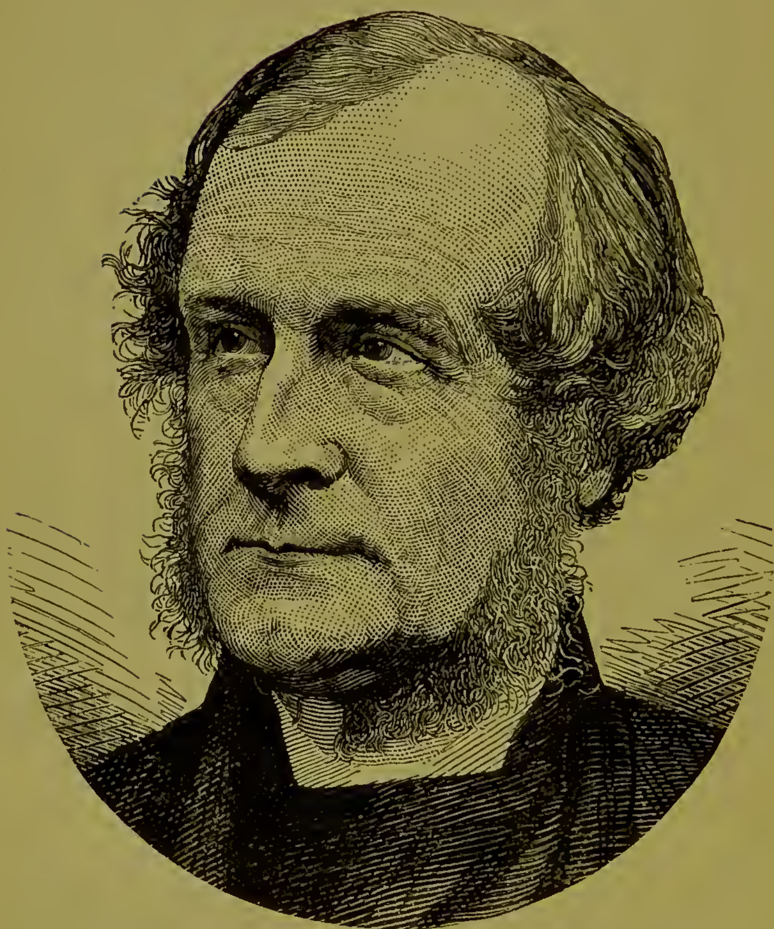
One other point on which there is some ground for thinking that Outram's merits have not even yet been fully recognised, alone remains to be noticed. We shall best perhaps do justice to it in the words of Sir Frederic Goldsmid :—

"Independently of politics, Outram has done more to enlighten the world on the geography of Afghanistan and Beluchistan than has been hitherto placed to his credit. From Bamian to Sonmiani is a long stretch of country, in parts of which he was the first English explorer; the mountain track by which he hit the Kabul road leading to Bamian—the diversions made to attack the Ghilzai forts between Kabul and Kwatta — the alternative route to Pottinger's, by which Baila was reached from Kelat—all these may need something more of acknowledgment to

him than has been yet accorded by books and maps. Scientific accuracy may be wanting in actual mapping; but where the information imparted has been turned to good account, should not the giver of it be recognised with all due honour?"

BISHOP SELWYN.

IN the history of missions there is probably no brighter chapter than that which deals with the South Pacific. Various churches and societies have sent agents there; and the good-will, and mutual respect, and helpfulness which have been developed by common aims and the sense of common dangers, have been almost as remarkable as the great work that has been accomplished among the natives. It has been well said, that as a voyage round the Cape mellows wine, so missionaries removed to the midst of heathenism rise above the little differences that are only too apt to distract and to weaken Christian workers at home. In few biographies has this been better illustrated than in that of Bishop Selwyn, who, though nominally Bishop of New Zealand, approved himself the founder of the See of Melanesia, which Bishop Patteson, who was one of his scholars, did so much to extend. Besides the results it records, it is especially attractive for the growth of character displayed, and for the exceptional and unconscious ways in which



BISHOP SELWYN.

the man was prepared for the work that awaited him. Our readers may not be averse to follow with us a short outline of his life and work, drawn from the recent memoir by the Rev. Mr. Tucker, the little sketch by Mrs. Curteis, and several other sources.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Hampstead, 1809. He came of an old family whose members had been distinguished in several callings—the army, the Church, the bar. His father, William Selwyn, was a lawyer, author of the well-known book "Nisi Prius;" and at the time of his death, in 1855, he was Senior Queen's Counsel. His mother was Letitia Frances, daughter of Mr. Roger Kynaston, of Witham, Essex. He was one of six children, four boys and two daughters, amongst whom, even in the nursery, he took the lead; the others, though all possessed of considerable talent and force of character, invariably following wherever he led, and carrying out whatever he proposed.

From childhood George Selwyn, as we thus see, was marked by great decision of character. Sometimes this even amounted to self-will, for which he had once to suffer punishment; but he was considerate of others, as if by instinct disliked luxury, was indifferent to appearances in some respects, and was even then inclined to test his power of endurance. On one occasion, when a mere youth home from Eton at Eastertide, he wished to invite a friend to stay with him, this friend being none other than Mr. Gladstone. His mother said it was impossible,

that "the spring cleaning was going on," and guests would be in the way. George rushed upstairs, and soon reappeared with a mattress, which he threw down on the wet boards, saying, "There now, where's the difficulty?"

Before he had gone to Eton he had been at the famous preparatory school of Dr. Nicholas at Ealing. Among the names of many pupils of that school who have become famous we find those of the brothers Newman, who were contemporaries of Selwyn; and that of Charles Knight, who was earlier. At Eton his career was marked by great proficiency, both in scholarship and in athletic sports; the latter, an attainment which often stood him in good stead amid the rough work of his bishopric in New Zealand. He was a first-class rower, and could swim well. He, in fact, formed a little club of athletes, who "bathed every day whatever the weather or state of the river, and who did many wonderful feats. In company with Bishop Tyrrell, with whom nearly a quarter of a century later he shared some perilous expeditions in the Pacific, he walked to London on one occasion in thirteen hours without stopping."

The Bishop of Winchester, the Right Rev. Harold Browne, who was a fellow-scholar at Eton, said in Convocation at the time of his death: "He was the best boy on the river, and nearly the first boy in learning. I remember his spirited speeches at the Eton Debating Society, and some of his Greek compositions. I believe he was the greatest diver at Eton or anywhere else."

"There is a bush at Eton," says Mrs. Curteis, "called 'Selwyn's Bush,' standing on a high bank of the Thames, to which he used to run up, take a spring, go over it with a perfectly straight body, and coming into the water head foremost at an angle of forty-five, pass under the surface of the water, and rise again directly. When asked how to do it, he used to say, 'fancy yourself a dart.'"

He entered Cambridge in 1826, and worked hard. Finding, during his residence there, that the support of four sons at Eton and Cambridge necessitated self-denials on his father's part, he declared that he would get his own living, and never burden his parents. In this he succeeded; his high position in the Tripos, followed at a later period by a Fellowship at St. John's, making this possible. In after years he was prone to regard his activity at Cambridge as not having been concentrated enough, but few men have in a more effective way trained themselves for the great work they were afterwards to do. Having taken his degree, he spent four months in travel on the Continent; and then he returned to Eton and became private tutor to the present Earl of Powis and his brothers. His studies were relieved by rowing and riding. He was determined to make himself a good rider, and actually persevered till he could undertake a steeplechase. The experience gained in this way was very useful to him later, in enabling him to handle vicious or unmanageable horses when on long episcopal journeys. His keen and kindly

concern in others received many illustrations in his school and college days, as well as his powers of self-help and manliness.

While he was tutor at Eton, for example, he persuaded Dr. Hawtrey to let him undertake the management of the water arrangements for the boys. Hitherto the river had been "out of bounds," so that there were no rules or regulations for the boating and bathing, as there was no recognition of either on the part of the authorities. The young tutor knew well the mischief of this state of things, and represented to Dr. Hawtrey how wrong it was to treat boys as criminals requiring to be imprisoned. "Let them have freedom," he pleaded, "and force them to learn swimming before going into the water." This was accordingly carried out, and since that year (1839) not a single fatal accident has happened, although the school has doubled its numbers, while before that time at least one death had occurred annually.

But his studies did not suffer through his athletics. He carefully read Pearson, Hooker, Barrow, and Butler, and made himself expert in Hebrew and Italian, under the teaching of a Jew, Bolaffey, who resided in Eton. He was ordained in June 1833, and took the curacy of Boveney as a labour of love, continuing his work as tutor and preacher and his theological studies, having got others to join him in them.

It is very characteristic of him that he once at this time wrote to a friend :—"We ought to enter into a com-

pact with one another to correct all those natural dispositions which stand in the way of the effective discharge of our duties; to admonish, and suggest whenever it may seem necessary, that so the mind of every one in our circle of acquaintance may be endued, not with its own simple strength, but with the aggregate steadfastness of many minds, all alike invigorated by the same powers from above."

By-and-by he gave up the charge of Boveney and became the duly licensed curate of Windsor, being practically in sole charge. The parish was hardly in such a satisfactory condition as it might have been. A great debt had been incurred in pulling down an old church and building a new one; law proceedings were likely to occur over the matter, involving great expenditure and producing ill-feeling in the parish. He called on the people to make an effort to clear off the debt, and said that he would willingly relinquish his stipend for two years as his contribution towards it. By his great energy and self-denial, the desired result was obtained; within a month the sum was raised, and the creditor, who had been about to have recourse to the courts, gave up a claim for interest, and thus practically made a donation to the cause. Peace having been restored, the field was open for the work of improvement, which he resolutely pressed on. He set on foot soup-kitchens, which were also cooking-kitchens for showing the poor people the best and most economical ways of preparing food, mothers'

meetings, and many other parochial organisations, and anticipated later movements by initiating a great scheme for the improvement of education, and instituting examinations and giving prizes. A little surplus which had been left over from the collection against the debt he made the nucleus for a fund to build a new church, which should also serve for the soldiers; and he made an appeal (not quite so successful as it should have been) to the Horse Guards and to Mr. Macaulay, then Secretary of War, for a contribution from Government. £1300 was deemed enough. When any new organisation was spoken of to the Vicar, he was wont to say, "It's all Selwyn's doing." The complete sympathy, indeed, which Selwyn received from the Vicar in his work, proves sufficiently that the backward condition of the parish had not been the Vicar's fault. Selwyn also took a great interest in cathedral reform, and wrote and urged his plans on those who were likely to have influence. His enthusiasm and practicality were infectious, though he did not always succeed.

In June 1839 he married the daughter of Sir John Richardson, judge in the Common Pleas; and a very expressive story is told of the time when he used most frequently to visit Bray, where the Richardsons then lived. The road was long, as there was no bridge nearer than Maidenhead, but there was a ferry on the Berkshire side of the river.

"On a certain night Mr. Selwyn was returning to

Eton at an hour much later than those kept by the ferry-man; there was no difficulty in his punting himself across; but then, what of the owner of the punt in the morning? What of the early passengers coming, perhaps, to their work, if the Windsor curate had appropriated the punt at the midnight hour? Was there no way of combining late hours at the Filberts, with the rights and comforts of the ferryman and his passengers? It was part of his nature always to have unselfish thoughts for others; and the present difficulty was solved in a way that cost him less effort than would have been the case with most men. He punted himself across the river, and then, having undressed, ferried himself back, made the boat fast, and swam back to his clothes; thus gratifying himself and causing no inconvenience to others."

His biographer tells us that, though at this time there was no conscious intention on his part to devote himself to distant missionary work, it is significant that he should have taken "a pledge from his wife that she would never oppose his going wherever he might be ordered on duty" —a pledge readily given, and wholly in keeping with the unwillingness she had shown to permit sacrifices on his part for her family on the death of her mother. He was perfectly satisfied with his position at Eton, and had no desire for change. The Powis family had already in view for him a living, which might soon be vacant, and he was, in prospect, painting his future vicarage "as antique without being venerable, and ruinous without being pic-

turesque," yet confesses that he is "really indifferent about the whole matter."

"One thing is certain," says Mr. Tucker, "that he did not look forward with any eagerness to the lot of an easily placed, well-beneficed English rector; the conditions of such a ministry would not satisfy his aspirations for active service, nor exhaust his burning zeal. The great extension of the Colonial Episcopate had not commenced in 1839, neither had any foreshadowing of that remarkable movement been revealed to the Church; but the chivalrous spirit which dwelt in the breast of such men as Henry Martyn, in our own communion, and in Xavier, Schwartz, Ziegenbalg, and Carey, men of different creeds, and hardly less varied gifts and powers, possessed in fullest measure the heart of Selwyn; he held, and made no secret of the fact, that the soldiers of the Cross ought to consider themselves always at the command of their superiors, ready to go anywhere and to do anything."

The question of the extension of the Colonial Episcopate soon began to be stirred however; and he became intensely interested in all the questions connected with it, writing particularly about the desirability of establishing the Church well in the new colony of New Zealand. The Colonial Bishoprics Council was formally established in 1841, and the first country that was named in the order of urgency was New Zealand, in which, though a good foundation had been laid through the Church Society, the lack of a central authority was deeply felt. At first the

offer was made to the elder brother, Professor Selwyn, who was obliged to decline it, and then it was offered by the Bishop of London to George, who, in accepting it, wrote thus :—

"The same reasons which would prevent me from seeking the office of a bishop, forbid me to decline an authoritative invitation to a post so full of responsibility, but at the same time of spiritual promise. Knowing to Whose ministry I am called, and upon Whose strength alone I can rest my hopes, I cannot suffer the thought of my youth and inexperience to have more than their due weight. . . . It has never seemed to me to be in the power of an individual to choose the field of labour most suited to his own powers. Those who are the eyes of the Church, and have seen him acting in the station in which God has placed him, are the best judges whether he ought 'to go up higher.' Whether that advancement be at home or abroad is a consideration which, as regards the work to be done, must rest with those who know best what the work is, and how many and of what kind are the labourers, but which can in no way affect the purely spiritual question of the duty of a minister to his Church, wherever or whatever that duty may be; with whatever prospects or adjuncts of emolument or dignity, or without any. The only course seems to be to undertake it at the bidding of the proper authority, and to endeavour to execute it with all faithfulness."

After some slight delays through changes of the Govern-

ment, and points which he regarded as objectionable in his Letters-Patent, he was consecrated at Lambeth Palace on October 17, 1841. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford both conferred on him the degree of D.D.; and on the 26th of December he sailed for his distant diocese in the "Sumatra." The party consisted of two chaplains, Mr. Cotton and Mr. Whytehead, three catechists, and a Maori returning home, from whom the Bishop was to learn much. The time during the voyage was utilised for various purposes of practical preparation—one of the branches of study being indicated in this passage of one of the Bishop's letters home :—

"I am studying practical navigation under our captain (a most intelligent man) in order that I may be my own master in my visitation voyages. It gives me great pleasure to find that I am quite at my ease at sea, which makes me look forward to the maritime character of my future life with more comfort and hope. My chronometer and sextant are in constant use. Last night I learned a new observation, viz., to find the angular distance between the moon and a fixed star. William gave me, at Plymouth, a log-book and chart, in which I keep the ship's reckoning, which is of great use in preventing those ill-defined expectations of arriving at certain places before the time which makes journeys seem tedious. I always know the ship's place exactly, and the probable time of her reaching any given point."

On the 29th of May New Zealand was reached, and

on June 5th the Bishop preached at Auckland, in the Court House, which was then used as a church. To the astonishment and delight both of the Maoris and missionaries, he said prayers and preached in Maori on this the first Sunday in his new diocese, showing to what use his companionship with the Maori had been put. No sooner had the Bishop established his headquarters at the Waimate, and made one short tour, than he was visited by one of the forms of affliction most apt to assail a missionary bishop. Mr. Whytehead, one of his chaplains, had fallen so seriously ill that he had to remain behind with friends in Sydney, and now Mr. Evans, a catechist of whom the highest hopes were entertained, fell ill and died.

We have this touching record of the Bishop's devotion in a letter from his friend, Chief Justice Martin:—"It was very joyous to meet the Bishop, but I was struck by his pale worn face. He was nursing poor Evans, who had been given over by the physicians and was to all appearance sinking. . . . The Bishop was watching and tending as a mother might watch and tend. It was a most affecting sight. He practised every little art that nourishment might be supplied to his patient: he pounded chicken into fine powder, that it might pass in a liquid form into his ulcerated mouth; he made jellies; he listened to every sound; he sat up the whole night through by the bedside. In short, he did everything worthy of his noble nature. It went to my heart."

Before the end of October the Bishop had achieved eight prosperous voyages, receiving everywhere in the diocese a most favourable reception, and had the comfort of feeling that the natives were thoroughly friendly. On the last of these, a long journey with the Rev. O. Hadfield (now Bishop of Wellington) was memorable for various circumstances.

"Strange," says Mr. Tucker, "were the adventures in this long journey; at one time the Bishop was cheered by the well-ordered mission of the Rev. O. Hadfield, who was his travelling companion for some days; at another he was received with all honour in a fortified Pa, at a place rendered notorious by a recent murder which was followed by an act of cannibalism, 'the principal murderer being most assiduous in his attentions,' which took the form of shaking hands and shouts of 'Hæere mai;' a few miles farther on he was the guest of a missionary, at whose station was also staying the acting governor, with a suite of secretaries and interpreters, who had come down to investigate the circumstances of the murder, and to bring the offenders to justice. The Chief Justice was the Bishop's companion at this part of his visitation, and thus the heads of the State, the law, the army, and the Church, were at one and the same time the guests of the mission, which afforded to all alike a place of safety in spite of the turbulent spirits that were abroad—no small testimony to the value of the missionary's labours. His wife commended herself much to the Bishop in that she

'pursued the even tenor of her domestic duties, not deviating from their usual mode of living, which was most suitable to the character of a mission station.'"

The Bishop's mind was already occupied with that great scheme of a central college, at which pupils could be gathered from all the islands of the South Pacific. The serious illness of Mr. Whytehead, who was not to recover, was, as it were, the withdrawal of a right hand; for he had in the Bishop's mind been designated as permanent head of the college; but, notwithstanding this, the institute at Waimate was before long declared to be in full working order, with rules and conditions clearly laid down both for the theological and the industrial systems.

The Bishop had returned to Waimate after his first visitation on January 9, 1843, having traversed in six months some 2277 miles, 726 on foot, 86 on horseback, 249 in canoes and boats, and 1180 by ship. Here is an incident, which shows how indefatigable he was, and how little disposed to be moved by small discomforts. It is from his own diary under date January 3, 1843:—

"My last pair of thick shoes being worn out, and my feet much blistered with walking the day before on the stumps, which I was obliged to tie to my insteps with pieces of native flax (*Phormium tenax*), I borrowed a horse from the native teacher, and started at 4 A.M., to go twelve miles to Mr. Hamlen's mission station at Manukan harbour, where I arrived at 7 A.M. in time for his family

breakfast. After breakfast, wind and tide being favourable, I sailed in Mr. Hamlen's boat ten miles across Manukan harbour; a noble sheet of water, but very dangerous from shoals and frequency of squalls. A beautiful run of two hours brought us to Onehienga by noon. I landed there with my faithful Maori Rota (Lot), who had steadily accompanied me from Kapiti, carrying my bag and gown and cassock, the only remaining articles in my possession of the least value. The suit which I wore was kept sufficiently decent, by much care, to enable me to enter Auckland by daylight; and my last remaining pair of shoes (thin ones) were strong enough for the light and sandy walk of six miles which remained from Manukan to Auckland."

Mr. Whytehead died in March 1843, and no sooner was his body committed to the grave than the Bishop had to start for the northern part of the island, if possible to appease the strife of two strong parties of natives now at war; and through his own mediations, "on the next Sunday morning the whole valley was as quiet as in the time of perfect peace." Not so easily quelled was the outbreak of Wairau, which took place shortly afterwards, and which threatened to end the evangelistic work of thirty years. It arose out of a misunderstanding between the agents of the New Zealand Company and the native tribes about boundaries, and might have spread far and wide, had it not been for the influence of Mr. Hadfield and the Bishop. The college was already pro-

ducing definite results. Already there were nine students, three of whom should be admitted to deacon's orders in September. The college kitchen was regulated upon the plan of a kitchen in Cambridge, supplying regular "commons" to every member, and forty-two persons daily dined together in the hall; eleven of these being native boys at the boarding-school.

"After the aristocratic recollections of Eton," says the Bishop, "it is amusing to compare our school at the Waimate: fustian jackets and corduroy trousers are the order of the day, which are so far from being a disadvantage that they facilitate the industrial plans of the school, the boys being employed in gardening, turning, carpenters' work, painting, and the like. Many years must elapse before there will be room for a fine gentleman in this country, and therefore we endeavour, as much as possible, to keep out what some one has called the 'gentleman heresy' from among us."

The Bishop himself was not slow to put his hand to any kind of work, and particularly enjoyed some forms of industrial exercise when he took his short periodical rests at Waimate. He traced his handiness and knack in these needful performances to his readiness to aid others in earlier years. In the course of an address to his Churchwardens in 1868, when Bishop of Lichfield, he said:—

"There is another point in parochial economy which I value very much indeed, and which has been very much in place in my past experience in New Zealand. Travel-

ling across a wild country, it has often happened to me that I have had to cook my own food; and the knowledge of cookery that I possess I acquired in my own parish-kitchen at Windsor, an institution which I found of the most beneficial kind for the relief of the poor, and also for the education of the children in a kind of knowledge which they needed very much—a knowledge of cooking. Before the kitchen was started there was a relief committee, to whom our district-visitors used to bring reports of various sick persons who required medical comforts and necessaries; and the committee issued orders for so many pounds of bread and mutton to be sent to them. If the Curate followed the material to its destination, he would go into miserable places where there were only a few pieces of coal in the grate with a small black pot upon them; and in that pot would be a sort of fluid, black and greasy, with a hard lump like a cricket ball floating in the middle, which would be the very pound of meat for which the committee had paid eightpence to make broth for a sick person. Why, I might as well have told them to make broth out of stones! So the kitchen was started; a cook was engaged; a district-visitor attended in the morning to act as housekeeper; they made all kinds of delicacies for the sick according to their wants; and at twelve o'clock the school-children carried them to the various houses, bringing back the basins and plates when they returned to school. This was found to be a great saving on the old plan. For

sixpennyworth of well-cooked food did more good than a shillingsworth of raw material in unskilled hands. I contend that every poor person when sick ought to be ministered to in the same way as the highest in the land: and nothing went out of our kitchen that was not fit for any person to partake of."

As he said humorously, there was a kind of conspiracy in England on the part of relatives against allowing him to have proper help in the form of chaplains and archdeacons, and therefore he was only the more constantly employed himself, despairing of being able to visit England for many years, owing to the condition of the diocese. A period of enforced leisure, when wind-bound here or there, was utilised for reading and correspondence. Not seldom his progress was stopped by other and sometimes more humorous circumstances, associated with the inabilities of others to bear the fatigues of travel so well as he did. In his second visitation this was much felt. "The rivers were in flood, and fording was dangerous. Mr. Taylor, a missionary in the Bishop's party, could not swim, and the Bishop's air-bed was inflated and fixed in an impromptu framework of sticks, and towed across the river with Mr. Taylor enthroned upon it."

In the end of 1844, the desirability of removing St. John's College from Waimate became apparent. A suitable site was by-and-by found near Auckland, where stone buildings were to be erected in place of the wooden ones at Waimate. In the midst of the turmoil incident

to such changes, the Maori war broke out, putting many fresh obstacles in the way of missionary work. The Bishop was energetic in his efforts to bring about a peace, anxious to conciliate the natives by endeavouring to procure justice for them from the Government, and, when these efforts failed, he took up his position in the midst of the conflict. The part he played was duly signalised by an independent authority, the "Auckland Times," which said,—

"Fearless in the midst of the contest, Dr. Selwyn sought to allay the heat of blood, and to arrest the fury of the fight; he was also seen bearing the wounded from the field; afterwards unwearied at the bedside of the dying; much more than this, he was the nurse and the surgeon, and the servant of the sick, as well as their spiritual attendant."

Mr. Hadfield's sickness rendered him unable to perform his duties at Waikanae in Wellington, and thither the Bishop went for some weeks, taking advantage of the misfortune to do all possible to keep the religiously-minded to the quiet discharge of their duties, and the avoidance of political excitement. Waimate particularly suffered by the war, being in part destroyed. "To move my diocese in any perceptible degree," said the Bishop, "I must multiply my own single force through a multitude of wheels and powers; alone I am powerless." This was true of ordinary conditions; what the working of such a diocese must have been amid the horrors of war

can only be imagined. Yet in 1846, amid wars and rumours of wars, "the transference of the college from Waimate" near to Auckland, was safely accomplished, and the industrial system extended and improved. The several dependent institutions to which two-thirds of the produce of the college estate were devoted—schools, hospital, teaching staff (lay and native)—were not only kept up, but extended with that fine forecast and administrative instinct which so pervaded all his enterprises. Bishop Selwyn at this early stage formed a sisterhood of unpaid nurses for the hospital, anticipating thus by many years the movement which originated in the services of Florence Nightingale. The rules laid down for the conduct of the brethren and sisters of the Order of St. John are marked by the fullest knowledge and practical sagacity, and when, shortly after, a pestilence broke out, they were certainly put to a thorough test.

His own stipend of £1200, paid in equal proportions by the Government and the Church Missionary Society, he threw into a common diocesan fund, from which he drew only what he required. The evils of large unequally distributed endowments he was careful to guard against. The "possibility of a New Zealand Stanhope"* was, as he says, constantly before his mind. All persons similarly situated were to receive the same emoluments, and be only promoted after stated periods of service, without the necessity of removal to another station; and

* A diocese in Durham.

no endowments were to be accepted subject to any condition of private patronage. A printing-press was soon in full work—many translations of the best English books of a suitable kind being made for the natives.

On each tour fresh schools were established, and the Bishop became more and more interested in extending the circle of industrial employments. The Maoris, it seems, could make no use of wool, and buried it in the ground as a thing of no value. We find him writing to the Countess of Powis, on April 18, 1844:—

"Knowing your interest in such matters, I wish for advice, founded on your Scotch and Welsh experience, as to the mode of introducing the manufacture of coarse cloth into my native schools, with a view to enabling the natives to clothe themselves. If the Welsh are obliged to make their own clothes by hand-looms, though they are so close to Manchester, because they have no export to give in exchange for manufactured goods, it seems evident that we can never have our natives effectually clad, for the same reason, except by domestic manufactures. They do not like horned cattle, from the difficulty of managing them; but I think that they would be induced to keep sheep if they could see the intermediate processes by which the fleece is transferred from the back of the sheep to that of the man. If the Welsh peasantry have any simple machinery for their cottage manufacturers which could be introduced into my industrial school, it would be most acceptable, either in model

or full-size. As my children are all boarders, they have plenty of time to devote to such employments, and some of them already sew very nicely. They are certainly as tractable and docile as English children. Knitting-pins and worsted would be very useful. A very general desire for English clothing at present prevails, which may be turned to good account. My brother Charles will be happy to take care of anything which you may be able to procure to assist in Cambro-Britonizing my people. Wales supplies me with many arguments, both to the natives and English. I tell the former that one large portion of the British nation still make their own clothes from their own flocks; and to the latter I argue, that if farming will maintain families in North Wales, where the crops are sometimes on the ground at Christmas, much more will it in New Zealand, where the harvest seldom, if ever, fails.

"Some of our settlers are in a great hurry to abolish the native language and substitute English; to them I cite the example of Oswestry, an English town with Welsh service in the parish to this day. It is true that in Welshpool it is supposed to be so completely abolished that the refined ears of the congregation objected to a certain curate's Welsh accent, but this is a rare case.

"If I should ever return to England, of which, however, I have no idea, I am afraid my speech will have such a Maori accent that I shall be inadmissible to Mr. Clive's pulpit. Certain it is that whenever I attempt to

speak French, I inadvertently fall into native words, which caused great amusement when I dined on board the French corvette 'Le Rhin,' now stationed at Akaroa."

Archbishop Howley, when taking leave of Dr. Selwyn at Lambeth, had urged him to do what he could to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the scattered islands of the Pacific, and on this apostolic commission rather than on the odd clerical error in his letters-patent, which extended his diocese from 50° south to 34° *north* latitude, he based the obligations to extend the circuit of his ministrations. But his principle was, like that of Wellington, to do nothing rashly, and to make sure of his "base." The result of his seven years' work in New Zealand proper fully justified the step. From Kaitaia in the north to Stewart's Island in the south, over a length of one thousand miles, he had satisfied himself that there was not a village in which the Scriptures were unknown. Out of a native population of 100,000 one half were Christians, and the remainder had ready access to the means of grace. An affray between two English crews and some natives of Rotuma and Granville Islands rendered necessary some intervention on the part of the Government, and became the Bishop's opportunity. He willingly accepted a passage on board the "Dido," destined for this work, where he should combine the duties of chaplain and instructor on board with those of observing the possibilities of Melanesia for new mission settle-

ments. His principle was to respect the positions of those who were already at work there, and to find "fresh woods and pastures new." He now explored, in most cases thoroughly, the Friendly, Navigator, and New Hebrides groups. He even ventured ashore at the Isle of Pines, where the captain of the "Dido" had declined to allow him to land. He borrowed a small-boat and sculled himself inside the harbour, and there, to his surprise, lay an English trading schooner, and he was thus happily brought acquainted with Captain Haddon, a fair-trading and Christian-minded man, who had gained great influence with the natives, and from whom Bishop Selwyn got much aid and learned much.

On the moment of his return home, if home it could be called, he started in the little "Undine" for a voyage round New Zealand, intending on his return to touch at several points to bring back the pupils to the college from their homes. The voyage lasted fourteen weeks; and the "Undine" worked up to her anchorage, with sails, ropes, and spars uninjured, having sailed three thousand miles and visited thirteen places. His fine consideration for his native pupils it is simply delightful to see.

"We are apt to forget," the Bishop wrote on July 4th, 1848, "the laborious processes by which we acquired in early life the routine duties of cleanliness, order, method, and punctuality; and we often expect to find ready-made in a native people the qualities which we ourselves have learned with difficulty, and which our own countrymen

rapidly lose in the unsettled and irresponsible slovenliness of colonial life. We want a large supply of Oberlins and Felix Neffs, who, having no sense of their own dignity, will think nothing below it; and who will go into the lowest and darkest corner of the native character, to see where the difficulty lies which keeps them back from being assimilated to ourselves. They have received the Gospel freely, and with an unquestioning faith; but the unfavourable tendency of native habits is every day dragging back many into a state of sin from which they seemed to have escaped. There is scarcely anything so small as not to affect the permanence of Christianity in this country. We require men who will remember every hair of a native's head, as part of the work of Him who made and redeemed the world."

And as the belief was fast gaining ground among the Maoris that work was incompatible with the character of a gentleman, it was all the more needful that the complete, self-contained system should be sustained, under which servants were abolished, each one contributing to the common stock; and no labour whatever was considered as menial. The printing-house, the farm, the barn, and the carpenter's shop, all were intended to catch the earliest dispositions to industry which the scholars might evince. The variety was necessary, for systematic industry was an essential of all native training. This system was misunderstood, and even ridiculed

in New Zealand; but the Bishop was right notwithstanding.

Bishop Selwyn's judgment in other matters was equally prudent and far-sighted. This was especially the case in the land-difficulty that now arose. Lord Grey, who had succeeded Lord Stanley as Colonial Secretary, had been induced, under circumstances which it is not necessary to record, to send out a despatch respecting the land possessed by the natives. There was much in that despatch fitted to cause Bishop Selwyn concern, and to draw his remonstrance. With regard to it we find him writing home to a friend in October 1848 as follows:—

"Lord Grey has forwarded me a very complimentary message through the Governor, for which I am obliged to his lordship, and value his good opinion, as that of a son of an honourable house, who has not impaired in his own person his ancestral character. But I would rather that he cut me in pieces than induced me by any personal compliments to resign the New Zealanders to the tender mercies of men who owned the right to take the land of the New Zealanders, and who would not scruple to use force for that purpose. There is a Cerberus in New Zealand which cannot be sopped by any other cake than one composed of English and native rights in equal proportions."

In 1849 another great enterprise was begun, the establishment of a college for native and English youth for the southern portion of the island. A site was found

near Porirua; and no sooner had the Bishop seen a start made than he was once more on the "Undine" on a voyage to New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, that he might extend his observations and bring back with him native youths for training. Many warnings he had from friends in England against his plan of landing on barbarous islands unprotected, but he persisted in his course, knowing that it was essentially a work of unwearying perseverance, and that if he could but once establish a good understanding and a complete confidence in his good-will, much would follow. He saw clearly how all the branches of his work were connected and interdependent, and day by day became more and more alive to the need of more frequent communications with the various points from which pupils might be taken, that the parents might not weary or wish to recall the boys. "The very point and key of the whole system," he said, "is the constant interchange of scholars between the college and their homes." Therefore we are not astonished that he should begin to forecast the need of another and larger vessel than the little "Undine," in which twenty-one boys are necessarily pressed close together, but that he should project regular trips to Melanesia. (By-and-by the larger boat was found through the kindness of friends in Sydney.)

By this time the Bishop, instead of labouring under any lack of pupils at the college, had to confess that he "was unable to keep the numbers down," and was much

occupied with plans by which in the future the work of carrying the scholars to and from the distant islands should be made comfortable and safe. This he had always, as we have seen, regarded as the centre point of the whole scheme; and therefore we are not unprepared to find him writing:—

"You see, then, what I shall require," he says, in writing home to a friend. "In the course of two or three years, if this work grows upon me, a larger vessel will be needed; not for comfort or safety, for the dear little 'Undine,' under God's protection, has borne me safely over so many raging waves that it would be ungrateful to discard her for any personal consideration. But I could not with any prudence or propriety crowd her with my scholars in these hot climates, as I do in the South, where for weeks together I have had a mess of sixteen in a space not so large as an Eton boy's smallest single room. But this is the very point and key of the whole system, the constant interchange of scholars between the college and their own homes. If I were to keep them away altogether, not only would the parents (very properly) send to take them away, but even while they remained at school, the great benefit to the parents, and the great impulse to the system, which is afforded by the sight of this progressive improvement of the youths, would be entirely lost. Again, to transplant scholars from the college too soon would be to lose the best fruit of their training, for we gain little if we do not succeed in rearing

native teachers and ministers, but scarcely any would stay from early youth to such an age as would qualify them for any responsible situations, without ever returning to their parents. We have youths who have been with us six years, in which time they have gone home frequently for the holidays, and have returned again. To carry out a system of frequent intercourse with their own countrymen, which would be necessary and beneficial in every respect, would require a vessel of considerable size—that is, from 100 to 150 tons, whereas the little 'Undine' is only 21, new measurement. But this is a matter of no immediate importance, as at present there are no funds for the current expenses of such a vessel, though the first cost might perhaps be supplied. At present I wish you to bear in mind, and to communicate with R. Palmer, Gladstone, and others, that, if it please God to prolong my present health and strength, I am prepared, if means be supplied, to undertake the personal inspection and supervision of the whole of Melanesia—that is, of all islands lying between the meridian of the east cape of New Zealand, or nearly 180 degrees, to the meridian of Cape York and the eastern coast of Australia; and I am convinced that I could do this, not only without injury, but with the greatest possible benefit to my own work in New Zealand."

Accordingly, on the 1st August 1849, the "Undine" left her moorings for Aneiteum, a run of 1000 miles being made in ten days, spite of heavy weather and cross winds.

In the episcopal log on August 11th is this entry:—"1000 miles in ten days. To Him whom the winds and the sea obey, be praise and glory for ever." Then, as had been arranged, he met H.M.S. "Havannah," whose Captain (Erskine), in common with all who sailed with him, had a warm respect for the Bishop. The obligation was not wholly on one side. The man of war was beholden to the tender (for the Bishop spoke of Captain Erskine as his "commanding officer," and of the "Undine" as the tender to the "Havannah"), not merely for performing the duties of a pilot, but also to the character and courage of its "bishop skipper" for free intercourse with the people. In his first voyage among the Melanesian groups the Bishop had absolutely no charts; and subsequently, until his own drawings became available, he had only some very ancient Russian and Spanish charts.

At Anieteum he called on the Presbyterian and London Society missionaries already settled there; "endeavouring to give them every encouragement and advice which my acquaintance with the mission would enable me to suggest." After visiting New Caledonia and the Isle of Pines, he returned with five boys, the first-fruits of what was to prove indeed a great harvest. In writing to his father he takes occasion to speak of the multiplicity of dialects in the South Pacific, which, however, did not present to him any insuperable difficulty:—

"The chief part of my present voyage has brought me into communication with the posterity of Ham, with

some small admixture of the blood of Shem. The darker skin, the woolly hair, the projecting mouth, have been predominant in all the islands which I have visited. But a distinction still more remarkable is seen in the amazing multiplicity of languages, as if the curse upon the builders of Babel had fallen with tenfold weight upon the race of Ham, and had involved them in a 'confusion worse confounded' than that which fell upon the rest of the human race. Among the Asiatic or Malay race, which has spread itself over the islands to the eastward, the differences of language amount to no more than dialects of the same languages; so that a person well acquainted with one may readily acquire any of the others. Even small detached islands retain a greater similarity one to another than is found in the larger groups. With natives of Raratonga I converse as freely as with New Zealanders; and an islander from a small and nameless spot on the equator, who was picked up at sea adrift in his canoe, was delighted to hear from me a dialect so much nearer to his own than that of the Samoan (Navigator) islanders, among whom he was living.

"On the contrary, every island in the New Hebrides and New Caledonia groups has at least one language of its own; and sometimes in the same small island the dialects are so different as to preclude all intercourse between the tribes. In Tanna there are at least three dialects which would require a separate study. In New Caledonia there

will probably be found a still greater diversity. Each of the Loyalty Islands, Uea, Lifù, and Mare, has its own speech. The same confusion is found among the Australian tribes, and has retarded, I fear I may say prevented, the introduction of Christianity.

"But you must not suppose that fragments of the one primeval language have become so shattered and corrupted as to show no sign of systematic organisation. On the contrary, the language of the little island of Anaijom, which is spoken by no more than 1500 people, is so complicated in its structure that the natives of other islands who have come to reside there are said to be unable to master it."

The following description of a landing at Tanna may give some idea of the style of work done during this voyage in the autumn of 1849:—

"In the afternoon I went on shore with the master of the 'Phantom' to a sandalwood station of a Mr. Richards, which seemed to prove that the time had come when the mission work might be resumed without molestation. The carpenter of the station had been left alone in charge of the house and property, and during that time was attacked by a severe fever, from which he was convinced that he could not have recovered if he had not been constantly waited upon and fed by the natives.

"The Tannæ are not very prepossessing in their appearance. Like our own forefathers, their great delight is to case themselves in a complete suit of parti-coloured

paint. The most acceptable presents seem to be a little vermilion to smear over their faces, a red binding to tie round their heads, and a few blue beads to hang round their necks. In selling their gigantic yams they are more cautious, and often demand an axe as the price of the largest, which are sometimes six feet in length and sixty pounds in weight."

This first memorable cruise ended on the 1st of October. "It was," says Mr. Tucker, "a triumph for which to be thankful ; the five wild little islanders being the forerunners of the indigenous clergy of Melanesia." One of the lads, Thol, from Lifù, the youngest, was very ill during his sojourn at St. John's, was "nearly lost to us," as the bishop says, "by an inflammatory attack of the lungs ;" and he was nursed by the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn as though he had been their own child.

Another diocesan visitation by sea was begun in December, and while the Bishop was on this voyage, we find him giving the following favourable opinion of the work of other missionaries than those of his own Church and society in the South Pacific :—

"I am happy to be able to say that, after considerable observation, I have conceived a very favourable opinion of the success of the work of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and of their characters. I am bound to acknowledge with gratitude the good feeling and cordiality with which the Navigator Islands Mission at once resigned the Loyalty Islands and New Caledonia, as the

natural appendages of the New Zealand Church, and placed their native teachers in these islands in connection with me. The same rule does not apply to the New Hebrides, where the society hopes to be able to station English missionaries."

In March of the following year the Bishop sailed on a second Melanesian cruise, taking his five boys back to their homes. The time chosen had reference to a high expediency. The damp and cold of a New Zealand winter might take an affect upon them, and so cause an unfavourable impression and impede future operations. With Mr. Abraham at the head of the college and acting as archdeacon of the district of Waimate, the Bishop felt more free to devote a large portion of his time to remote parts. During this cruise he was enabled to do substantial kindness to Mr. Geddie at Aneiteum and to the natives there.

It is somewhat surprising to read that the Bishop's very devotion to his large diocese afforded cause for discontent among the colonists. They disliked his being so often absent from them—away on these voyages among the islands where, as the Bishop would have insisted, the Gospel call was clearer for him to go than to remain in New Zealand, especially that he had already provided for its wants as far as human skill and forecast could do so.

During the first two years of his episcopate he was unpopular in Wellington, though later there was no place where he was more esteemed. Landing late in the even-

ing in a dingey, he heard two men on the beach talking about his schooner, and one of them asked, "What's that schooner that has come in this evening?" to which the other replied, "Oh, that old fool the Bishop's." Just then the dingey grounded, and, rubbing his hands and chuckling, the Bishop jumped out of the boat, saying, "Yes, and here's the old fool himself!"

This method of dealing with people can hardly fail to be effective, and to disarm them, if indeed they are not brought into the attitude of attached friends.

The Bishop sailed for a third voyage to the southern islands on July 17th, and returned on the 7th October 1850, bringing back with him three of the boys who had been with them the previous year, and several others. Futana, Tanna, and other places were visited, and in most instances favourable openings made.

Sorrow had come in the course of years. In 1850 Bishop Selwyn lost an infant daughter. On the 14th December 1852, John Thol died—"My first Melanesian scholar," wrote the Bishop; "dear to me as one of my own children."

So Bishop Selwyn worked, going thus from end to end of his vast diocese, seldom at rest, never pausing; and often meeting with unexpected difficulties and dangers, all of which were surmounted with wonderful composure and self-reliance. Here is one instance:—

"On January 1, 1853, the Bishop left Auckland at 7.30, 'with a heavy heart;'" the entry in his diary goes

on to record:—"Forded a stream breast-high with the flood tide; took the wrong turn about four miles from Horowhenna; found out our mistake, and slept in a sheltered hollow on a clear stream. Wet night."

The following day was Sunday, and the small party joined in worship morning and evening. Yet we are assured that he always made light of the dangers. Archdeacon Allen tells us:—"The last evening I passed under his roof, some one said something of the dangers he had gone through. 'Oh,' said Bishop Selwyn, 'the times that I have felt myself in danger can be counted on the fingers of one hand.'

It is pleasant to note that in the end of 1850 the Australasian dioceses which had contributed money from time to time, now furnished a ship of nearly 100 tons—the "Border Maid."

In August 1854 we find him writing thus to his friend, the Rev. E. Coleridge, propounding a plan for ensuring permanence to some of the institutions founded:—

"You are already aware that it has pleased God to enable me to make seven voyages through the southern part of Melanesia, from 10° to 24° of south latitude, and to visit about fifty islands, in about half of which we have held intercourse more or less with the native people, and prepared the way for future undertakings. From ten of these islands we have received scholars into our central school, to the number of forty, speaking ten different

languages. It will not be as in New Zealand, where the Testament printed in the native language at the extreme north was carried by native teachers a thousand miles to the farthest villages in the southern island, and was there read in places unvisited by the English missionary. We, on the contrary, must look forward to a long and persevering effort before we can hope that much ground will be gained under circumstances of such peculiar difficulty.

"The object of my present letter is to engage your co-operation in a plan for giving permanence to the work which has been thus begun. You will agree with me that it would be worse than useless to enter upon such an undertaking in a desultory manner. It has required seven voyages to give me even a small insight into the complicated conditions of the problem which has to be worked out. No single life could be depended upon as sufficient to bring this plan to maturity; and unless due care be taken to supply a succession of agents well qualified and trained for duties of an unusual kind, it would be in danger at any moment of falling to the ground. At present the conduct of the work rests mainly upon the Bishop of Newcastle and myself, who were appointed missionary bishops by the Australasian Board at its meeting in Sydney in 1850."

And then he goes on to propound a plan by which this risk might be met. He proposes the appointment of a missionary bishop, with one or two such friends as

Thomas Whytehead and Charles Abraham, to assist him during his life, and to succeed him at his death. And a little later he thus once more takes up the story of his mode of approach to the various islands in the course of his voyages :—

"Have you any notion of the way in which the Bishop conducts his missionary work? Perhaps you fancy that, like St. Augustine landing at Ramsgate, he marches up, chanting litanies in procession! If he did, he would probably be killed before he had gone one hundred yards, for there is no Queen Bertha there to have prepared the men's minds and hearts for the Gospel. In due time, maybe, he will chant his litany and Te Deum there. But on first invading the land or lagoon, he has to make a favourable impression on the people's minds by presents, and by letting them see that he has not come to trade. This he does by leaving his boat ten or twenty yards from the reef, where some hundred people are standing and shouting; he then plunges into the water, arranging no end of presents on his back, which he has been showing to their astonished eyes out of the boat. He probably has learnt from some stray canoe or a neighbouring island the name of the chief. He calls out his name, he steps forward; the Bishop hands him a tomahawk, and holds out his hand for the chief's bow and arrows. By this Glaucus-and-Diomedes process he wins golden opinions at all events. The old chief, with innate chivalry, sends the tomahawk to the rear, to show that he is safe and

may place confidence in him. The Bishop pats the children on the head, gives them fishhooks and red tape—for there is an enormous demand for *red tape* in these islands. Probably, then, the Bishop has some 'tame elephant' with him—a black boy from some other island—and he has clothed him or taught him to read or the like; and he brings forward this specimen and sample, and tries to make them understand that he wants some of their boys to treat in like manner. The Bishop gets as many names written down as he can, and picks up as many words as he can; establishes a friendly relation, and exchanges calico for yams, perhaps, or cocoa-nuts, and after a while swims off to his boat. Next year he will go and call out the names of his old friends, get two or three on board, induce them to take a trip with him while he goes to the neighbouring islands. So he learns their language enough to tell them what he has come for. He returns and lands his guests, with full instructions to tell the people his object; and the third voyage he finds plenty ready to come off to New Zealand or any other place where he fixes his headquarters."

Up to 1856 Dr. Selwyn was sole bishop in that vast diocese. In that year Bishop Harpur was settled in the south. As our readers must be aware, the Rev. J. Coleridge Patteson accompanied the Bishop to New Zealand on his return from a visit to England in 1855, and became not only a right hand to the Bishop, but as a son, in place of the sons that had been left in England.

The presence of "Coley," as the Bishop called him with fatherly affection, was a source of inspiration. The bishop was more active, more daring than before, if that were possible. We read :—

"On July 26, 1856, the Bishop set forth with Mr. Patteson on the most extensive inspection of the Melanesian Islands which he ever made. Norfolk Island was first visited, and Mrs. Selwyn was installed in Government House, to the delight of the whole population; four of the Pitcairners joined the ship, which would now always have a full complement of hands on board when a boat's crew was taking the Bishop ashore; and, thus equipped, she visited in succession the Loyalty Islands, New Hebrides, Banks Islands, Santa Cruz group, and the southern islands of the Solomon group; hardly an island was passed over. At the Loyalty Islands the Bishop encouraged the native teachers of the London Missionary Society, who had been for a long time without any supervision or support on the part of their superiors; and at the New Hebrides friendly communications were held with the Presbyterian teachers." Passing northward, the bishop entered into a field that was occupied by no one but himself, and into waters in which his own charts were the only guides. We read in the "Memoir:"—

"There were strange, wild characters roaming about the seas in those days, outlaws, by choice or necessity, from civilised countries, whose only law was the law of might; and the Bishop had more than one characteristic

interview with leaders among these. One of them, as he lay dying in a harbour of the New Hebrides, said, 'Take my boy to Bishop Selwyn, and tell him to bring him up not to be so big a scamp as his father.'"

With regard to the Bishop's punctuality, as well as his remarkable "power of persuasiveness" in certain circumstances, we feel that we cannot do better than quote the following from Archdeacon Williams:—

"April 1, 1856.—I went yesterday to meet the Bishop with a horse twenty miles from here, according to appointment. To show his wonderful punctuality to engagements of this kind, he laid out his plans, six months ago, for a journey of 1000 miles, and fixed to be here on the 31st of March. Accordingly, last week he sent a letter to say that he would be at a place twenty miles from here on that day at one o'clock; and as my watch pointed to the hour, I looked up and saw him emerge from a bush, looking well, wiry, and bushy. He had walked 550 miles and ridden 450 in the course of the last three months, having examined and confirmed 1500 people. He was alone nearly all the way, and had great difficulty in getting the horses he did, so engaged are the people in their cultivations, &c., that they would not spare time to go with him. It is rather sad to think of the contrast between his first journey, fourteen years ago, with twenty-nine followers, and this solitary one. However, it shows perhaps a more settled state of things in the country; and he was better pleased with their

habits than he expected to be; nor is the diminution of numbers so great. In one district he found exactly the same numbers as were there ten years ago. He had heard that drinking was very much on the increase, but he did not find it so. He gave an amusing account of the way in which he shamed them sometimes into giving him a horse to ride. He would go to a village and ask for a horse and a guide. 'There are none,' was the answer. He would point to a herd of thirty or forty not far off—no one knew to whom they belonged. He then would put down his pack and begin to throw out the most useless articles, and pack it up again and begin to strap it on. 'What are you about?' 'Lightening my burden for a walk.' This touched some *woman's* heart, who would either herself fetch or urge her husband to get a horse. One morning at dawn, as he was starting on his lonely march, he found a woman standing with a horse ready for him. I don't know that they are more selfish than other people. I suppose in England a bishop or clergyman might find it equally difficult to get any one to lend him a horse and go with him, unless he were well paid. They are becoming more civilised and occupied in ordinary work. . . . The last month's journey was the worst perhaps, as he was obliged to leave his blanket behind to lighten his shoulders, and had to sleep under his tent with nothing but a thin maude these cold autumnal nights."

Notwithstanding Mr. Patteson's modesty and his often-

expressed conviction that he was fit for nothing but to work under a "good master" like Bishop Selwyn, he was consecrated the first Bishop of Melanesia in 1861. He had shown such undoubted gifts for teaching and for organisation, that already under him the College of St. John had been transferred from Auckland to Kohimarama first, and then to Norfolk Island, as being more favourable for the health of the islanders. In nothing was Bishop Selwyn's genius more conspicuously seen than in his happy choice of men to carry on the branches of the work he had begun; and it must be matter of congratulation to all who are interested in mission work that his son is now bishop of one section of his late father's diocese. When on a visit to England in 1867, influence was used to procure Bishop Selwyn's acceptance of the see of Lichfield, a kind of promotion of which he was far from solicitous. Even when he yielded to the urgent representations of others, among whom stood the Queen herself, it was only on condition that he should return for a year or more to New Zealand to arrange matters and so far finish up works that he felt could not safely be committed to the hands of others. He was devoted to pastoral work at Lichfield, as he had been in New Zealand. He lived simply, unostentatiously, giving liberally to good causes. Whether, as his biographer says, his income was £400, as in New Zealand, or £4500, as in Lichfield, there was the same measure of hospitality extended towards all, and especially to the

poor. The living of one of his parishes was sequestrated, not so much through the fault as the misfortune of the vicar, who was seriously ill and could not afford to keep a curate. The Bishop came and devoted himself almost entirely to this parish, doing all the work. Work was a necessity of his life. When at length he fell ill, and his mind wandered, he returned to that, exclaiming, "I am getting idle! Who is seeing to that work?" And he frequently referred to the islands of the Pacific, where he had laboured, and would whisper sentences in Maori.

Archdeacon Allen, who was often with the Bishop in his last days, has said of the closing scenes:—

"In the wanderings of his mind in his last hours he went back to his missionary life, and murmured 'A light to lighten the Gentiles,' on which words he had doubtless often preached. The day before he died he was only partially conscious. Once when he awoke out of sleep, and saw a valued friend who had been with him many years in New Zealand sitting at his bedside, he said, 'Oh, the mission! oh, the mission!' and, at another time, to that friend's wife, he said, in the language of the New Zealanders, 'It is all light.' He said again to his friend, alluding to some New Zealand tribes who had apostatised because of the injuries they thought they had received in having their land taken from them by the English, 'They will all come back.' On the very morning of his death a telegraphic message came that some of these New Zealanders had returned to make profession of the

Christian religion. The message indeed came too late for him to be made conscious of it, but we have comfort in thinking that he knows it all now. A New Zealand chief, about whom he seemed specially anxious, as his name in his wanderings was often on his lips, having had a thousand acres of land given back to him, wrote at once to a native clergyman, and said, 'Come and teach us, you shall have a hundred acres of land,' but this news came too late for the Bishop to know it in this world. At five in the morning of his death, Mrs. Selwyn sent for Bishop Abraham and for Bishop Hobhouse. She read the 130th Psalm, in which are the words, 'My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the morning watch;' the dying man took up the words and said, 'Before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch.'"

As he lay in his sickness, we are told that he would have all his servants to see him that he might give his last words of kindness and counsel to each, and that he asked each of them to come near to him that he might give to each a parting kiss. In this last sickness he suffered much; and on April 7, 1878, he died in a state of unconsciousness.

He was pre-eminently a man of strong character; and to this he owed his great success in the cause of Christ as much as to his intellectual gifts. He knew the point to aim at, and he never allowed himself to be diverted from it. The most plausible representations never moved him a whit from his purpose; if he *seemed* to yield in minor

matters, as in that case of the land, in which Mr. Carleton has dealt so uncompromisingly by him, it was only to gain the greater end. His remarkable tact and readiness, which stood him in such good stead, were throughout penetrated and directed by benevolent motive. One who knew him well writes :—

"No one had a kinder heart, or a keener perception of what was due to the feelings of others. He was full of tenderness and the most gracious courtesy; he never spared himself, the quickness of his wit never failed him; but, so far as I heard, no words of mere idle compliment ever passed his lips."

In nothing, perhaps, was all this more clearly seen than in some of his wise retorts to those from whom a pious clergyman might have been only too inclined to retreat in disgust. Here is one instance :—

Bishop Abraham has told how Bishop Selwyn acted on one occasion, when a rough Englishman with his son, a lad of some twelve years of age, attempted to set up a tent. The wind was violent, and the man failed in his efforts. The man swore and used very bad language. Bishop Selwyn was by, and being in a rough dress was not known to the man to be a clergyman. He offered to set up the tent for him, and did it speedily in a workmanlike manner. The man was pleased, and said, "Well, mate, you have done me a kindness; and if at any time I can do you a kindness, I shall be glad to repay you." The Bishop paused for a moment, and then took the man aside, and

said to him, "You offeréd to do me a kindness. There is one thing you can do which I shall esteem a great kindness." The man assured him he would do what was in his power. The Bishop said, "It will be a great kindness to me if you will never again, in the hearing of your son, use bad language such as just has escaped your lips." The man was startled, but said, "Mate, I believe you are right," and from that time he was an altered man, and was an effectual helper of the Bishop.

This element was of great service to him also in dealing with his native scholars, but towards them he exhibited such traits as drew them to him irresistibly in the fullest confidence. A friend says:—

"They seemed to know instinctively, like dogs and children, that he loved them and meant their good. At one savage place he was eyed suspiciously at first; but he brought forward one of his own little boys he was bringing back to one of the islands, and pointing to the lantern jaws of a little native of the island, and then pulling out the fat cheeks of one little fellow, he made them understand that he would do the same for any of their children they would let him take. When they saw him poking his fingers into the hollows of one's cheeks, and pulling out the fat of the other, they danced and shouted with joy at the fun, and would have let him carry off dozens."

The following anecdote fully bears out what has just been said:—

"Captain Denham, of Her Majesty's surveying ship the 'Herald,' in landing on one of these islands with his surveying party, was met in a hostile manner by the inhabitants, and it seemed as if they would be seriously illtreated. Captain Denham observed a man with an ugly lump on his arm, which appeared to him to have come from a badly-healed wound. Captain Denham said to his neighbour, that man must have had his arm torn by a fishhook. A savage, who could talk a little English, thought Captain Denham said, 'Bishop,' and made inquiry. 'Do you know Bishop?' meaning Bishop Selwyn; and on Captain Denham saying he did, the savages at once changed their behaviour: from having been threatening and hostile towards Captain Denham and his party, the savages became their friends."

All his advances were so evidently supported by sympathy, that even his rebukes were transformed into mediums of attraction. This may be taken as an illustration:—

"I can remember well listening to a talk of his to a student one morning on the consequence of faithfulness or unfaithfulness in the discharge of his duties as house-steward. How it probably seemed a small thing to him to intrust some Maori boy with the keys to give out flour or rice, and yet a little waste each day might in six months amount to a 'sum of money' which would have enabled the Bishop to bring some native child to be taught and trained. Perhaps the young man at the time

only received the talk as a 'lecture;' but judging by his faithfulness in an office of trust in after years, the seed bore fruit. The Bishop was delighted to get hold of a little book of directions, printed by Colonel Gold, of the 65th Regiment, for the use of his men. After an appeal to the older men, the drummer-boys were invited to step forward for the honour of the 65th. With one of his happy, playful turns, he used to call this book the Golden Rules.

"How his eyes used to kindle and his whole face to light up with a smile as he read this; for this was the spirit which he desired to infuse into all his workers. And they did respond in a way; but most of them were young and inexperienced, and the college system was little understood, even by older men, whose sons were reaping the benefit of the Bishop's self-denying exertion in the cause of education. The notion of English and natives working side by side, on equal terms and with common privileges, was unpopular; and so was the industrial system, though it alone enabled the large number of youths of both races to get a sound education.

Archdeacon Allen gives the following, which must here be added, else the impression of his sympathy and kindness would be imperfect:—

"An old pupil of mine at King's College worked under him on the other side of the globe. He married, had a daughter born to him, and died. Bishop Selwyn took the widow and the fatherless daughter to his own house,

and made a home for both of them till the daughter lived to be married and was able to find a home for her mother. A friend of mine lost his wife and was in heavy sorrow; the Bishop brought him to the palace at Lichfield, and kept him there until the burden of his sorrow was lightened. So too, I, when parted with my eldest daughter as she went to Africa, had the comfort of his sympathising kindness. He would have us all go to his house at Lichfield; he spoke cheering words of guidance to us; he gave us the holy communion, so that, under God's mercy, our thoughts might be set in the right direction, and that, as we parted, we might be helped to offer ourselves wholly to our Lord."

When we think of Bishop Selwyn's high sense of duty, his self-denial, his great capacity for work, his faithful consecration of all his powers to the one great end, we cannot but place him high on the roll of heroic missionaries; and, in spite of some narrowness and prejudice, his character and work remain a rich legacy to the Christian Church in all its denominations.

THOMAS EDWARD.

THERE was great excitement in the straggling Fife-shire village of Kettle one day in the spring of 1816. The inhabitants were all active, searching here, searching there, and going out in bands in this and that direction. A toddling child had gone astray, and could not be found, had perhaps been carried off by the gipsies as Adam Smith had been; and the concern and grief of one couple was made common to all, as is the wont of villages, in spite of gossip and petty strifes at less exciting times. But no child rewarded the eager searchers, though they had even met with blows at the suspected gipsy's encampment. When hope had almost been abandoned, and it seemed hardly possible to do more, in rushed the pig-wife to the father's house, crying, as she threw the child, safe and sound, into the mother's arms, "There, woman, there's your bairn! but for God's sake keep him awa' frae yon place, or he may fare waur next time." The infant, who had already shown a keen love of animals and great courage and determination in hand-

ling them, had several times been found eagerly looking through the bars at a young litter. He had in some way got to gratify curiosity by nearer scrutiny, and had been for a whole night beside them. The adventure, odd and even ludicrous as are its circumstances, may be said to typify the life of the hero, as finding nothing in nature that is common or unclean, or unworthy of kindly interest, pursuing his studies in face of all obstacles and warnings "to keep awa' frae yon place," and doucely seeking to make a home with nature in her less accessible corners without thought of object beyond the delights of new knowledge.

Thomas Edward, with whom Mr. Smiles did well to make the world fully acquainted,* will take high rank among self-helpers. We can scarcely imagine what he might have done had he been blessed with more sympathy in his chosen pursuit while young, and expressly educated for it. Nevertheless, though illiterate, lonely, and poor, he accomplished a great work, and his life is perhaps as deserving of study on account of the faithfulness, patience, and self-denial that have characterised it, as for the direct contributions he has made to science, and these are by no means small. The son of a weaver, who had become a militiaman in the days when the thought of

* "Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnæan Society." By Samuel Smiles, author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," &c. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. John Murray.

Napoleon was a nightmare on men's minds, Thomas Edward was born in 1814, at Gosport, where his father was stationed. After the disembodiment of the militia, the Edwards returned to Kettle, the mother's native place; but work being hard to find there, they resolved after a short time to go to Aberdeen. Here, being close to the Inches (which some sixty years ago were green and beautiful), the child found an inexhaustible field for observation. Each new creature he made acquaintance with he yearned to catch and to make a pet of. Before he was four years of age, his mother had been involved in difficulties with the neighbours through his "vermin." He brought home beetles, tadpoles, frogs, sticklebacks, crabs, rats, newts, hedgehogs, horseleeches, and birds of many kinds.

"The fishes and birds," Mr. Smiles says, "were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horseleeches, rats, and suchlike—they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbours complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horseleeches crawled up their legs, and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them. The boy was expostulated with. His mother threw out all his horseleeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests; and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next

time that he went out to play, he brought home as many 'beasts' as before. He was then threatened with corporal punishment. But that very night he brought home a nest of young rats. He was then flogged. But it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances."

Another place of great resort for the four-year-old boy was the fishmarket. The fishwives, whom he plied with questions, did their best to answer him, and spoke of him as "the queer laddie." When he came up they would ask him, "Weel, man, fat (what) are ye gaun to speer (ask) to-day?" There were, however, things to observe as well as questions to ask. "The fishmarket was a grand place for big blueflies, great beetles with red and yellow backs (burying beetles), and daylight rottens. They were the tamest rats he had ever seen, excepting two that he used to carry about in his pockets." These, together with the different kinds of fish, whose names and habits he was most anxious to learn, had such an attraction for him that he was often tempted to play truant, and got punished both at school and at home.

If Tom were sent a message, it was odds but some bird or fine butterfly or other insect caught his eye, and he was off in chase, forgetful of his charges. When set down to rock the cradle as his mother was filling her husband's pirns (reels) or otherwise engaged, he escaped, as if at the prompting of some irrepressible instinct. Neither the

restraints of school nor home could hold him. His mother had to call in the help of her mother at a crisis.

"Grannie was either to see him 'in at the door of the school,' or to accompany him into the school itself. He rebelled again. He played the truant under her very eyes. When grannie put him in at the door, calling out 'Bell!' to the schoolmistress upstairs, Tom would wait until he thought the old woman was sufficiently distant, and then steal out, and run away by cross streets to the Deuburn or the Inches.

"But that kind of truant-playing also got to be known, and then grannie had to drag him to school. When she seized him by the 'scruff o' the neck,' she had him quite tight. It was of no use attempting to lie down or sit down. Her hand was like a vice, and she kept him straight upon his feet. He tried to wriggle, twist, turn himself round as on a pivot, and then make a bolt. She nevertheless held on, and dragged him to school, into the presence of Bell Hill, the mistress, and said, 'Here's your truant!' Tom's only chance was to go along very quietly, making no attempt to escape grannie's clutches, and then, watching for an opportunity, he would make a sudden dart and slip through her fingers. He ran and she ran; but in running Tom far outstripped her, for though grannie's legs were very much longer than his, they were also very much stiffer.

"The boy was sent one morning to buy three rolls for breakfast; but after he had bought the rolls, instead of

going home, he foregathered with three 'louns,' and accompanied them to the Deuburn. He got a lot of horse-leeches, and was in the act of getting another when, looking in the water, he saw the reflection of grannie approaching. When he felt her fingers touch his neck, he let go the stone under which the horseleech was, and made a sudden bound to the other side of the burn. He heard a heavy splash in the water; his comrades called out, 'Tam, Tam, yer grannie's droonin'!' But Tam neither spoke nor looked back. He ran as fast as he could to the Inches, where he stopped to take breath. The tide coming in, drove him away, and then he took refuge in the loft near the middens, after which he slunk home in the evening.

"His mother received him thus:—'Ye're here again, ye neer-do-weel! creepin' in like a thief. Ye've been wi' yer raggamuffins, yer weet duds (clothes) tell that; that's wi' yer Inches, an' tearin' an' ridin' on the loft, and yer whin bushes. But ye may think muckle black shame o' yersel', man, for gaun and droonin' yer puir auld grannie.' 'I didna droon her,' said Tom. 'But she may hae been drooned for you; ye didna stay to tak her oot.' 'She fell in hersel'.' 'Haud yer tongue, or I'll tak the poker t'ye. Think shame, man, to send her hame in sic a filthy state. But where's the bread I sent ye for?' 'It's a' eaten.' 'We wad hae had a late breakfast if we had waited till now, and sine ye've nae gotten it after a'. But ye'll see what yer faither 'ill say to ye when he gets hame.'"

His father threatened to confine him to the house, and tried it, with no avail—for the sun shone out of doors and all creatures were abroad, as if whispering to Tom to come and join them; then he was actually tied, but he loosed his bands by dragging the heavy table close to the grate, and thus setting fire to them, and almost to the house itself, in the process. His clothes were next taken from him and carried by his father to his workshop; but Tom tied an old petticoat round him, and was off to the woods—the strangest spectacle! When he came home his father threatened to chain him. "But," replied Tom, "ye hinna a cooch"*—for he had no notion of anything being chained but dogs. "Never mind," said his father, "I'll chain you."

But there was no need for that next day, nor the next; Tom's exposure in the petticoat had brought on a fever, which kept him down for three months, and the first thing he spoke of was his beasts. "Mither, where are my crabs and bandies that I brought home last night?" "Crabs and bandies," said she; "you're surely gaun gyte [become insane]; it's three months sin' ye war oot." This passed the boy's comprehension. His next question was, "Has my faither gotten the chains yet?" "Na, laddie, nor winna; but ye mauna gang back to your auld places for beasts again." "But where's a' my things, mither?" "They're awa. The twa bottoms of broken bottles we found in the entry the day you fell ill were

* A dog kennel.

both thrown out." "And the shrew mouse you had in the boxie?" "Calton (the cat) took it." This set the boy crying, and in that state he fell asleep, and did not waken till late next morning, when he felt considerably better. He still continued, however, to make inquiries after his beasts.

His father after this was inclined to take a less severe view of his erratic ways, and would sometimes go for short walks, when the boy would assail him with questions that he could not answer about the rocks, and how they came there, and many other matters. Tom now formed parties of boys, with which he wandered in the woods or by the sea-shore; but he always found it possible to escape from them when anything special attracted his attention, and he desired to follow it. One of the most notable of these early escapades was his taking off his shirt to wrap in it a paper bees' byke (nest), which was new to him, and which he thus conveyed home; but on its being observed that he was shirtless, he came very near to getting beaten, and had his wasps' nest destroyed before his eyes.

He was now sent to a dame's school; but his habit of taking tame rats, mice, and other creatures there in his pockets became intolerable to the mistress. A crisis came through a tame "kae," or jackdaw, which his mother one day sent him out with, under orders not to bring it back to the house again. He could not find it in his heart to part with the "kae," and carried it to

school, hid in his trousers. But the "kae," failing to accommodate itself to his altered position when he knelt down at prayer, disturbed the school by its sudden *cre-waw! cre-waw!* set the children all laughing, and caused him to be expelled in spite of the friendship that existed between the teacher and his mother. It was the same at two other schools of more importance. Against all his good resolutions, the temptation not to lose the chance of getting a rare bird or beast always proved too much for him. Before he was six years old he was declared utterly incorrigible and hopeless, and his parents soon after were glad to get work for him in a tobacco factory, at which he could earn two shillings a week. They thought that he was falling into idle ways in his rovings and gatherings of "vermin." Here he met with some encouragement from his master, as he was fond of birds. But before he was eight, the consideration of larger wages, and the prospect of extending his field of observation, caused him to seek work at a mill about a couple of miles from Aberdeen. Though he had to rise at four in the morning, so as to be at the mill by five, and was seldom home till nine in the evening, and with but short meal-hours, he was happy and contented at Grandholm Mill. The wages were from three to four shillings a week, rising to five or six. Edward says—

"People may say of factories what they please, but I liked this factory. It was a happy time for me whilst I remained there. It was situated in the centre of a

beautiful valley, almost embowered amongst tall and luxuriant hedges of hawthorn, with water-courses and shadowy trees between, and large woods and plantations beyond. It teemed with nature and natural objects. The woods were easy of access during our meal-hours. What lots of nests! What insects, wildflowers, and plants, the like of which I had never seen before! Prominent amongst the birds was the Sedge-warbler,* which lay concealed in the reedy copses, or by the margin of the mill-lades. Oh, how I wondered at the little thing; how it contrived to imitate all the other birds I had ever heard, and none to greater perfection than the chirrup of my old and special favourite the swallow."

When he first saw a kingfisher, the sight was like a revelation—an introduction to a world of poetry. But, as in poetry, illusion and reality lie near each other, so his simple account of his chase after it actually reads like a parable of life and its dreams.

Edward was on a resting expedition, with some little fellows like himself, along the braes of the Don, and at some distance above the Auld Brig, when he first saw this lustrous bird. "I was greatly taken with its extraordinary beauty, and much excited by seeing it dive into the stream. I thought it would drown itself, and that its feathers would eventually become so clogged with water that it would not be able to fly. Had this

* Called also the English mocking-bird and Scottish nightingale.

happened—which, of course, it did not—my intention was to have plunged into the rescue, when, as a matter of course, I would have claimed the prize as my reward. Thus buoyed, I wandered up and down the river after the bird until the shades of even came down and forced me to give up the pursuit; and I then discovered, having continued the chase so long, that I was companionless, and had to return home alone."

But this delightful life could not last. When he was barely eleven his father apprenticed him to a man named Begg, a drunken shoemaker, who had a particular dislike to his natural history pursuits, and beat him so mercilessly in his mad fits that the boy at last refused to go back, and ran off, making his way on foot to his mother's relatives at Kettle, who, however, so little relished the new accession, that he had to return home again, as he had come, somewhat humbled.

He now agreed to finish his apprenticeship with a man in Shoe Lane. In addition to his pupil-money, his employer received a percentage of his earnings. Here Edward was in a measure his own master, and pursued his studies, managing to begin a botanical garden, which he stocked with rare wildflowers. He saw birds and animals stuffed in the gunsmiths' windows, and tried his hand on a mole, of which he was not a little proud. Having finished his apprenticeship, he got steady work for a time at set wages, and would have gone on with some degree of content, although he never liked his

trade, had not a slack period come. He was thrown out of work, and his funds ran done. He tried to stow himself away in a ship for America, but, as the vessel was rigorously searched before sailing, he had to come forth.

His next step was to enlist in the Aberdeenshire Militia, but we can infer that the military drill was not much to his taste. He nearly incurred severe penalties for breaking the ranks when a rare butterfly flitted past during parade. He was only saved by the earnest appeal of a lady friend of the officer in command. He disliked his trade so much, that he tried several things (he was a church beadle for a short period), but in his twentieth year, he could not see any prospect of a better opening in Aberdeen, and removed to Banff, where he had found work. His landlady was greatly puzzled by him, as well as his shopmates, who were often brought into rather close neighbourhood to his favourites; her excessive carefulness compelling him to make his stool serve for a repository. She said, "She didna ken fat (what) kind o' chiel he was. A'body tried to keep awa' frae vermin but himsel'."

He married, when only twenty-three years of age, a sensible Banff woman, who so far understood him, and helped him, and did not banish his "vermin;" and though she had good cause to appreciate his sobriety, for, in spite of advice, he never took whisky with him in his rambles, she could not but have agreed so far with

his drunken fellow-workmen, when they spoke of him as "a queer wanderin' kind o' creature." He now began seriously to collect, since he had room to keep. "It was indispensably necessary for him to husband carefully both his time and his money, so as to make the most of the one and the best of the other. And in order the better to accomplish this, he resolved never to spend a moment idly nor a penny uselessly;" a resolution from which he never departed. His wages were only nine shillings and sixpence a week, so that he could not abridge his working hours.

"He had bought an old gun for four-and-sixpence; but it was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out the charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect bottles of middling size, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for putting his plants in, constituted his equipment."

He did not cease work till nine at night, and commenced it at six in the morning. The moment he was free, he set out on his rounds, with his supper in his hands, or in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink.

"So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths or beetles, or plants or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down

by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept till the light returned. Then he got up, and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labour. It was no unusual circumstance for him—when he had wandered too far, and came upon some more than usually attractive spot—to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and thus lightened of everything, except his specimens, take to his heels, and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time. . . . His neighbours used to say of him, 'It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house.'"

Sometimes he was caught in severe rainstorms on lonely moors, and before he could find shelter, his insufficient pill-boxes had given way with the wet, and he presented the aspect of a vagrant so overrun with vermin that the good people into whose houses he went ran away from him in fright. Often all the bed he could get was to drop feet foremost into a hole in a bank. "Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at your face while asleep! Or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! These visitors, however, did not always prove an annoyance. On the contrary, they sometimes proved a windfall; for, when they came within reach, they were suddenly seized, examined, and, if found necessary, killed,

stuffed, and added to the collection" Many were the adventures he thus had with creatures of the night—polecats, otters, and rats. With owls and other night-birds he was abundantly familiar, and from night observations, he was able even to note some new facts about so well-known an animal as the rabbit. This is a good account of one of these :—

One night when he was lying upon a stone, dozing or sleeping, he was awakened by something pat-patting against his legs. He thought it must be a rabbit or a rat, as he knew they were about the place. He only moved his legs a little, so as to drive the creature away. But the animal would not go. Then he raised himself up, and away it went; but the night was so dark that he did not see what the animal was. Down he went again to try and get a sleep, but before a few minutes had elapsed, he felt the same pat-patting. He now swept his hand across his breast, and thrust the intruder off. The animal shrieked as it fell to the ground. Edward knew the shriek at once. It was a polecat. He shifted his position a little, so as to be opposite the doorway, where he could see his antagonist betwixt him and the sky. He also turned upon his side, in order to have more freedom to eat. He had in one of his breast-pockets a water-hen which he had shot that evening; and he had no doubt that this was the bait which attracted the polecat. He buttoned up his coat to his chin, so as to prevent the bird from being carried away by force. He was now

ready for whatever might happen. Edward must tell the rest of the story in his own words :—

"Well, just as I hoped and expected, in about twenty minutes I observed the fellow entering the vault, looking straight in my direction. He was very cautious at first. He halted and looked behind him. He turned a little and looked out. I could easily have shot him now, but that would have spoilt the sport; besides, I never wasted my powder and shot upon anything that I could take with my hands. Having stood for a few seconds, he slowly advanced, keeping his nose on the ground. On he came. He put his fore-feet on my legs, and stared me full in the face for about a minute. I wondered what he would do next—whether he would come nearer or go away. When satisfied with his look at my face, he dropped his feet and ran out of the vault. I was a good deal disappointed; and I feared that my look had frightened him. By no means. I was soon reassured by hearing the well-known and ominous *squeak-squeak* of the tribe. It occurred to me that I was about to be assaulted by a whole legion of polecats, and that it might be best to beat a retreat.

"I was just in the act of rising, when I saw my adversary once more make his appearance at the entrance. He seemed to be alone. I slipped quietly down again to my former position and waited his attack. After a rather slow and protracted march, in the course of which he several times turned his head towards the door—a

manœuvre which I did not at all like—he at last approached me. He at once leapt upon me, and looked back towards the entrance. I lifted my head, and he looked full in my face. Then he leapt down and ran to the entrance once more, and gave a squeak. No answer. He returned and leapt on me again. He was now in a better position than before, but not sufficiently far up for my purpose. Down went his nose, and up, up he crawled over my body towards the bird in my breast-pocket. His head was low down, so that I couldn't seize him.

"I lay as still as death; but, being forced to breathe, the movement of my chest made the brute raise his head, and at that moment I gript him by the throat. I sprang instantly to my feet and held on. But I actually thought he would have torn my hands to pieces with his claws. I endeavoured to get him turned round so as to get my hand to the back of his neck. Even then I had enough to do to hold him fast. How he screamed and yelled. What an unearthly noise in the dead of night. The vault rung with his howlings. And then what an awful stench he emitted during his struggles. The very jack-daws in the upper storeys of the castle began to caw. Still I kept my hold. But I could not prevent his yelling at the top of his voice. Although I gripped and squeezed with all my might and main, I could not choke him.

"Then I bethought me of another way of dealing with the brute. I had in my pocket about an ounce of chlo-

roform which I used for capturing insects. I took the bottle out, undid the cork, and thrust the ounce of chloroform down the fumart's throat. It acted as a sleeping draught. He gradually lessened his struggles. Then I laid him down on a stone, and, pressing the iron heel of my boot upon his neck, I dislocated his spine, and he struggled no more. I was quite exhausted when the struggle was over. The fight must have lasted nearly two hours. It was the most terrible encounter that I ever had with an animal of the class. My hands were very much bitten and scratched, and they long continued inflamed and sore. But the prey I had captured was well worth the struggle."

He had divided the district into three circuits—six miles along the coast one way, and about five the other, and a radius of some five miles inland; and, though he could only visit one circuit on one night, each of them was visited twice a week, and his nets and other repositories he had set down for securing prey were carefully searched. But he was considerate, and tried to save the creatures all needless pain, using chloroform, which he always carried with him. It is worth noting, too, that, scant of time as he was, he faithfully kept the Sabbath, which was no doubt in favour of health, not to speak of higher things.

When he was by stress of weather hindered from going abroad, he devoted his time to making cases for his specimens, many hundreds of which he finished at one time or

other in his life. But these did not always protect him from pillage. After having, with great labour, placed his collection (numbering nearly a thousand) of insects in these cases, and stowed them away in the garret, what must have been his feelings when, on going to take them out again, he found that they had all been gnawed away by rats or mice? His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. "Weel," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment; but, I think, the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." And he did; so that in 1845 he was able to give an exhibition in Banff, with such favourable results that he listened to the advice of friends to transport the collection to Aberdeen, and exhibit it there. With much anxiety a shop was rented for the purpose. At much expense and labour the collection was transported to the "Granite City." But, though the exhibition was visited by a few scientific persons who could not credit that he had himself made the collection, the crowd did not rush to it, though, in view of them, he had reduced the price of admission to one penny. Dr. Macgillivray, the well-known naturalist, was delighted, but told Edward that the people of Aberdeen were not yet prepared for such an exhibition, especially that it was the work of so poor a man, and said he had come a century too soon. Another of the visitors was that very lady who, in the days of militia drill, had by her appeals saved him from punishment for breaking the ranks in pursuit of the butterfly. She asked him to

her house to meet some scientific people, but his shyness and the distressing circumstances in which he was placed made him decline to go. Debt was above all things hateful to him. With all drawbacks, he had hitherto kept clear of it. But ruin now stared him in the face. He was deep in debt, and a stranger in a strange place. No wonder that he was depressed in spirit. He actually yielded to a melancholy suggestion, and was very near to committing a tragically rash act. His ruling passion saved him; but the incident is so touching that we must give it:—

"He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat before rushing into the sea, when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sand near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something more of the nature of this bird, he approached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Donmouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the farther side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature."

Calmer and brighter thoughts now came back, and with

them new energy. He advertised his collection for sale, and sold it, paid his debts, and returned to Banff, to begin anew his work of shoemaking and collecting. Very much the same life was carried on as before, and by the year 1850 he had made another collection, in some respects surpassing the first one. But, owing to an unfortunate fall over a steep cliff, the effect of which confined him to bed for a month, he was compelled to sell the greater part of it. Luckily about this time he made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Smith of Monquhitter, who lent him books, and otherwise aided him. Under this genial encouragement, he pursued his researches, till in 1858, he had formed a third collection, more valuable than either of his former ones. For many years, through lack of books, he had been under the necessity of sending his specimens to others at a distance to be named; and it had so often happened that such specimens were not returned to him, that he had learned never to part with his discoveries unless he had duplicates of what he sent away. But now he had done much to improve his education, and, though he was indefatigable in following out his old system, he devoted a part of his time to recording his observations. These were at first inserted in the *Banffshire Journal*, and afterwards, at Mr. Smith's suggestion, in the *Zoologist*, and attracted considerable attention.

It was fortunate for him that he had been able to form his third collection; for it was the only provision he had

against misfortune. He had educated his family well; and how could he save anything? In 1858 misfortune came; he was taken seriously ill. He had before this time had frequent twinges of rheumatism, and had not materially altered his ways; but now the doctor shook his head and gravely warned him. He was told that, although his constitution was originally sound and healthy, it had, by constant exertion and exposure to wet and cold, become impaired to a much greater degree than had at first been supposed. He was also distinctly warned that if he didn't at once desist from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing. "Here," adds Mr. Smiles, "it appeared, was to be the end of his labours in natural history."

To get wherewithal to pay the doctor and the bills that had accumulated during his illness, his only hope lay in the sale of his third collection. Accordingly it went, as the others had done. "Upwards of forty cases of birds were sold, together with three hundred specimens of mosses and marine plants, with other objects not contained in cases. When these were sold, Edward lost all hopes of ever being able to replenish his shattered collection." But a measure of strength returned, and not only did he, to some extent, replenish his stock, but he won honours in a new field. He had been introduced to Mr. Spence Bate, who, in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, was engaged in writing the account of the "Sessile-eyed Crustacea," and to the Rev. Mr. Merle Norman, a well-

known zoologist. In order to aid them, he was led to devote himself more particularly to marine zoology. He had no trawling or other gear, but he set traps in the pools at the seaside; he went along the shore and picked up the wreck from the wave; he sent his daughters for miles along the coast to get the waste from the fishermen's nets and lines, which, after much importuning they had promised to keep for him. As the record of many falls and bruises conclusively tells that no cliff or scaur was left unscaled when he was in chase of a much-wanted specimen, so now no pool, however deep, could stop his way when he wanted a rare crab, or fish, or fish-parasite. The value of the contributions which he was able to make to science in this particular department are fully recognised in the valued works of Messrs. Bate and Westwood and Mr. Norman. In recognition of his services to science, a few years ago, he received the honour of an Associateship of the Linnean Society, and was made a member of one or two other scientific societies in Scotland. Various efforts were at one time or other made to get some unimportant scientific post for him: he tried photography; applied even for a berth as a police-officer or tide-waiter. None of these things were successful. The only tangible recognition of his scientific merits was the curatorship for some years of the Banff Museum with a salary of £4 per annum. In face of the ignorant perversities of others, he did good service in preserving some of its most valuable antiquities—of which the

"Auld Been," which has a history, is not the least prominent.

Mr. Smiles did not need to apologise for having written the life of such a man because he still lives. His own shyness and modesty, and perhaps too bluff and determined an independence (for that is often a powerful constituent in such natures), have prevented him from gaining all the recognition and reward which he might have secured; and surely no liberal-minded man will grudge him the benefit of having been "put into a book." He well deserved the exceptional honour. The Banff folk no doubt pleasantly disappointed his over-modest expectations, and bought many copies. And even though it was correct to end the volume with these words in the first edition, they were not long wholly appropriate; for Thomas Edwards received the notice of the Queen and a small pension from the Civil List, which should make his recurrence to the lapstone and leather in so far a relief only and pleasure :—

"Here I am still," he wrote, "on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties

and wonders of Nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."

And assuredly no sensible and right-minded reader could but respect the more, for all this, the man who also had written these generous and ruggedly touching words :—

"If it had not been for the industry of my children, my wife and myself would have been in starvation these many years back, as all that I have been making could scarcely have kept myself in bread. So that is something; but if ever I complained about my life, I never meant it to be in that way. Had the object of my life been money instead of Nature—had I pursued the one with half the ardour and perseverance that I did the other —I have no hesitation in saying that by this time I would have been a rich man. But it is not the things I have done that vex me so much as the things that I have not done. I feel that I could have accomplished so much more. I did not want the will, but I wanted the means."

On the occasion of a presentation made to Mr. Edward by the people of Aberdeen, he told them that his fortune lay in the wash-tub, which much astonished them;—he simply meant by this to pay a compliment to the industry of his wife.

SIR TITUS SALT.

"HAPPY are the people whose annals are dull." The same thing has often to be said of biography. The life which carries the clearest lesson does not always most abound in incident. It may not be marked by any striking changes. The current may flow steadily on, so quietly gathering volume as it goes, that we scarcely perceive the process of its growth; and suddenly, as we look, it has expanded into a lake. Even then, though pleasing to contemplate, it may appear monotonous. No impressive falls or wild precipitous picturesque gorges may break up and vary its course; but it may, nevertheless, bear on its bosom the freightage of many countries to enrich those who dwell upon its borders. Even such was the life of Sir Titus Salt, of whom we are now to speak. He owed his greatness to a few traits of character, which may be cultivated by all who, while yet young, are content to exercise some self-restraint and self-denial. It may, therefore, with all correctness, be said that in his case the "beginnings were

pleasant;" that his early life was the prophecy of his future. Interesting and profitable it cannot but be to glean a little after the harvest of his biographer, Mr, Balgarnie, dwelling particularly on the earlier periods.

Titus Salt was the eldest son of a highly respected Yorkshireman, who had been an ironfounder, but was now engaged as a drysalter, in the village of Morley, which at that time had a population of some 2100. He was born on the 20th September 1803. His mother was a woman of sweet temper, truly pious, patient, and forbearing; and her influence on her children was very powerful and abiding. Punctuality, economy, and religious reverence were the three laws of the household.

To his father he was indebted for many wise counsels, and for instructions in practical mechanics with which his former occupation made him familiar. But his higher home education was imparted by his mother. It was from her he acquired that respect for religion, that regard for the Sabbath, that reverence on entering the house of God, that personal attachment to Christian ministers and their work, which were retained as long as he lived. It was by her alone his youthful lips were taught to pray, to read the Bible both morning and evening, and to make it "man of his counsel in the house of his pilgrimage."

The Morley of these times was very different from the Morley of to-day. Now it is a stirring town, full of factories; the noise of machinery follows you everywhere;

then it was detached, quiet, rural, and in one respect almost *unique*. There was no Established Church in it. But in spite of that the people seem to have been very strict in their religious views and observances, being, of course, Nonconformists, or one may almost say perforce. "The people of Morley had much of the old Puritan spirit among them. The Sabbath was strictly observed. Family worship was common. The Bible and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' were the books most frequently read." And in the house of Daniel Salt, if we may credit many witnesses, there was religion without austerity or gloom, sterling uprightness without pharisaic pretension, and good order with the steady sunshine of cheerfulness. It is in such an atmosphere that strong and healthy souls grow best.

Titus Salt was a healthy, active boy, friendly and cheerful; not disinclined to a book, but not very clever; a capital companion and fond of play. "He was a bright boy for his years," says a playmate; "full of fun when with those whom he knew well, but shy with strangers." He was even from childhood generous, and liked to share his pleasure with others. Joe Ellis, one of his boy-comrades, remembers his riding up and down the flagstones with a toy-horse, and adds quaintly: "I was one who took turns with him." We are told that, even as a boy, the eye was large and clear, a thoroughly honest eye, which made him trusted; and throughout life he made more use of it than he did of his lips: when calm it

beamed with beneficence; but he could also express rebuke by it more effectually than any words.

The peculiar Puritan influences of Morley had not, it is clear, developed strong prejudices against the Church and everything relating to it in the father and mother of Titus Salt. This is proved by the fact that, after a short period at a school in Morley, the boy was sent to one at Batley, under the charge of the Rev. J. Sedgwick, curate of the parish. Day by day little Titus trudged the six miles to and from school, in fine weather or in foul, starting each morning at half-past eight, having already drawn from the cow the milk for his dinner, which he carried with him as well as a small parcel of oat-cake. The boys of Morley went in company for protection as well as for sociality; for a cave which they had to pass was notorious for its gipsies, who had not very strict ideas of the rights of property. In later life we read that these days were often recalled by Titus Salt. Some children happened a few years before his death to be visiting at Crow Nest, his house; on their return from the dairy, where they had tried their hand at milking the cows, great were their amusement and surprise when their kind-hearted host told them that in his school-days he had to go in the dark mornings to draw his own supply of milk for the day, before setting out for school.

At the age of thirteen his family removed to a farm near Crofton—an old-fashioned village about three miles from Wakefield, on the Doncaster Road. The farm con-

sisted of about one hundred acres of arable land, with a comfortable dwelling-house and farm-offices. Titus was now sent to the school of Mr. Enoch Harrison at Wakefield, a teacher to whom he always looked with feelings of gratitude and regard. He had the reputation of a dull boy, steady and plodding rather than brilliant; and it says much for Mr. Harrison that he should so clearly have detected in him the presence of fine elements of character. We are told that "his father's residence being upward of three miles from the school, Titus generally rode on a donkey, which was left till the afternoon at 'The Nag's Head,' a small inn near to the school," and that he brought his dinner with him from home in a little basket. We can easily conjure up a sufficiently clear picture of the somewhat stout and heavy boy on his way to and from Wakefield, mounted on his donkey.

Daniel Salt did not succeed in the farm he had taken near Wakefield on leaving Morley; and when, at seventeen, the question of what Titus was to do presented itself, it was evident that his father could give him little money aid. It appears that for sometime he had cherished the idea of being a doctor; but accident revealed to him his unfitness for that profession. One day he happened to be cutting a piece of wood with a sharp knife, which slipped and entered his hand. The blood flowed profusely, and he fainted at the sight of it. His father, who chanced to come in at the moment, said, "Titus, my lad, thou wilt never do for a doctor!" and in this the boy acquiesced.

He was for two years in Wakefield with a wool-stapler. At the end of that period his father got rid of his unfortunate lease of his farm, the family removed to Bradford, and Titus joined them there. He soon found a situation in the large house of Messrs. Rouse & Son, wool-staplers, where his experience in all that pertains to wool-sorting was largely increased. His occupation there is thus described :—

"He is a tall young man with a 'brat,' or loose blouse, worn over his clothes to keep them clean; the fleece of wool is unrolled and spread out on the board; being impregnated with natural grease, it holds entangled in its fibre a variety of substances with which the sheep, while living, had come into contact. These must be carefully removed. All the wool of the fleece is not of the same quality, but varies in length, fineness, and softness of fibre. It is the business of the sorter to separate these different qualities, and to put each into a basket. It is evident such occupation requires long and careful education both of the eye and the hand. Had Titus Salt confined his attention exclusively to this one department of the business, and then at once joined his father, he might perhaps have been a successful wool-stapler, but not a manufacturer; but, as we have said, he resolved to know every process, from the fleece to the fabric, and into each he put his heart. The next process was washing with alkali or soap and water, and his knowledge of this served him in after years, when his first experiments in

alpaca began, and which he performed with his own hands. The next process was combing. It is neccssary in the production of yarn that all the fibres should be drawn out and laid down smooth and distinct, and that all extraneous matters should be extracted. When Titus Salt was with the Rouses this operation was done by hand; now the combing machine, with its ingenious improvements, has superseded it, and become the glory of the trade. The wool thus combed is prepared for spinning. This process consists in passing the 'slivcrs' of combed wool between a series of rollers, which produce 'rovings.' It is immediately from these 'rovings' that yarn is produced by spinning, which is then woven into fabrics."

It may be worth while remarking, as showing how example may impel others in the right road, that the Messrs. Rouse made it a practical maxim that "those who helpcd to makc their money should help thcm to enjoy it."

After two years of this work, Titus Salt joined his father in business under the firm of Daniel Salt & Son. "It soon became evident that there was ample scope for the energies of the young partner in the wool-stapling line, which was rapidly increasing. He threw his whole soul into it, with the ardour and enthusiasm of youth. No difficulties were insurmountable; no fluctuations were allowed to damp his courage or thwart his purposes. The business increased wonderfully under his hands."

While his father devoted himself to the trade in Wakefield, Titus travelled further afield—making journeys to Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury. A gentleman in the latter town gives Mr. Balgarnie this reminiscence:— "Titus Salt came to my warehouse one day and wanted to sell wool. I was greatly pleased with the quiet power of the young man and his aptitude for business, but most of all was I struck with the resolute way in which he expressed his intention of taking away with him that day £1000 out of Dewsbury." And the same gentleman adds: "Before he left Dewsbury I had myself given him a bill for that amount." Sometimes, indeed, the old man was inclined to oppose the determination of Titus to adventure in new lines. Mr. Balgarnie says:—

"Much of the success of the firm was undoubtedly owing to the practical knowledge of the junior partner, whose manly form and open countenance had become familiar to the frequenters of the wool sales and markets. Both buyers and sellers liked to do business with him. It was not that he had much to say in commendation of the article he sold, but what he said was always to the point. The rule which he began business with, and which he adhered to throughout his life, was to let the goods speak for itself—a good rule, which every young man commencing business should adopt as his own."

Of course, living at home with his parents, his personal expenses were small, so that he was able to save a portion of his income, and to open a private banking account for

himself. It is said he was very "careful of his means;" he early acquired the habit of "taking care of the pence," knowing full well that "the pounds would more readily take care of themselves."

He indulged himself in few luxuries, and was utterly indifferent to the "flashness" which only too many young men regard as one of the "short cuts" to success in business. His career shows that solidity and genuine self-respect are the surest passports to true commercial prosperity. In this respect his character may be revealed by an anecdote. He was desirous to have a gold watch, but he did not gratify himself in the purchase of it with the first few pounds he had saved. He resolved to wait until he had put by a thousand pounds, and then the watch should be to him a sign and reminder of something more than it could otherwise have been. That watch, we learn, "was worn by him till the close of his life, and when his own hand became too feeble to wind it, he handed it to others to be wound in his presence."

But, amid all his business anxieties and efforts, he had time for thought of others. He became a teacher in Horton Lane Sunday School, and showed the same energy and determination there.

The Sunday-school work diverted his thoughts and sympathies once a week into other channels, leading away from self and business, Godwards. In trying to teach others he was himself taught, and in becoming associated

with a band of Christian workers, he formed friendships that conduced to the growth of his true manhood. In such circumstances the Sunday was not a day of idleness or of weariness to him, but one of pleasant and profitable occupation; and if any young man should be constrained to follow such an example, we doubt not he will personally reap the advantage of it.

But it was not on the Sunday only that Mr. Titus Salt devoted time and energy to the benefit of others; he early began to manifest that sympathy with the working classes which took so many practical forms afterwards. By the power of such sympathy he acquired an influence over men which increased as he grew in years, and won the esteem of the community. His first appearance on any public occasion was one long to be remembered in Bradford. In the year 1825 there was a strike among the woolcombers, which lasted six months, and produced great fear and alarm. In fact it was a civil rebellion, in which blood was shed and life sacrificed. All business was stopped, and the operatives, being liberally supplied with money from a distance, were emboldened in their reckless course. Added to the stoppage of trade, a large banking firm with which the tradesmen of Bradford had extensive dealings, now suspended payment, by which many were seriously affected, and a public panic thus ensued. But it was not until May 1826 that matters reached a crisis. The operatives, thinking that the introduction of weaving machinery was the cause of all these

disasters, and inflamed by popular demagogues, proceeded to attack Horsfall's mill. But what had Mr. Titus Salt to do with this? "I remember (says a living eye-witness) Titus Salt took an active part in trying to bring the malcontents to reason; he went into the very thick of the mob, and was not frightened a bit; he remonstrated and reasoned with them, but all in vain." When, however, they refused to listen to reason, and proceeded to violence, the case was altered: he stood up for law and order in spite of all consequences; special constables were required to protect both life and property. The same eye-witness says: "I remember seeing William Rand and Titus Salt hurrying up and down, trying to induce their fellow-townsmen to come forward as special constables. When the military were called out, one of them dashed along the streets, warning the inhabitants to keep within doors, as their lives were in danger."

The result was, the mob was dispersed, but not until the Riot Act had been read and several persons killed or wounded. We narrate these incidents as supplying interesting proof of the public spirit of Mr. Titus Salt at the age of twenty-three. Few young men would have ventured to face a mob of excited workmen, and to calm them by moral suasion. This step was all the more remarkable from his naturally quiet disposition. But it is worthy of notice that the strong sense of duty that actuated him on this occasion was a prominent feature of his own life. When his mind was convinced of the rectitude of any

cause that demanded his support, no obstacle deterred him, his natural timidity forsook him, and he became bold and self-reliant in dealing with masses of men.

As the trade increased, he extended his journeys in quest of raw material, making regular trips into Lincolnshire and Norfolk. It was on one of these journeys that he first saw Caroline Whittam, the daughter of one of his former friends, who afterwards became his wife. Cautious and careful as he was, he was quick to detect the possibilities of a new material, and had it not been that his decision was equal to his insight, an early adventure might have proved fatal to the firm. Many attempts had been made to utilise in English manufacture the rough-looking Donskoi wool of South-eastern Russia, and had failed. Titus Salt, after careful examination of the fibre, convinced himself that something could be made of it. He bought a considerable quantity and prepared it; but he could not persuade any firm to take it over and work it up. He was in a distressing dilemma; the goods lay on his hands useless. Finally, he resolved to manufacture it himself. He took a mill, and having fitted it up with suitable machinery, began to spin the wool. The experiment was entirely successful; a beautiful thread was the result. Very soon he took a larger factory, and then a third one; and by and by, owing to a misunderstanding with the weavers, he decided "to weave" as well as "to spin for himself." All these endeavours were crowned with success—the reward of skill and perseverance. Titus

Salt not only added another beautiful fabric to the staples of Bradford, but he thus found himself in a position to gratify the wish of his heart in marriage.

Thus he went on till he had reached the prime of manhood. In the year 1836 he fortunately alighted on the alpaca wool, which no one had yet been able to use successfully in manufacture. It was a long hairy-looking stuff which had lain about for many a year in the warehouses of Messrs. Hegan, Hall, & Co. of Liverpool, and which had been hawked in vain through most of the wool markets of the district. His behaviour, after the idea of turning it to industrial purposes, is so characteristic that we must be allowed to quote Mr. Balgarnie's account of it :—

"It was at this juncture Mr. Titus Salt happened to see, lying at a Liverpool warehouse, the new material, of which he had no previous knowledge. Having pulled out a handful from one of the bales, he examined it as a wool-stapler would, but said nothing, and quietly went his way. Some time after, business again brought him into Liverpool, when he took occasion to visit a second time the warehouse containing the nondescript wool, and spent some time minutely examining it. It was evident that during the interval a new idea had taken possession of his mind, and he was now seriously revolving it; but in this instance he not only examined the material, but took away a small quantity in his handkerchief and brought it to Bradford, with a view to ascertain if any-

thing could be made of it. In furtherance of this inquiry, he shut himself up in a room, saying nothing to any one. The first act was thoroughly to scour the material he had brought, which operation he performed with his own hands. He then carefully examined the fibre, testing its strength, and measuring its length. Whether he spun any of it into thread we do not know, but the result of his experiments thus far was a surprise to himself. He saw before him a long glossy wool, which he believed was admirably adapted for those light fancy fabrics in the Bradford trade, which were then in general demand.

"It was about this time he happened to meet his friend John Hammond, whom he tried to interest in this new staple. He said to him, 'John, I have been to Liverpool and seen some alpaca wool; I think it might be brought into use.' But John Hammond did not encourage him in such a speculation. As for Mr. Salt, senior, he strongly advised his son to have nothing to do with the nasty stuff; but the advice of neither friend nor father availed to shake his opinion that the staple in question was highly valuable and capable of being used in the worsted trade. Indeed, the more others disparaged it, the more tenaciously he held to the opinion which had been formed after much thought and experiment, and if no one could be found to approve or encourage, why should he not have the courage in this matter to act for himself?"

We learn that when the young member of the Bradford firm returned and offered eightpence per pound for the dis-

trusted and derided alpaca wool, the brokers fancied that they were dealing "with an escaped lunatic, and thought seriously of calling for the police." Eventually, however, the wool was made over at the price offered. And now Titus Salt found himself in precisely the same position as when he took up the neglected Donskoi wool. He had to get machinery prepared on his own special designs; he had to fit it up; and amid much anxiety he waited for the result. That happily fully justified his hopes and efforts. "It was now his turn to wonder. Imagine his delight when, out of the unsightly material which first met his eye at Liverpool, he saw that beautiful fabric which has since carried his name far and wide, and is now prized and worn by rich and poor in all parts of the civilised world."

In 1844, while the name of Titus Salt was still very little known outside of trade-circles, the Queen, who has always had a remarkable faculty for discovering rare qualities in all walks of life, somehow heard of him, and desired to procure samples of his product. In the home-farm at Windsor were two alpaca sheep, and their fleeces were sent to Mr. Salt to be made into cloth. The fleeces weighed 16½ lbs., and when combed and sorted yielded 1 lb. white and 9 lbs. of beautiful black wool. Of course, he did his utmost to please her Majesty, and almost surpassed himself in the result. He wove an apron which was a marvel of beauty and fineness; a striped figured dress, the warp of which was rose-coloured silk, the weft

white alpaca, and the flowers thrown up in the pattern were alternately of one material and of the other. This was perhaps the first time that the cocoon of the silk-worm and the fleece of the Peruvian mountain camel were brought into contact, and the fact serves to show the strides that Mr. Salt had made. There was also a plain dress fifteen yards in length, for which only 2½ lbs. of alpaca was used. A fourth article was a plaid alpaca dress of the same length, a great novelty then, in which the black and white wools and lustres were beautifully blended, and so fine that there was considerable difficulty in telling whether it was not entirely woven of silk. There was also a woollen alpaca dress among the articles sent back to Windsor; and we may see from these facts that by the year 1844 the processes of preparing and wearing alpaca had become so extended, that Mr. Salt could at will produce from alpaca, in combination with cotton, wool, or silk, fabrics of the very finest texture, glossiness, and beauty. It hardly needs to be added that the articles charmed her Majesty—fashions were revolutionized, and alpaca was henceforth in request among the wealthiest and most fashionable.

The demand for alpaca goods had increased so rapidly, that within three years the import of the staple had risen to 2,186,480 lbs., while now the yearly consumption in the Bradford trade alone is about 4,000,000 lbs.; the price having risen to two shillings and sixpence per pound. An immense impulse was thus given to the Bradford

trade, and employment afforded to many thousands. Titus Salt's life was now a busy and anxious one. His mills lay in different parts of the town; and he persevered in strict personal supervision of them all. He was an early riser, else he could never have done the work he did; and we are told nothing was so effective with his workpeople as the knowledge that by error or wrong-doing they would lay themselves open to his personal rebuke, while, on the other hand, regularity, care and skill were certain to secure his approval and advancement.

On one occasion he found that a quantity of yarn had been spoiled in the spinning, and at once inquired who had done it. A workman stepped forward and said: "I did it, sir; and shall not accuse any one else." "What do you mean to do?" asked Mr. Salt with a penetrating glance. "I mean to do better, sir," was the reply. Then said Mr. Salt, smiling: "*Go and do it.*" That workman, who expected to be dismissed on the instant, is still living and at Saltaire, and his opinion of his master is given in these words: "When his mind was made up nothing could move him. He never flinched from hard work; never talked about a thing, but did it. He never used an unnecessary word. *He was a kind master to me.*"

But busy as Titus Salt was, he was public-spirited, and had time and thought for public matters. He interested himself in movements for extended railway communication, and for municipal improvement, being also specially active to secure the establishment of a Saturday half-

holiday. In 1844 he secured the suffrages of his fellow-citizens and was elected alderman, and in 1848 he became Mayor of Bradford. His mayoralty was marked by great judgment and economy, though he did not fail in ample hospitality. Bradford was never more successful than at this time; and it was no mere compliment, when, a short time after, he stood for a seat in Parliament, one of the speakers said that Bradford owed more to him than to any one else. Nor did he fail in positive gifts to the town—the most handsome of which was his subscription towards securing the Peel Park for the people.

He had at one time resolved that, if his fortune would permit of it, he should retire from active life at the age of fifty—a purpose which, fortunately, was not realised. He had to erect after that age the best memorial of himself. Year by year his trade had grown, and the thought pressed itself upon him how much he would be benefited if he could concentrate his works on one site. He had seen so much, however, of the overcrowding attendant on the sudden growth of a commercial town, with its train of evils, that he resolved he should not attempt the rebuilding of his factories within the town of Bradford itself. At the banquet with which the opening of Saltaire was celebrated, he recited some of the considerations which had led him to form the plan of such an establishment, and also to the choice of such a site. Having determined not to abandon business, as he had once intended, in his fiftieth year, but to concentrate his works in one building, he

resolved that he would not be a party to increasing the already overcrowded borough of Bradford. He looked round for a site, found this one, and was now resolved to do all in his power to avoid evils so great as those resulting from polluted air and water; and he hoped to draw around him a population that would enjoy the beauties of the neighbourhood, and form a really well-fed, contented, and happy body of operatives. That was a plan which surely deserved to succeed; and it has had a great success. In a report prepared in 1866 for the Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition, the medical officer tells how the people are proud of their houses and decorate them tastefully; how many of them are fond of music, while others devote their leisure to natural history, taxidermy, and the making of philosophical models and articles of domestic comfort; how the baths and wash-houses have greatly promoted health, so that the diseases peculiar to poverty are almost unknown, namely—typhus fever, rheumatic fever, and cutaneous affections; and he bears testimony, "as one constantly moving about the town day and night, to the great absence of drunkenness."

Much of the man's character is expressed in this. He always had in view objects beyond those merely of commercial success; and these objects, faithfully regarded, were only in the long run signal aids. He looked round the neighbourhood, and at length fixed on a position on the banks of the Aire, in the middle of the valley through which the river runs. Those who have travelled on the

railway from Leeds to Shipley will remember, about eight miles from the former town, the pleasant picture that is spread out before the eye as Saltaire reveals itself. It is about three miles from Bradford. "Surveying the region from the higher ground at Shipley, the eye takes in an extensive landscape of hill and dale, of wood and water, such as is seldom seen in proximity to a manufacturing town. In the immediate neighbourhood is the famed Shipley Glen, which excursionists, in quest of beautiful scenery, love to frequent; while beyond the hills there is a healthy moorland, stretching away towards Wharfedale." The building of the works was begun in the end of 1850, and in September of 1853 they were opened by a ceremonial alike fitting and significant. It is essentially true, however, that Saltaire has been a growth. So much has been added at one time or another, that at no specific date can it be said to have been "finished." Even the beautiful engines built by Sir William Fairbairn, and considered a marvel of ingenuity and skill, have been superseded by four beam engines on the Corliss principle, an American invention, and indicating 1800 horse-power. But the mills, though the first and the necessary foundation of the whole, were not deemed most important with regard to the whole scheme. It also embraced what was equally if not more dear to the founder, "the provision of comfortable dwellings, church, and schools, in fact, every institution which could improve the moral, mental, and religious

condition of the workpeople." At that time some 3500 hands were employed, and required to be housed. Mr. Salt's thought and ingenuity were as much seen in the plan and construction of these houses as in that of the works, if not even more. There are altogether 22 streets, besides places, terraces, and roads, which contain 850 houses and 45 almshouses, making a total of 895 dwellings, covering an area of 25 acres. The factory is in the centre, and some idea of its size may be thus given:—Its engines move between 600 and 700 tons of shafting and consume over 15,000 tons of coal each year, and it turns out each day 18 miles of textile fabric. The dwellings for the workers are palatial in point of beauty, yet solid, comfortable, with every convenience, abundantly supplied with light, air, and water; and they are let at rents ranging from 2s. 4d. to 7s. 6d. per week, which is barely 4 per cent. upon the original outlay in building them. The rents, we are told, are paid with remarkable punctuality.

"His purpose embraced," said the "Leeds Mercury," writing at the time of his death, "the supply of comfortable dwellings for his workers, and schools and every other institution which might be requisite to surround those dwellings with the best influences. The streets were laid out on a uniform plan, and the houses, unlike those then occupied by the Bradford operatives, have at least three bedrooms, and each house has a backyard and conveniences to itself. The houses latterly built are

superior to those first erected, and better-class dwellings are supplied for the managers and overlookers; 3500 workpeople are employed, and 850 dwellings of various classes have been built, and are occupied by 4500 persons, over a space of 26 acres. The beershop is happily absent. Intoxicating drink is not permitted to be sold at Saltaire. Some of the grocers were at one time allowed to sell beer, but the privilege was abused, and the sale was stopped."

There are excellent schools for the children, under Government inspection; almshouses for the aged and infirm; Sunday schools, which cost £10,000; an infirmary where is provision for the immediate treatment of any one injured; libraries, halls, baths, and washhouses, for men and women, which latter were erected at a cost of £7000. The Congregational Church which he built is a structure of great beauty; but, in consonance with those sentiments of liberality which he always admirably illustrated, none of his employées need to attend the Congregational Church. The Wesleyans received from him a site of 1300 square yards, and the Primitive Methodists a smaller one, while the Baptists have two chapels on the confines of the town; the Episcopalians of Saltaire worship at Shipley, which is so near at hand that an Episcopalian chapel was not deemed necessary; the Roman Catholics have a church in the immediate neighbourhood, and the Swedenborgians a room for their meetings.

In nothing was Sir Titus Salt's consideration for his

people and his attention to details more seen than in the system of washhouses he established at Saltaire. All who know working-men know the misery that often comes of the washing-day in a small cottage, or in two small rooms, every corner of which is exposed to the steam and the damp. But the inhabitants of Saltaire are free from this domestic plague. The working-man's wife there has a pleasant way prepared for her. In the evening she takes her clothes to the public washhouse and prepares them. Next morning she finds three steam-engines ready with their steam up to do her washing for her. When washed they are transferred to an immense Cornish boiler, 18 feet by 6; and when they have been rinsed they are placed in a centrifugal wringer, and in a few seconds they are nearly dry. Nor is this all; every risk of delay through bad weather for drying is avoided. When the clothes come from the wringer, they are hung over large drying-horses and are wheeled into a drying-closet, and in a few hours from her starting the housewife brings them home pure and clean, neatly folded and mangled, be the day fair or foul. Never, surely, had providence and industry and care more substantial aid and inducement than here.

Alpaca is not the only manufacture at Saltaire. Mohair, the wool or hair of the Angora goat, drew Mr. Salt's attention, and was introduced soon after the opening of the Saltaire works. From it is manufactured the beautiful fabric called Utrecht velvet, which is used extensively

for upholstering purposes, curtains, &c. Now that Mr. Salt had seen his great idea so far realised, and his sons and partners being able to take on their shoulders the general conduct of the business, he found more time for political and public concerns. He was from the first a true reformer. When Mr. Disraeli in 1859 brought in his Reform Bill, he said plainly that he hoped the reformers of England would never rest satisfied with any Reform Bill proposed by any party which did not admit the working classes to their due share of the franchise. It is thus clear that long and extensive contact with working people had not robbed Mr. Salt of the fullest faith in their capacities to judge, as well as others, of political questions on the whole. And though his liberality in religious matters was one of the most marked features of his character, he was, on principle, a thorough and consistent Nonconformist. In answer to urgent representations from various quarters, he consented to stand in 1859 for the seat which Colonel Perronet Thompson had resigned. He was returned to Parliament by a great majority. It may be questioned how far his previous training and habits fitted him for parliamentary life. He was no speaker and made no figure in the House of Commons, though on many practical and social questions his opinion was well worthy of being put before the country. Owing to failing health, and probably also to a great sorrow in the death of one of his daughters, he resigned his seat in 1861. But though now unable to attend so

closely to business as had been his wont, owing to weakness and attacks of gout, his mind was ever engaged on the promotion of good causes. His subscriptions were more liberal than ever. He sent £5000 towards the enlargement of the Sailors' Orphanage Home at Hull, £5000 to the Congregational Memorial Hall, and £2500 for the erection of a church in Scarborough. He was ever ready to give, though it must be noted that in one commodity his generosity slackened. Though an old man, he convinced himself of the evil of smoking; broke himself off the habit, and was sometimes guilty of the innocent satire of presenting his friends with chocolates in a cigar-box!

We should not omit specially to say that, as public-houses had from the first been prohibited in Saltaire, every kind of innocent amusement and pastime had been encouraged. It was the fitting crown to his endeavours in this direction that now he set about the establishment of a club and institute, the building for which, including concert-room and school of arts, cost £25,000. It is one of the ornaments of Saltaire, and, as the founder well said, is intended to supply the advantages of a public-house without its evils. Its presence demonstrates that, as Mr. Salt had spared no pains to secure complete sanitary conditions, so he would, at any price, have social and moral advancement. It is an instance, too, of his foresight that, "seeing the strides education was likely to take in the future, he resolved to convert his own day-

schools, together with the club and institute, into higher grade schools for the promotion and encouragement of education in the advanced branches. These premises have been left in the hands of a board of directors, chosen by the ratepayers of Shipley, and henceforth to be known as 'The Salt Schools, Shipley.' Provision has also been made for several exhibitions, to be designated 'The Salt Scholarships.' These are to be awarded according to merit, as the result of competitive examination. The value of the property thus bequeathed for educational purposes is not less than £40,000. With regard to religious instruction and moral training, it is provided that the teachers shall not endeavour to inculcate or controvert the doctrines of any sectarian religious creed, but shall strive to instil into the minds of the scholars such views and principles as will improve their habits and elevate their moral tone, and give them a true appreciation of those mutual obligations, in all human relations, on which the welfare of mankind is based; it being intended that the duty of providing distinctively theological instruction shall be left to the parents and guardians."

Very little idea of Mr. Salt's benevolence can be formed by setting down a list of exceptionally large subscriptions, since, although he gave away no less an amount than £250,000, he distributed in a variety of ways, fully as expressive of his character, much that could not be thus indicated. But one or two of his gifts

must be referred to. When the Lunatic Asylum for the Northern Counties was established at Lancaster, he gave £5000. When he was asked to contribute towards the establishment of a temporary fever hospital at Bradford, the committee fancied that he had made a mistake when he intimated a subscription of £5000; but one who knew him better than the rest interpreted his intention when he said, "There is no mistake about it; this means a new building, not a temporary one." One of his most admirable benefactions was that of £11,000 to provide two scholarships for boys and two for girls at the Bradford Grammar School. Friends never appealed to him in vain for aid to a really deserving case, and often received cheques for amounts that surprised them. Mr. Balgarnie thus effectively tells of one cause which, in his later life, enlisted all his sympathies :—

"Perhaps no religious work in his own neighbourhood enlisted his sympathies more than the Bradford Town Mission and the Bible-women. The latter movement was originated seventeen years ago by Miss Helen Taylor, well known for her benevolent exertions on behalf of the poor. But her good work seemed at one time paralysed for want of funds. Happening to meet Sir Titus, she told him her dilemma. But, as he had never heard of 'Bible-women' before, he begged her to come to his house and give him more information about them. As the best method of showing the nature of the work, she read to him a few extracts from the journal of one

of the Bible-women known as 'Ruth.' As he listened, tears were in his eyes, and at the close he said to Miss Taylor, 'That's a good work; go on, I'll help you.' And he was as good as his word; for not only did he pay all the expenses of the first year's domestic mission, but from first to last he manifested, in various ways, a peculiar interest in this simple, humble agency. He believed in the power of Christian sympathy, and rejoiced to hear from year to year of the increase of these messengers of mercy to the homes of sadness and sorrow. Once every year the Bible-women were most heartily welcomed to Crow Nest and most hospitably entertained at his table; and those who have been present will never forget his thoughtful kindness on these occasions, making every arrangement for their enjoyment, and doing everything in his power to make their visit a happy and refreshing one. He always sent his carriage to the station to meet them, and on their arrival they were as warmly welcomed by himself and family as if they had been the most distinguished visitors. He has frequently entertained at his table noble guests, but never did he look happier than when surrounded by his ten humble friends. When the day's pleasure was over and his carriage was waiting at the door to take them to the station, he shook hands with each, giving them a large bouquet of flowers to cheer them in their own homes. 'Ruth' was his especial Bible-woman. She was supported entirely by him, and greatly valued for her faithful service. Almost the

last money given by him was sent to her. Having heard that she had overworked herself, and gone to the seaside for rest and change of air, he sent her a five-pound note to defray the expenses of her journey. There are many instances of his attachment to Christian ministers and his sympathy with them in their work. A fund having been opened for aged ministers called the 'Pastors' Retiring Fund,' he forwarded to the treasurer the sum of £1800."

But in all his benevolence prudence tempered impulse. This was particularly seen in the regulations for the dining-hall, which forms one of the most valued adjuncts of Saltaire. It was started on the Glasgow penny-dinner system; a fixed tariff is published, of which the following is a specimen:—A good plate of meat, 2d.; a cup of tea or coffee, ½d.; a bowl of soup, 1d. The workpeople who prefer to bring their own food may have it cooked and dining accommodation free of charge. The manager of the establishment has a fixed salary, independently of the profits, so that all temptation to stint the allowance is avoided. The "crumbs" that fall from the table are sold to a feeder of pigs, by which a sum of £50 a year is realised towards the funds of the dining-hall.

Very characteristic, too, was the position taken by Mr. Salt when the Commissioners of the Paris Industrial Exhibition of 1852 addressed him with regard to his becoming a competitor for the prize of 10,000 francs—a new order of reward they had instituted for establish-

ments promoting the welfare of the people engaged in them. Mr. Salt was quite ready to put at Sir Henry Cole's disposal all the information he possessed likely to be of value to the Commissioners; but he wrote saying that what had been done had been done under a sense of duty, adding, "For myself, I can enter into no competitive rivalry for well-doing; and the particulars and illustrations furnished of the establishment of Saltaire are placed at the service of His Imperial Majesty's Commissioners on the distinct understanding that they are not given in competition for any prize, nor subject to the arbitrament of a jury."

Another beautiful trait in Mr. Salt's character was strikingly brought out in connection with the mansion "Crow Nest," which is so intimately associated with him. He had rented it for a number of years, then left it for another mansion—Methley—at a greater distance from Saltaire, and finally returned to Crow Nest as its proprietor in 1867. The name it had borne and the old trees near to it proved that at one time it had had its venerable company of crows, who had for some reason deserted it. Mr. Salt much regretted this, and now took no little pains to lure the crows back. He caused decoy nests to be placed in the trees, and when the birds at last condescended to come near, food was regularly scattered on the ground for them. A large colony at last settled, and the pleasure he derived from watching them and listening to their endless talk he regarded as ample com-

pensation for his pains. His strong attachment to places that had become associated with his history was strongly apparent in his pleasure at the return to Crow Nest, and his keen and unaffected love of nature, and of birds and animals, attests the presence of a rare simplicity and childlike capacity of enjoyment.

A little extract from the Memoir will present some attractive traits, with a touch of humorous circumstance:—

"The 'flashes' of his silence were sometimes equivalent to an articulate speech in conversation. On one occasion a guest asked, 'Mr. Salt, what books have you been reading lately?' 'Alpaca,' was the quiet reply; then after a short pause he added, 'If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for reading.' The late Sir William Fairbairn and other friends were once invited to dine with him; unfortunately he was laid up with a severe attack of gout. What was to be done? He would not permit the invitation to be recalled; he therefore held a levee in his bedroom, and though in pain, his original intentions were carried out as far as practicable."

His biographer tells us that when at Scarborough, one of his characteristics was the interest he took in the children. "A certain confectioner's shop in the town was frequently visited, and such 'good things' as would please the young people were purchased in considerable quantities. These he would not only send to those he knew, but even the children of strangers had a share in his kind-

ness. He always remembered 'the fifth of November,' and regularly sent a donation to certain boys in whose pyrotechnic demonstrations he was particularly interested. But perhaps his chief enjoyment at Scarborough was the quiet evenings spent with his family and a few intimate friends around him; then he would freely join in conversation, or take part in any social games that were introduced."

Though age and fortune might well have justified Mr. Salt in a sort of pleasant idleness during the latter years at Crow Nest, he was always busy—interested in all matters of public interest, and intent on keeping himself abreast of all important works and questions. He kept up a large correspondence, and was delighted to entertain men of very diverse views and character who had been in any way prominent in benefiting their fellow-men. Livingstone and Moffat were both visitors at Crow Nest; and such men as Dr. Guthrie and Thomas Binney were always welcome. The two latter met at Crow Nest in 1871, and this anecdote is told of that visit:—

"One day at dinner, Binney having asked for boiled mutton, it was handed to him with caper-sauce, to which it appeared he had a great aversion. On sending it back the host inquired what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing,' rejoined Guthrie; 'it's only Binney cutting capers.'"

In September 1869 the subject of this chapter received the following letter from Raby Castle, Darlington:—

"Dear Sir,—I have received authority from Her

Majesty to propose that by her favour you should receive a baronetcy, and I trust it may be agreeable to you to accept such a distinction. Though we have not been so fortunate as to keep you within the precincts—perhaps I ought to say the troubled precincts—of parliamentary life, you have not failed by your station, character, and services to establish an ample title to the honourable distinction which it is now my gratifying duty to place at your disposal.—I beg to remain, dear sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Titus Salt, Esq."

But notwithstanding the gracious manner in which this honour from the Queen was intimated, it was only after much thought that he brought himself to accept it.

Though he was now unable to visit Saltaire so often as had been his wont, his heart was much with his work-people. One of the best proofs of this was that, though on completing several of the later additions he had said, "I've finished now," yet in 1871 he was able to present to them a beautiful pleasure-park. It is situated on the north side of the Aire and within five minutes' walk of the town. It contains fourteen acres; one half of the ground is laid out in walks and flower-beds. This is separated from the other portion by a broad gravelled terrace, a pavilion for a band of music occupying the centre of it. The largest portion is devoted to cricket, croquet, and archery. The river within the area of the park has been widened; so that boating, bathing, and

swimming may be enjoyed with safety. There is no charge for admission; but, in consistency with his great principle, no intoxicated person is allowed to enter and no intoxicating drinks are allowed to be used there.

His concern for the weak and helpless, as seen particularly in his love for children, is one of his finest traits. And certainly one of the most characteristic of his bequeathments is that of a fund of £30,000 to be invested at interest for the sick and aged poor of Saltaire and the neighbourhood. He was a stranger to narrow and sectarian prejudices, as we have said. When his neighbour, Mr. Jonas Foster, built a new and beautiful Episcopalian church close upon the borders of the Crow Nest grounds, he presented a chaste and costly stone pulpit. The piety and humbleness of his heart found perhaps the most fitting expression which words could give to them in his dedication of the Saltaire almshouses, "In grateful remembrance of God's undeserved goodness, and in hope of promoting the comfort of some who, in feebleness and necessity, may need a home."

The last few years of Sir Titus Salt's life were brightened by the pleasant tokens of gratitude and regard which came to him from all sides. His workpeople presented him with his portrait, painted by J. P. Knight, R.A.; and a public statue was erected to him in Bradford at a cost of £3000, in face, however, of his earnest remonstrances. While it was being unveiled by the Duke of Devonshire he was at home busy among his

flowers. From the beginning of 1876 his health very perceptibly declined, and he passed away on the 29th December 1876.

Those who knew Sir Titus Salt merely as the successful manufacturer, the member of Parliament, the gracious almoner from his own princely fortune, might have been inclined to rank him as one of a class who generally suffer from closer acquaintance. It is because Sir Titus did not suffer in this fashion, but rather gained, that his career so thoroughly deserves to be remembered. It is even more interesting to contemplate him in his struggles than in his successes: to follow him into retirement only adds reverence to the respect that such success may claim. His concern for others was intensified by the prosperity which too often only hardens; that he was at once a successful manufacturer and a social reformer—never looking at the one interest apart from the other—justifies a special claim for him among the men of the century.

"The faculty of knowing precisely what was, to use a common expression, 'in his line,' and of setting all temptations, however strong, aside in favour of that and that alone, and yet of touching all his efforts by the radiant light of prudent benevolence, was one of his strongest points; and never perhaps was it better illustrated than by the following anecdote:—Shortly before the opening of Saltaire, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, Lord Harewood, said to him, 'Mr. Salt'—he was not yet Sir Titus—'how is it that you do not invest your

capital in landed property, and enjoy the remainder of your life free from the strain of business?' Mr. Salt answered, 'My lord, I had made up my mind to do this very thing, but on reflection I determined otherwise. In the first place, I thought that by the concentration of my works in one locality I might provide occupation for my sons. Moreover, as a landed proprietor, I felt that I should be out of my element. You are a nobleman, with all the influence that rank and large estates can bring, consequently you have power and influence in the country; but outside of my business I am nothing; in it I have considerable influence. By the opening of Saltaire I also hope to do good to my fellow-men.'"

The wise manner in which he solved some of the most difficult social problems shows that, when Christian principle steps in to enlighten the laws of 'political economy,' it is no longer the 'dismal science.' During the year 1848—that year of trade depression, unrest, and riot—his sales fell off by £10,000 a month, yet he did not dismiss any of his hands, but "was willing to employ one hundred of the unemployed wool-combers, and lay their produce by."

Every question was scrupulously looked at by Sir Titus Salt from two sides—in its economical bearings, and as it was likely to affect the moral and spiritual well-being of his people. It has been well said that the "works at Saltaire have vindicated the spiritual nature of man, while seeming to aim only at the production of fabrics for the

clothing of his perishable frame; and, viewed from that point, they have distinctly added lustre to the highest wealth of the empire." The record of Sir Titus Salt's life is thus a testimony to the possibility of a truer relationship between employers and employed than that of the "cash-nexus;" and one which is at the same time a better guarantee of success even on lower levels. Surely we cannot be wrong in finding in the results of such a life an application of the wonderful words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all other things shall be added unto you." Sir Titus Salt's endless exertions and unsparing outlay for his people's benefit did not hamper him and militate against commercial success, but aided him: the money was well invested that was set aside for ends moral and religious.

He himself would have so regarded it; and therefore it may with all confidence be said that few careers more abound in high and available lessons for an industrial community like our own.

THOMAS DAVIDSON:

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

THE pathos that surrounds incompleted lives has been recognised from of old. "Whom the gods love die young," said the old Pagans. "It is better to depart and to be with Christ," the early Christians responded. And the idea has its roots in the deepest sentiments of human nature. In spite of curiosity for details, its permanent satisfaction lies in possibilities; it can rest only with the eye on the wide and dim horizons, opening up as in vistas of morning. The "might-have-been" is the magical talisman to move us—the ideal that lay yet unrealised and struggled for. As in a work of art, that which charms the longest is the combination of real types and real traits, with the suggestion of new and undefined relations which can only unfold themselves in the rise and unison of mixed emotions; so in biography, the most persistent element is that which is suggested but never told. Hence we can understand the hold which such memoirs as that of Kirke White, or of the "Earnest

Student," John Mackintosh, have taken both of young and old. The imagination completes its own picture; it finds the point of unity the more readily that in these cases the tender Christian resignation ministers such completeness as the story of external work or outward success, however well told, scarcely could. That the "Life of a Scottish Probationer," published some time ago by Mr. Maclehose, suggests such thoughts as these, signifies at once that it tells no ordinary story and reveals no ordinary character. It is true that we have little that is striking outwardly; it is rather the quiet record of "a beautiful soul," pure and elevated, but with no coldness or asceticism; of a nature full of good sense, sociality, and humour, but with rare refinement and power of thought; sitting loose to the ambitions that usually dominate youthful impulse; finding rest and reward in the joy of its own thoughts; and showing forth in varied aspects the Christian character in the most attractive manner. A slight glance at the main outlines will, we think, justify this, and bear out the fact that from the noble lives that never come to leaf and flower as lofty a lesson of patience and contentment and perseverance can often be learned as from the records of outward success.

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, on the banks of the Teviot, where his father was a shepherd. The home, though lowly, was pervaded by Christian influence; the parents being more intelligent than most of their class

even in Scotland. They were members of the Relief Church, and the father walked fifteen miles every Sunday to Jedburgh, "finding these intervening miles no obstacle to continued adherence to the Church of his fathers,"— clearly a reflective, independent-minded man. Doubtless not a little in the son is due to close companionship with his father in the years of early childhood. "When only four years old, he used to accompany his father on his rounds among the hills. If the way proved too long for the little feet, his father would leave him by the side of some whinbush with strict charge not to stir from it till he returned to fetch him. There he would sit for hours, hearing

> "'The hum of bees in heather bells,
> And bleatings from the distant fells.'

"Only on one occasion does his father remember to have found him crying on his return. The absence had been longer than usual, and the sense of loneliness had for once overpowered the little dreamer." He was thus early tutored to love of nature and solitude; and clearly he was even then quietly observant and discriminating. In 1849, when he was about eleven years of age, his father removed to a small farm in the parish of Ancrum; and the boy was sent to school at Ancrum village. He delighted in the beautiful scenery as he trudged along; and in after days he set some reminiscences of it into song. His love of reading here developed itself. He made acquaintance with what in after years he called

the "literature of levity," and came near to being enthralled by it. Sir Walter Scott was very potent. On his way to bed one night after a late sederunt, he chanced to tread on some lucifer matches which exploded under his feet. The house was awakened by the cry, "O mother, mother, there's fire flying from my heels." To which the anxious mother replied, "O laddie, laddie, if ye dinna stop reading Walter Scott, he'll turn your heid." History, too, was soon found to be full of attractions, and M'Crie and Redhead were devoured. The Rev. Dr. Nicol, their minister, had discovered the remarkable aptitudes of the boy, and recommended that he should be sent to a superior school at Jedburgh. Though it involved a walk of ten miles a day, Tom was delighted, and soon took a high place. "As he sauntered along the varied road with his satchel on his back and his Homer in his hand, he kept his eyes and ears open to the sights and sounds of nature. . . . He had already learned the Border ballads by heart. He knew not the words only, but the music, and would hum as he walked along the weird lines that chord so well with the sighing of the wind and the rippling of the streams." He was enraptured with Virgil, and deep in mathematics and philosophy, and he had already learned that there are thoughts and feelings that demand a higher expression than prose can afford.

In 1855 he entered the University of Edinburgh as a student of arts. Very attractive is the picture of the

simple life day by day, with the relief of the well-filled box which, at intervals, arrived from his home, to which he never ceased to look back with fondest affection. He was soon recognised as a promising student; but he had already been laid hold of by too great a variety of interests to shine in class-lists. The chief distinction he gained was a prize for poetry from Professor Aytoun. But it says much, both for his popularity and his modesty, that his fellow-students were so convinced of the merits of the poem, that they sent it, unknown to him, to Mr. Thackeray, who inserted it in one of the early numbers of the "Cornhill Magazine," with a fine illustration. "Davidson," we are told, "took this success very quietly. He shrank from any reference made to it by comparative strangers; but in his correspondence with intimate friends he acknowledges how deeply he was gratified." As for his friends, it can easily be conceived how proud they were to have their good opinion of the poem endorsed by so distinguished a judge.

In August 1859 he became student of theology, entering the Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. His theological curriculum was broken up by intervals of teaching, and for a period he was at Forres. Writing to a fellow-student he says:—

"You know nothing about the vexation of communicating the mysteries of number to an epitome who stares you in the face with large eyes, and expresses his conviction, in spite of common sense and what he deems a much

more important thing—the multiplication table—that 3 times 3 are 10, and 5 times 5 are 19. You know nothing, Javius,* of the internal commotion one feels when his zeal in the communication of knowledge is suddenly checked by some wretched essence of staring stupidity, who looks him in the face and gravely tells him that f-o-x spells cat! There is no room for imagination in teaching. I can assure you, Javius, you must never speak of an abstract idea, or a notion, or an opinion, or a conception — far less of objective and subjective. You must only speak of things that are as material and plain and palpable as the proverbial pike-staff, or, rather, the penitential strap. You must never speak of the winds that blow through the realms of history; you must only speak of the straws and feathers that show which way the winds are driving; never of the troubled sea of human life collectively, but only of the waifs and wrecks and the broken staves that lie strewn along its shores. Now all this is vexatious and teasing and cramping enough. A teacher is always in prison, his nature is in chains, and the business of his life is to be a hopeless unstriving captive. He must always live for a pattern or an example, and you know what sort of living that must be."

The humorous touch half conceals a real experience.

* This was a designation the result of membership in a brotherly society, in which he himself figured as "Flame"—designations that often gave a point to humorous turns.

He did not feel himself in his place as a teacher; but he did his duties faithfully and well. He found friends, and made his banishment to Forres profitable. He got literary society even there. "Last night I met Mr. Carruthers, of the 'Inverness Courier,' a famous *littérateur*, whom we heard deliver a fine lecture the same evening. Unfortunately I was seized with one of my fits of abstraction and unable to rouse myself. I sat dreaming of youth and of the days of other years, and scarcely spoke a word the whole evening."

He is consulted by his fellow-students on difficulties in theology, and can show himself a sage adviser, grave and earnest, with an eye to finding a broader human meaning under the old forms, without doing despite to the forms themselves. He preaches before the Presbytery in Forres, and gets "no end of praise from the priests, with the exception of one, who thought there was rather a *lack of catechism* (the phrase is mine, but that's the gist of his exceptions). What think you of Flame's discourse being lauded for its 'originality' (by the carper too), for its sententiousness, for being sparkling and yet profound? I have had thoughts of writing a commentary on the Four Gospels ever since!" Poetry can go hand in hand with theology in his case. On his return home he indites a poem "On the Hills," in which we have this fine stanza :—

"O western winds so soft and low,
Long lingering by furze and fern,

Rise ! from thy wing the languor throw,
And by the marge of mountain tarn,
By rushy brook and lonely cairn,
Thy thousand bugles take, and blow
A wilder music up the fells !
Thy whispered spells—
About my heart I feel them twined;
And all the landscape far around
'Neath their still strength lies thralled and bound ;
The sluggard clouds, the loitering streams,
And all the hills are dreaming dreams,
And I too dream with them, O western wind."

In due course he became what is called a "probationer," that is, a preacher in orders, somewhat correspondent to those of a deacon in the Church of England. The probationer "supplies" for absent ministers, or uses his influence to obtain a hearing for himself in churches that are vacant. We learn from this volume, that in the United Presbyterian Church a rather more exact and equitable method is practised than in the sister churches. A committee make up a list of all the congregations needing "supply," and allocate to each student an equal share in it. This system, though it may not in all cases work with absolute satisfaction to the hearers, has the advantage of giving the probationers a slight knowledge of the world in their movements from place to place, before they settle down in a charge. Under this "list" Thomas Davidson obtained, we should think, a fair share of the travelling. At all events, he had a chance of getting glimpses of the best parts of the three kingdoms. We find him in Stornoway, where he observes and seizes

the characteristic points both of Celts and Norsemen; at Dublin and Cullybackey, where he shows that he can respond to Irish wit and fun; at Lanark and Aldershot, at Berwick and Falkirk; at Aberdeen and Keith; at Glasgow and other places in the west of Scotland. Everywhere he finds friends and profits by new experiences. His notes and letters show a richly humorous, tolerant, observant nature, ready to make allowances, and to meet new men on a frank and manly footing.

"I preached yesterday [at Walker] in the forenoon and in the evening. They have a bad habit of keeping the Sabbath-school bairns altogether in a body in the middle of the chapel in the forenoon—a habit which, I think, is not to edification by any means. A good deal of fun goes on among the little people, and, as a check upon their procedure, a grave and reverend senior, grey-haired but sharp as a needle, sits as sentinel over them, and with one eye and ear directed to myself and the other to the youngsters, had altogether a busy time of it. He came in and smoked a pipe with me in the evening, and I was amazed to see that, after all, the good old gentleman does not squint either."

But the richest field of observation and humour he was thrown into was undoubtedly the remote Cullybackey, which, however, he found a rather pleasant little place, "with plenty of roads and walks about it, some of them going through woods and avenues, some of them merely through long tracts of fields with lots of houses—

all farmhouses, for everybody is a farmer here, and little wee farmies that just keep the family jogging and eating, and not what might be called downright scarecrows. On Sundays they look very respectable, saving their hats. Ireland is a great field for the study of the human hat." His sketch of Larry M'Kie, fiddler and farmer, shows that he could paint as well as observe.

"Larry made his appearance, fiddle and all, about six o'clock, and, barring the time we took to tea and several intermissions for smoking purposes, which Mr. Knowles [his host] himself turned to good use in singing Irish melodies, Mr. Larry M'Kie's elbow 'jinked and diddled' till half-past eleven o'clock. Larry had been in Australia, where he learned a great many Scotch airs from the Scotch gold-diggers, and now he is settled down comfortably to cultivate music and potatoes—for Mr. M'Kie is both a fiddler and a farmer. Also, he sings remarkably well, and the humour with which he renders Sam Lover's Irish songs is quite overpowering, I assure you. Larry has got the Irish susceptibility as well as the Irish humour, and when I touched the strings of his violin in succession downwards, he begged me, 'for goodness' sake, not to do that same; it was so murnful and melancholy like it wud make him cry; and,' he added, 'that's jist as shure as my name's Larry M'Kie.' He is as fond of his fiddle as an ordinary mortal is of his sweetheart. The evening was damp when he came down, and, to prevent her from 'ketching harm,' he had her secured in the

never-failing green bag, then this was swathed in a fine Paisley shawl, then he put the 'darlint' under his great coat, surmounting the whole with a cotton umbrella as big as a Lammas Fair Tent; and even on his arrival the first thing he did with her was to disengage her from all these securities and warm her tenderly at the fire.

"Larry is not good at a slow tune, or *chune*, as he calls it; but he comes out strong in 'jigs, strathspeys, and reels,' and he whacked off 'Tullochgorum,' 'Killiecrankie,' and the 'Braes o' Tullymet and Mar,' not to mention 'Garryowen,' and the 'Pradhestan Bhoys,' and 'St. Pathrick's Day', and 'Boyne Water,' with inconceivable *vim* and vigour. Altogether I liked Larry very much indeed; and Larry took so kindly to me that he begged me to settle down here, and he would himself take a *sait* in the church! I thanked him heartily, and assured him that I didn't think I would exactly suit the place. Larry then assured me, in turn, that it wasn't just such an 'obschure pleece as most people took it to be; for shure,' he added, 'ye mushn't have heard the song about it that I sung meeself twelve times over the night before I left Geelong, and not a sowl there but was waipin' like a Donegal summer, though their bairds were as long as the Apostle Aaron's.' I desired him to sing it, which he did with great pathos, and a very nice little song it is, and Larry is going to write down for me both the words and the music."

He has firm ideas on church building and church

decoration, and the question of due economy and means in the matter. Writing from West Kilbride, he says:—

"The time is past for open-air preaching. How I have rejoiced to have looked and listened at Stitchel Brae, and my heart does warm to the dear old square tea-caddy churches that our good forefathers delighted to build: they seem to say to me, 'We were built by strong-minded men, who dared to think;' but nowadays I must confess to be somewhat of King David's faction. I would not like to dwell, and I do not like to see other people dwell, in 'ceiled houses,' while the tabernacle is beneath curtains, *i.e.*, I do not like to see well-to-do people content with a shabby church. I should be willing for the ark of God to have a double ceiling if it tended to higher decoration, and if it were practicable and of any use. Hymn-making and church-building are very much the same, you see. I would have for God's service the very highest thoughts that the mind of man can conceive, and the very finest wall that the hand of man can execute—but for this last *no debt.* I loathe and abhor debt; but debt on a church!—bah! there is something wrong with the Church's Christianity when it cannot balance its ledger with the world."

Davidson's preaching career closed in 1866, when he returned to his father's house at Jedburgh, in the hope that a few months' rest would restore him. Instead, he grew weaker and weaker; but it is noticeable that the weaker he grew in body his brain became more active,

his humour burst out the more and bubbled over. As long as he could he read, he wrote, he indited long and pleasant letters to his friends — discussing literature, theology, and all manner of subjects—Boston, of the "Fourfold State," coming in for some quaint criticisms. Now and then he relieves his other studies by penning a stanza, song, or sonnet, certainly of no mean quality as we have them here. Here is a sonnet, "A Sick Man to the Earliest Snowdrop":—

> "From off the chill and misty lower verge
> Of autumn, when the flowers were all gone past,
> Looks, that were prayers, o'er Winter I did cast
> To see beyond thy fancied form emerge:
> Thy advent was my dream, while storms did surge,
> And if Hope walked with me 'tween blast and blast,
> With phantom snowdrops her pale brows were graced.
> Thy presence now, and my heart's fulness urge
> This word of welcome, emblem of meekness,
> Yet in thy meekness brave and militant,
> Leading flower-armies from the bloomy south
> Hard on the heels of Frost, and Cold, and Bleakness!
> Oh, when I spied thee in this yearly haunt,
> 'Life! Life! I shall not die!' broke from my mouth."

He was fond of children, and exulted in his troop of nephews and nieces:—

"I am well informed in babyology. I have such a following of nephews and nieces, I believe I must be at least a thirty-fold uncle; think of that! To be uncle to three must be as responsible a predicament as being father to one; think, therefore, of my having responsibility on my back equal to that of a family of ten."

The idea of death became so familiar to him that he could lighten the weary hours by penning odd fantasies, humorously setting forth his own relations to it; yet over all these exercises there is diffused a spirit of reverent hopefulness. A very remarkable poem on a Premature Report — to wit, that he had died — ends thus :—

> "Let Heaven hang for canopy
> Over earth, my dear abode ;
> For I praise the Living God
> Who all joy doth send.
> I, too, living, stand
> In thy living midst to-day,
> O teeming blooms and songs of May !"[1]

Even when he was able to do no more than creep round the garden from seat to seat which his nephew had put up, so that he might almost any hour be able "to sit in the sun's eye," he carried his pen and pencil with him and indited loving, brotherly letters, making quaint fun out of his own difficulties and those of his mother—his companion invalid—in the process.

"I don't know whether you would laugh or cry to see our going out and our coming in. I think perhaps you would do both at once. We sally forth in the forenoon when the sun has well asserted its power, each with a stick (the sticks are of hazel), and hirple along to bench the first. We sit there a good while (indeed, my mother has never gone any farther yet). By and by I start on another stage of my constitutional, and, achieving with

a *pech* (groan) the next mercurial bench, I cast myself down there for a few minutes, and so throughout the series, until I reach the well where stands the last of them, and whence I start again and *da capo* the process until I come up to my mother's station, where we remain until it is almost time for dinner."

His generosity and self-denial—his determination to give enjoyment and to obtrude none of his own sufferings, are seen in every page of the book; no less than his keen affections, his deep religious feelings, and his quiet hopefulness of spirit, which lay close to his quaint humour. And these are most noticeable during these last three years, when he was day by day consciously moving towards the grave.

A writer in the "Stirling Observer," in reviewing this chapter as it appeared as an article in a somewhat condensed form in "Good Words," made the following remarks, which we have pleasure in here quoting:—

"We can corroborate what is said here regarding the many estimable qualities Mr. Davidson possessed and the respect in which he was held, for well we remember the poet's emaciated figure creeping along the banks of the Jed, and taking a rest at short intervals, during which a small book, sometimes a miniature edition of some great poet, but most frequently the New Testament, would be produced and attentively studied. His poetical talents as well as his sweet disposition were fully appreciated by the people of Jedburgh, who, we recollect, spoke in terms

of pride of their gifted townsman, when his magnificent poem 'On the Cheviots' first appeared, and who felt his untimely removal from among them as a personal loss."

He died on the 29th of April 1870. We can believe his biographer when he says that, like John Macleod Campbell, "he spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an 'amen' to God's will." His college companions have raised a memorial to him in Oxnam Churchyard; but his elevated thought, his rich humanity, his humour, and his pathos, as preserved in the volume by Dr. James Brown, should raise for him a memorial in the hearts of many who may never look on that other.

WILLIAM ELLIS.

IN the year 1814 a young man appeared before the Examining Committee of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, who, to Mr. Matthew Wilks's question where he had been educated, gave the plain but suggestive answer, "In my bedroom." Many are the men who have devoted themselves to missionary work, since then, who could return a similar reply. The regretted Dr. Henderson, medical missionary to China, was first a farmboy and then a footman, and, in the latter capacity, would snatch a moment at his book as the carriage rattled along a country road; Dr. Andrew Davidson, of Antananarivo, was a bookseller's assistant, and managed to pull the pith out of many an uncut volume that found its way for a night to his lodging before going on to the purchaser, no worse surely for the service it had rendered him; and there is the great Dr. Livingstone himself, whose traversing-carriage did duty likewise as a reading-desk, adding a new association and a glory to the spinning-machine. But all these are

Scotchmen; and indeed we are somehow more accustomed to think of them in this passionate pursuit of knowledge under difficulties than of Englishmen. Why it should be so, however, is not so evident; for there is nothing national in the thirst for knowledge, so touched and sustained by the grace of God, that difficulties vanish before it and become its servants. The young man of whom we are to speak, in his own history, sufficiently proves this, though prior to him perhaps there was no one who could have so unqualifiedly proclaimed himself his own educator. "In my bedroom," he replied to Mr. Wilks without hesitation, and his after life, with its patient endurance and passionate devotion, was all in keeping with this unconscious but highly characteristic reply. The name of William Ellis has found a place in the first rank of missionary pioneers, and his life, passed amid great variety of circumstances and vicissitudes, is so charged with lessons of sanctified self-help that we are sure our older readers will admire as they read of it, and some of our younger ones perhaps may draw a lesson from it.

William Ellis was born in Charles Street, Longacre, London, on August 29, 1794. His father worked in a candle factory. While William was yet a child, the father, who had been piously brought up, became a Unitarian "of the most liberal and advanced type;" and there can be no doubt that William was indebted to his mother for much in his earlier training that helped to

determine him to the decisive step he took in the cause of missions. "With a fine person and a frame by no means robust, she was distinguished by great tenderness and sensitiveness of spirit, easily depressed and prone to despondency, which ill fitted her to bear up against trouble, or to endure the inevitable hardships of poverty. Her gentleness of disposition and her blameless life, however, gained her many friends, and she continued up to her last days to be very much respected by all who knew her."

Of distress and poverty she had her own share. Trade failed, and things were at such a pass with Ellis that he would have enlisted as a soldier had it not been for the claims of his wife and child. By and by he found work at Wisbeach, and removed there; but circumstances were still so bad with them that, in spite of sobriety and industry, William, a boy of six, had to take employment at the candle factory at the rate of two shillings a week—"winding cotton-wicks with one hand, while with the other he nursed his little brother, thus relieving his mother of a portion of her task, and adding his mite to the family earnings." Even at this early age a deep love of flowers proclaimed itself in him, which strengthened the more knowledge that he acquired. Mr. Ellis referred to this taste in after life, when addressing the members of the Working Men's Institute at Wisbeach. He said:—"Not a hundred yards from this place, I first became conscious of that deep interest in those wonderful processes

of nature, by which the germinating seed forces up the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear, until the valleys are covered with grain. Here again, when I was scarcely five years old, that strong desire to understand the processes of vegetable life, and that unspeakable pleasure in meeting with new, rare, and beautiful forms of plants, flowers, and fruit which, through all the intervening changes of life, have been to me a source of pure, unmingled thankfulness and pleasure." The love of flowers, we are told, "grew to a passion." This determined his choice of a trade, that of a gardener. In face of not a little difficulty he had learned to read; and had attended a Unitarian school in an intermittent way. Cook's "Voyages," which he had come across, opened up to him a new world, giving him an idea of other lands and other races of men, and investing them with an interest he never ceased to feel.

His biographer has said of this period:—

"A love of plants was always a marked feature in his character. When a mere child, one of his chief delights was carefully to preserve every seed he could obtain, and sow it in the tiny plot of ground that served as a garden, adjoining the house. 'I remember,' he said, 'sitting one day on a bank in our garden (situated on the north side of Upper Hill Street), with a fine, sweet, rosy-cheeked apple in my hand, and that, as I cut it, I observed the pips inside and wondered what they were for. I asked the question, and was told that from them apple-trees

came. Not satisfied by merely hearing this, I took the pips and secretly planted them, placing sticks above them, and watched for nearly half a year, but they never came up. The desire to know was raised; I felt a strong wish to work in a nursery garden, so that I might learn the secrets of the growth of plants. At length my longing was gratified, and I obtained a place in an orchard, beyond Mount Pleasant Bank, past what was called 'Osborne's Foot Fields.' There I felt delight in watching the development of nature, and was not satisfied till I had stayed out a year, and seen the whole process—the bud, the flower, the fruit. Then I aspired to learn about plants less familiar, the vine, the peach, the nectarine, and left for another place that I might follow up the study."

The record of the first sixpence he received for himself (what he had earned before had gone into the common stock) is very characteristic:—

'The money was given me for holding a gentleman's horse, and I spent it in the purchase of a small second-hand book of travels. I well remember two things in connection with this incident—the ambition of independence it awakened, and the strong desire to travel it stirred within me."

Before he was twelve he was maintaining himself by work in a market-garden, and not only so, he "contributed regularly from his small earnings to the support of the rest of the family, the only indulgence that he seemed

to have allowed himself being the occasional purchase of a coveted book."

His love of reading, it is clear, did not detract from his activity and attention to his work. The clergyman's wife noticed him, and said, "That's a shrewd, hearty lad; we want just such a young boy at home." Inquiry having been made, he was soon with them at Thorney Abbey, where he enjoyed many advantages, being trusted and respected by all. And he owed something to the religious teaching during the three years he was here. He then went to another clergyman at Outwell, in the same capacity, working sometimes in the garden, sometimes within doors. The love of reading increased as he grew up, and Mr. Hardwicke says the only fault he could find with him was "his disposition to loiter in the library and thumb the books." But his intense love of flowers was a practical corrective to any neglect of duty to which his studiousness might have tempted him; so that his master deeply regretted him when he procured a situation in the nursery of a Mr. Bassington, at Kingsland, and set forth for London. "The parting from his parents and brothers and sisters was a sore trial to them all. It was with extreme reluctance that his mother especially gave her consent. . . . But the necessities of the family, the advantages of the change, and the prospects of advancement it held out were considerations too weighty to be resisted."

Ellis himself records that the experiences of the first

few months in London were not such as he looked back upon with pleasure. He mixed with bad company, if he did not actually yield to temptation; but luckily the necessity that was laid upon him to do all he could to better himself brought him once more amongst people whose example was salutary and influential. He entered the service of a Mr. Sangster at Newington Green, where he found all the advantages of being a member of a Christian household. He was required to attend family worship; he had a room of his own over the stable, where he could enjoy perfect privacy, be studious, or engage in prayer; and, instead of following his father's advice and finding out the Unitarian church to which he had been directed by him, he went with his master to the Rev. J. Clayton's, where he received the deepest impression. He soon felt a strong desire to join the church, and was received as a member in February 1814. He began to take a warm interest in Christian work, became a Sunday-school teacher, attended the meetings of the London Missionary Society in 1814, where, as was the case with many others—a certain Mary Mercy Moor of Scottish descent among them—his heart was stirred at the accounts given by the Rev. J. Campbell, who had only a few days before returned from a two-years' absence in South Africa, visiting the mission stations there. In November he formally made offer of himself to the Society, and underwent an examination on December 9, 1814; the result of which was "a unanimous

recommendation to the directors for the young candidate's acceptance. Their decision was soon afterwards communicated to him, and before the end of the month he received intimation that he would probably be sent out immediately to Africa. Indeed, it was definitely settled that he should proceed forthwith to Theopolis. This arrangement was, however, subsequently revoked, and a year's preparation and training in England were allowed, while his destination was changed to the South Seas. There can be no doubt that this delay, and the opportunity of instruction thus afforded, were of incalculable benefit, and vastly increased the missionary's future usefulness." He had to meet representations and arguments, and protests of all kinds from home; and there was a peculiar element of pain to him in the case of his father; but he stood firm.

"The pain of separation, to use his father's words, from 'a son so dutiful, so good, and so loving,' was greatly aggravated by the religious views of the parent, who looked upon the mission as a fool's errand at the best, and open, moreover, to the graver charge of being a wild and infatuated scheme to propagate error among a distant people, who were much better let alone. The old man was a philosopher, nevertheless, and finding the task of dissuasion hopeless, prepared to summon his fortitude to bear the inevitable parting. The mother's trial was a still harder one; but she, too, learned to school her grief. Her distress was not embittered by any element of

reproach, and from the depths of a loving heart she could only follow her beloved son with her blessing and her prayers. The amiable woman's extreme fondness for her son may be inferred from a remark he once made to his youngest sister. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'you are like your mother in one thing, in which I do not wish you to resemble her—you idolise me.'"

He applied himself with all his heart to study under Dr. Pye Smith, attended medical lectures at St. Bartholomew's, and lost no opportunity of preparing himself for his work, even to taking lessons in carpentry and music, both of which he afterwards found useful. In September he was struck down by illness, and lay for three weeks. This is the first record in his diary after his recovery:—

"Lord's Day, October 15th, 1815.—After having been confined to my room for nearly three weeks, I was once more permitted, by the mercy of God, to attend divine worship in the morning, and heard Mr. Parsons, of Leeds, preach in the Tabernacle. In the afternoon I went to instruct the children in the brickfields near Newington. Afterwards addressed the children and their parents from Exodus i. 14. This was the first time I ever addressed an adult congregation. Felt peculiar pleasure in this opportunity, though much confused."

On November 9th he was married to Mary Mercy Moor, and they sailed from Corford on the 19th of December. After a tedious voyage, in which they suffered a good

deal from contrary winds and other causes, they reached Eimeo on the 13th of February 1817.

The London Missionary Society, which had been formed amidst the enthusiasm excited by Captain Cook's discoveries, had made the South Sea Islands their first field of enterprise. The earliest group of missionaries, who went out in 1797, landed at Tahiti, the Friendly Islands, and the Marquesas, in either place to meet only with death or disaster. It seemed as though there was no hope of a door of entrance being opened, when in 1812 a sudden change took place in Tahiti. The heart of the King, Pomare, was turned to the truth, and the missionaries were invited back to the islands, which excited certain of the chiefs to hostility against Pomare, who only saved his life by escaping to Eimeo. Finally, however, the insurgents were put down and the way fairly opened for missionary effort, and it was on this sphere of work that William Ellis now entered in the fresh vigour of his youth. A settlement had already been made at Papetoao, but after consideration it was agreed that Messrs. Crooks and Ellis, who meant soon to seek other quarters, should go to Afaracitu, on the other side of the island, and found a settlement there. Mr. Ellis, while thus initiating himself into the outs-and-ins of missionary life in the most practical way, would also be aiding his brethren. Soon houses were built, and printing begun, for this was to form a special feature of the new branch of the mission.

"Simultaneously with the erection of the printing and dwelling-houses, the study of the native language, under the instruction of the senior missionary, Mr. Davis, formed part of the multifarious engagements of every day. Mr. Ellis, though his residence in Eimeo was only to be temporary, employed himself also in clearing, enclosing, and cultivating a garden plot. His mechanical ingenuity was also brought early into use, and though not equal in this respect to his contemporary, John Williams, he displayed considerable skill, making in Eimeo the first wheelbarrow that had ever been seen in the island, and afterwards building a boat, in which he performed many adventurous voyages. The carpentry required in the construction of the house and furniture was likewise the work of his own hands. In fact, the life of a missionary in these remote stations had in it, barring the solitude, much of the Robinson Crusoe element, and called for like faculties of patience, tact, invention, and fertility of resource."

Without exaggeration, it may be said that Mr. Ellis could do anything, and was eager to do everything which advanced his work. He was gardener (as of old), compositor, printer, translator, carpenter, doctor, schoolmaster, preacher, statesman. It must be said, however, that he was not a good preacher: his influence lay not so much in what he said, as in what he was. It was the soul that breathed through the words that reached the souls of others.

The interest excited among the islanders by the sight of the printing was unexampled. The king came to see; strangers arrived from other islands; and the little sum demanded for the spelling-book, the catechism, or the texts was not only willingly paid, but the natives in crowds transferred themselves into foragers for bark or sheepskin when the difficulties of finding a substitute for cardboard began to delay the binding. Meanwhile the missionaries' wives were busy teaching needlework and domestic appliances. Mrs. Ellis unfortunately had an added charge in the illness of her second child, on whose account frequent journeys were necessary to the other side of the island for medical advice, and the consequent toil and danger were very great. Pomare remained a true friend of the "teachers," and with his aid a missionary society was formed at Eimeo, just when Mr. Ellis was on the eve of leaving for his more permanent destination on Huahine, the most easterly of the Society Islands. On Huahine they were warmly welcomed by the chief, and readily received a site for their station. Very soon a house and printing-office were built, and regular work began.

"The inhabitants," we are told, "not having enjoyed the presence of missionaries amongst them, were far behind those of Eimeo. None of them could read, and though the ancient idolatry of the country had been abandoned, and Christianity nominally accepted as the religion of the land, very little was understood of its

distinctive principles or moral obligations; and the missionaries had to lay the foundation of their teaching in the simplest elements of religion and general knowledge. The chief of the island was Mahine, a man of decision, courage, remarkable intelligence, and benevolent disposition, who became one of the earliest and most consistent converts to Christianity, and continued throughout the steady friend of the mission."

So ignorant were the people, that the missionaries had to take great care not, in any form, to encourage the idea that a favour was conferred on them by the natives coming to be taught. No presents were given, nor inducements of any kind; yet this anecdote shows that the idea had got a hold on the minds of the people :—

"On one occasion a young woman, who had been taught the use of the needle, after receiving a number of lessons and attaining some proficiency, applied for payment. 'For what?' asked the teacher. 'For learning,' was the answer; 'you asked me to learn, and I have learnt. What am I to get?' It was explained that she had received, and not conferred, a benefit; that the teacher had not profited by the time, patience, and labour that had been freely given for the sole advantage of the pupil. She was, however, encouraged by the promise that in the future, as she had now acquired the necessary skill, she should be paid for any work she might do for the mission family; she was also told that she might fairly earn a suitable remuneration by working for others."

While Messrs. Williams and Threlkeld, under pressing invitation, took up their abode in another island, Raiatea, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Barff showed their sagacity in introducing various industries; they planted the sugar-cane and cotton, and got out machinery to spin and weave the latter, teaching the natives these crafts at the same time that a church was building, classes instituted, and the work of forming a congregation going on. Captain Gambier, who about this time made some stay in the islands, and had ample opportunities to observe and compare, says, "The accounts of the missionaries are, beyond measure, modest."

The boat that Mr. Ellis had built while at Eimeo was now found of great service in moving about among the islands; and though sometimes, in the sudden storms of these regions, great risks were run, no serious accident occurred. The voyages were valuable, for they allowed the brethren to consult together and to aid each other in many ways. Though the missionaries endeavoured to keep apart from all political questions, the teaching of Christianity soon made itself felt in a desire to adopt something like a code of Christian laws. These were submitted to the missionaries, who could not refuse to aid in such a work, nor help being gratified at the marked progress of the people under their teaching. The presence of the government cutter "Mermaid" gave an opportunity of conveying some native teachers to the Marquesas, as the captain intimated that he meant to

touch there. Accordingly Mr. Ellis set forth on the voyage with two native teachers and their wives, to be settled among the wild people of these islands. Mrs. Ellis, meanwhile, had gone for the sake of her health, which was not good, on a visit to Mrs. Ormond, at Borabora; and returning, after being tossed about in a storm, heard that the "Mermaid" had been taken by pirates. Eight months had elapsed before the return of the "Mermaid;" and the effect of the torturing suspense on a system already weakened by suffering may be conceived, notwithstanding that the natives, who designated her "their little lonely widow," were unceasing in their attentions to her.

Owing to the circumstances which caused the delay, the Marquesas were not visited; but, providentially, the missionaries were led to the Sandwich Islands, where Auna and his wife were located. Before Mr. Ellis left, he was made to give a promise that he would return to them with his family; and, while still retaining his connection with his own Society, join the American Mission in the Sandwich Islands, which he accordingly did, amid the regrets and tears of the poor Huahine people. "One woman in particular, who had wept much when the sailors were heaving up the anchor, went out on the rocks at the edge of the harbour, stood waiting till the ship should part into the open sea, anxious to give, by waving her hand, the last token of affection, and

obtain the latest possible glance of her beloved teachers and friends."

On Mr. Ellis's arrival, he entered heartily on the work, enthusiastically studying the language, which he found nearly allied to that of Huahine, and aiding in the printing. Preaching, teaching, and exploring tracts of country that had not before been visited by white men, the time swept on, the most remarkable change passing over the people. But the ancient fire of superstition was not extinguished, it smouldered still; and an incident to which we must refer almost made it leap forth again into dangerous flame. In the tract of country which Ellis had visited there is a volcano, which was believed to have its own deities, with their priestesses, who now tried to inflame the people against the missionaries, on the ground that ever since they had come to the island they had bred mischief. Large sections of the people would have sided with them; but, on the chiefs being referred to, they firmly upheld the missionaries. In this they led the people with them, and the result was that the priestesses by and by left the island. The death of the queen-mother soon after this, in the Christian faith, did much to establish Christianity in the hearts of the people. An incident occurred at this time which very well illustrates Mr. Ellis's wonderful coolness and adaptability :—

" A sailor on board a ship in the harbour, while loading a cannon, had his hand and fore-arm frightfully shattered by the premature explosion of the gun. There was no

surgeon near, nor anywhere within reach. Mr. Ellis was sent for, and saw at once that there was but one alternative — amputation or mortification and death. He explained the state of the case. The sailor begged that Mr. Ellis would perform the operation. Thus urged, and knowing that there was no other means of saving life, he consented. It is doubtful whether he had ever seen the operation performed; he had probably only heard it described and read detailed descriptions in surgical books. He did not, however, hesitate. The arm was amputated, the arteries duly tied, the flesh and skin brought together, and secured by ligatures, straps, and bandages. The patient was left comparatively comfortable, and overwhelmed with gratitude."

Meantime Mrs. Ellis's health was so bad that she was ordered home, and though for several months—during which, in spite of many domestic pre-occupations, Mr. Ellis wrought unremittingly among his people—he also began to feel the effects of his labour, and to look forward to a period of rest as having become a necessity. An offer of a passage to America—from which a ship home could easily be found—at last enabled them to leave the Sandwich Islands, among the profound regrets of their American friends, and of the natives for whom they had done so much.

On his return to England, Mr. Ellis was engaged in advocating the claims of the London Missionary Society, undertaking lengthened tours through the country for this

purpose. We learn that there was not a town of any importance in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, which he did not visit. Those were not the days of railways; and travelling, especially in the remote parts of the country, was often laborious and tedious in the extreme. Journeys on the outside of stage-coaches, or in open vehicles of the roughest kind, often in cold and inclement weather, were a severe ordeal to one whose constitution was, doubtless, somewhat enfeebled by his previous residence in a tropical climate. His scrupulous regard for the funds of the institution on whose behalf he was serving, made him, moreover, almost penurious in his expenses, and he would expose himself on the outside, when he ought to have taken an inside place in a stage-coach. His work was also so fully pre-arranged that he had scarcely leisure for needed rest. Every day for months together had its appointed public service, or journey, or both; and he sometimes felt, willing as he was to devote himself to the interests of the Society, that his labours were taxing his strength too severely. He was subject to severe colds, to attacks of dyspepsia, and other evils incident to the toilsome and irregular course of life he was compelled to lead. A strong constitution, however, an energetic spirit, and a willing heart, carried him uncomplainingly through all, and made him happy in his work.

The effect of this work is thus described by his biographer :—

"Religious activity and sympathy with the benevolent

departments of the Church's work were quickened and revived in hundreds of places throughout the country. A new impulse was given to missionary zeal and liberality, and an interest in the condition of the heathen, never felt before, was excited by the graphic descriptions of one who had dwelt amongst the benighted races for so many years. Very many, who themselves afterwards laboured as evangelists in foreign lands, ascribed their first impulses towards the work to the effect of Mr. Ellis's addresses; while a vast number at home justly attributed their enlarged sympathy and increased earnestness in the cause of missions to the same inspiration. In the course of his travels, moreover, the missionary advocate was always a welcome guest in the families with which he sojourned. His genial, pleasant spirit, the fund of varied information always at his command, his enthusiasm in the object to which he had devoted his life, and the ready flow of his conversation, made him a most interesting companion; and he would often, without apparent effort, and in the most natural and unobtrusive manner, keep a large company for hours together in delighted enthralment by the charm of his fluent discourse."

During this period was published the "Tour through Hawaii," the controversy as to the value of Christian missions arose, and Sydney Smith wrote his unscrupulous if witty article. Then followed the "Polynesian Researches," which "was applauded by the contemporary press in a spirit very different from the reception which

missionary records had heretofore too often met. Like its predecessor, it was read extensively by a class of persons hitherto prejudiced against, or indifferent to, those schemes of Christian philanthropy which the book was designed to illustrate and promote. It tended, in no small degree, to raise the character of the missionary to the heathen, and the claims of his work in public estimation. It is scarcely too much to say, that its publication effected a revolution in the general sentiments of all but the most determined enemies of religious enlightenment and the mission work of the Church."

The illness of Mrs. Ellis had necessitated frequent changes of residence during this period. They resided for some time near Sheffield, and again near Nailsworth, in Gloucestershire. In 1827 a great improvement, so signal, had taken place in her health, that Mr. Ellis was encouraged to entertain hopes of speedily being able to return to the South Seas—hopes which were never absent from his mind, and did much to support him in his present work. These, alas! were doomed to disappointment; an ill-advised journey to Brighton so tried the strength of the patient that, though she lingered on till 10th January 1835, she was never able again to leave her couch. With all its alleviations, we are told, this bereavement weighed heavily on Mr. Ellis's spirit. "In regard to myself," he said in writing to a friend, "sadness and mourning have become the chief elements of my being."

In 1830 the London Missionary Society sustained a severe loss on the death of its foreign secretary, the Rev. William Orme; and after a short period, during which the duties were discharged by volunteers, Mr. Ellis, early in 1831, was asked by the directors to accept the charge, which he did.

In the office of secretary he worked assiduously, finding relief in literary work and literary society, till in 1840 he fell into ill health, due in some measure to his anxieties and unremitting labours. He was recommended to go to the Cape of Good Hope, but finally decided on a residence at Pau, in the south of France. Here he sojourned for nearly a year, and, on reaching home with renewed strength, he accepted the charge of the congregation at Hodderdon, where he did good work. Hodderdon had many attractions for him. It is between four and five miles from the town of Ware, and about an equal distance from the county town of Hertford, and its scenery and natural history presented great attractions to him. There in the society of his second wife, the well-known Miss Stickney, authoress of the "Women of England," whom he had married some time before, and frequently receiving visits from literary and scientific friends, he passed two pleasant years uninterruptedly. In 1843, however, he was again compelled to go abroad for the sake of his health; this time choosing the classic ground of Italy. He returned home much improved in health, and resumed his labours at Hodderdon. We are told,

however, that his mind was constantly occupied and his whole life coloured during these years of retirement by schemes of return to the South Seas.

Among the events of this period in which Mr. Ellis was personally very deeply interested, one of the foremost was the return of his early friend and colleague, John Williams, from the Pacific. Public attention had begun to subside in regard to the earliest of the Society's efforts, and had been drawn off in great measure to larger fields and to more recent and extensive revolutions in the pagan world. This comparative apathy was due, in part, to the disastrous effect of increased foreign intercourse in demoralising the natives, and lamentably hindering the beneficent influence of the Christian teachers; so that the reports that reached England of the condition of the people ceased to be of the cheering character of former times. The state of public feeling was further affected by the shameful interference of the French, which subsequently culminated in the forced usurpation of the supreme authority of Tahiti, under the hollow pretence of a "protectorate." Lord Palmerston, who was not then in office, had expressed himself very emphatically against the French scheme of spoliation, and had given Mr. Ellis assurance that, so far as his own influence extended, the contemplated wrong should be resisted by an unequivocal protest on the part of England.

That the missionary spirit in England towards the

South Seas was sustained, was largely due to the stirring representations of Williams and Ellis.

Mr. Ellis's hopes of return to the former field of his labours in the South Seas were destined never to have fulfilment; but God was preparing for him another sphere in which he should work with energy, and happily also with equal final success—we mean, the island of Madagascar, with which Mr. Ellis's name will probably continue to be even more intimately associated than it is with the South Seas.

Every one in the least interested in literary matters will remember that under Radama I. considerable progress had been made in the work of civilisation and in missionary enterprise in the island; and that his successor, the Queen who has been called the "Malagasy Jezebel," too cruelly set herself to undo this. She almost exterminated the Christians, and expelled all the Europeans, who appealed to France and England for protection. Ships of war were sent; but in the last result that attack was not successful. The Queen's temper was thus only made the worse. Conciliating messages and even presents from Queen Victoria were as little successful for the main object in view; but in 1852, an unexpected and favourable change came over the Malagasy Government, and this was deemed by the directors of the London Missionary Society a good opportunity to do something for the cause of Christianity in Madagascar. They wished a judicious agent to represent them there, and Mr. Ellis, as

we have seen, was chosen. It is characteristic of him that the moment he was appointed, he put himself into communication with men of science like Sir William Hooker and Dr. Lindley, in order that he might spend his spare time in the right directions as regarded the natural history of the island.

Mr. Ellis sailed from England on the 4th April 1853, and landed at Tamatave on the 18th of July. There he had to wait until certain messages had been conveyed to the capital. During the time of waiting, he employed himself in ministering to the native Christians, who, for so long a time shut out from instruction, thoroughly prized the privilege. The answer of the Queen was so unfavourable, however, that he had to return to the Mauritius, where he carried on effective missionary operations till such time as he could return to Madagascar to urge afresh his appeals for liberty to go to the capital. He did in due time return to the island.

At Tamatave he had to go through much the same experience as before, only now his difficulties had increased owing to the espionage to which he was subjected. But he was not to be beaten; and we have this report:—

"Objects of subordinate interest did not for a moment divert the missionary from the main purpose of his journey. As soon as the season for visiting Madagascar returned, he prepared for another voyage to Tamatave, first sending the Malagasy authorities an intimation of

his intention, and repeating his request for liberty to proceed to the capital. While waiting at Tamatave, his intercourse with the Christians was renewed with abounding profit. He found them in great want of copies of the Scriptures; and as all books were prohibited, and as the captain was unfriendly, he could only carry them ashore hid under his dress. 'In this way, and in my pockets,' he says, 'I managed to take eighteen Testaments and other books at a time. But my heart sometimes beat all the quicker when the bow of the boat touched the shore, and I had to jump down on the beach amidst three or four custom-house officers, lest a copy should get loose and fall to the ground before them. I generally spoke to them and passed on, breathing a little more freely when I had entered the house, locked the door, and deposited my treasures in my innermost room. By this means I was able, during my successive visits to Tamatave, to introduce about one thousand five hundred copies of the Scriptures and other books among the famishing Christians.'"

And further, we read:—

"The brief residence at Tamatave was altogether a busy and by no means a wasted period. The missionary's versatile talents were called into constant requisition, and, unlike his religious office, could be openly exercised. Thus he was called upon to prescribe medicine and render surgical aid to the sick and suffering. This he did always cheerfully, and in many instances with grati-

fying success. His photographic skill was also in frequent request, enabling him to afford much pleasure to the originals of the portraits, and to carry away with him many interesting memorials of the novel forms and scenes that came under his operations. His researches in natural history were prosecuted with his wonted enthusiasm, and many collections of plants in England have been enriched by his labours in this department."

The Queen's answer was for a second time disappointing; he was refused the desired permission, and now it seemed as though there was nothing for it but to give up the attempt and return home.

When, however, he had reached the Cape of Good Hope he found a letter removing the chief obstacles. At once he returned to Madagascar. He was permitted to remain in the capital for one month. A request that the period should be extended was not complied with; but in that short space of time he did a noticeable work. Not only did he bring considerable influence to bear as against the outstanding French influence, but he reported on the condition of affairs in Madagascar in such a manner as to have received the thanks of the English Government.

"The missionary's medical skill was in constant requisition. His house was thronged by patients, who had come sometimes from a considerable distance for advice and medicine, and he was not unfrequently summoned at untimely hours to administer relief to some poor sufferer.

It beeame evident to him that a medieal missionary would here find ample seope for the philanthropie exereise of his profession, and that mueh ulterior good might be effeeted by sueh an agency."

That Mr. Ellis was quite right in this partieular has since been fully verified by the work of Dr. Andrew Davidson and the Quaker missionaries. He returned to England in January 1857. But not to rest. He at onee resumed his missionary tours, and in 1858 published his volume entitled "Three Visits to Madagascar," in which, besides a deseription of the people and their country, their produetions, institutions, and eustoms, a minute aecount was given of the ineidents and events of Mr. Ellis's tours in the island. It formed one of the very best volumes of missionary travel and adventure ever published in England, and is, as it well deserves, still consulted and referred to.

Dr. Henry Allon graphieally tells how on one oeeasion when he was at breakfast with Mr. Ellis, a foreign letter was handed to him whieh he read, but of whieh he then said nothing, eonversing on indifferent subjects in the most lively manner. But no sooner were Mr. Ellis and Dr. Allon alone than the former said, "I have reeeived a letter from Madagasear; the Queen is dead; I must go." Death had eleared up matters in a more satisfaetory way than all the intrigues of M. Lambert and the Freneh eould have done. The young king, Radama II., gave promise of a more favourable regard to Christianity; and Mr. Ellis,

feeling that now the long-waited-for moment had arrived effectually to sow the seed, was eager to be at work. Not many weeks had elapsed before he was onee more on the sea, earrying with him missionaries to settle on the island. Unfortunately fever was rife when he landed, causing delay; but Tamatave was reaehed in July 1862, and Antananarivo some time later. Not only were missionary operations onee more vigorously begun, but they were set on a more solid basis: Testaments and Bibles were widely distributed, and rules laid down for the Christian eongregations. "Every Chureh member should be qualified to vote, and all matters of government and diseipline should be submitted to the Church regularly assembled. Irregularities regarding the appointment of Chureh officers had naturally crept in during the days of the perseeution, when their meeting together was attended with so much difficulty and danger, and Mr. Ellis suggested the rules whieh should obtain and which were earried—rules which have proved of unspeakable benefit to the Malagasy ehurehes.

"To Mr. Ellis it was due that the missionary effort was eoncentrated in Antananarivo, instead of being wasted by being spread over a wide area. By making Antananarivo the eentre of our operations, and eoncentrating there all the power of the mission for the first few years after its re-establishment, it has beeome now the stronghold of Christianity, and is making still rapid progress in knowledge and all the essentials of eivilised life, while native

preachers and evangelists have become qualified for carrying the Gospel and establishing churches among the native tribes. Missionaries now settling in distant places have ready prepared native workers to carry on the main labours of the district under their guidance and supervision. After three years of great anxiety and responsibility he left, with the full conviction that the work on which his heart was set was steadily going on, and Christianity gaining a hold among the people generally, which must soon make it difficult, if not impossible, for any government again to attempt its overthrow."

The welcome which the veteran missionary received in England was almost overwhelming to him. A large part of his time was spent in addressing meetings and attending conferences. But age now began to tell upon him. He continued active, however, almost to the close; his indomitable energy and zeal having some share in bringing on the illness which finally brought his busy and benignant career to an end.

On Monday, June 3, 1872, he was seized with a cold in returning from a meeting of the London Missionary Society; inflammation set in, and rapidly became manifest as pneumonia. All that earthly skill could do was done, and he recovered so far as to be moved for some time daily into his study; but the malady was never overcome. It had laid a fast hold on the system. After lingering for some time, during which he occasionally wandered and was unconscious, he passed away on the

morning of Sunday, July 20, 1872. One incident of his last moments was so characteristic of him, that we must give it in the words of his son :—

"Just before dawn on Sunday morning, while his attendants were watching silently and sadly around his couch, after having remained a while unusually still, he suddenly put himself as it were in the position of one addressing an audience, and then with distinct utterance, and in a collected and impressive manner, delivered a charge, apparently to the directors of the Missionary Society, begging them to excuse his failing to keep his engagement at Nottingham, as 'the hand of the Lord had laid him on a sick-bed,' resigning his trust into other hands, and ending by taking a most affectionate and solemn leave of his 'brethren,' and invoking on them the benediction of the Almighty. So startled—so awe-struck —were the by-standers, that they could afterwards recall only a few of the words that were spoken; but the strange solemnity and impressiveness of the scene will never be forgotten by any who were present. After this he lay for some hours with a sweet expression of peace on his countenance. A little after eight in the morning, his wife and niece had retired from the chamber, but were immediately recalled to witness the end. All was calm and serene. The breathing gently subsided into a sigh; and while tearful eyes were looking their last on him they loved, the spirit had taken its flight, and the venerated form was invested with the majesty of death."

Of William Ellis it may be said that to great earnestness and devotion, he added peculiar intellectual force, tact, strength of will, and general resource. Other missionaries there have been with, it may be, more refinement, more culture, but few have had more spiritual discernment, and united with it, more practical forecast and triumphant energy; he saw everything in the light of principle, and never lost firm grasp of essentials. Dr. Henry Allon, in the concluding chapter on his character and work, says well—"Mr. Ellis's patient industry, ready acquisitiveness, and versatile aptitudes, very signally contributed to the greatness of his work. His passion for botany, cultured by his early occupation as a gardener, enabled him to turn his opportunities of observation to good account, and to make important contributions to botanical science, as well as to introduce into different places important food plants. He was a good archæologist. He taught himself the arts of printing, carpentry, cotton culture, and photography. He possessed some knowledge of medicine and surgery—of the latter enough successfully to amputate a limb. He was no mean linguist, and early acquired languages. In his mental composition there was, too, an imaginative vein, which found expression in poetry of considerable excellence, and in those rich pictorial descriptions of the people and places that came under his observation, which made his books so charming." On the whole, we may safely say, that when, in June 1872, William Ellis passed away, the grave closed over one of England's greatest missionaries.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

IF we may judge from the opening sentences of that repository of quaint wisdom—the "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne—the charge preferred against the medical profession of materialism is not of recent date. And certainly much might be said in their excuse, even if we incline to hold that exceptions abound. For one thing, their duties require of them firmly to put aside all emotion at the very moment when sympathy and grief and pathos are most potent in the cases of others; and we know how powerful allies of religion these are. The steadiness of nerve, the clearness of eye, which are needful for handling instruments or detecting symptoms, and which a medical man must perforce encourage in himself, are more likely to be attained where a habit of mere intellectual curiosity has been formed, than where the feelings have been allowed to have play. It is true, that the very idea of healing carries with it a suggestion of sacredness, such as wholly relieves the sense of the repellant and disagreeable that may be connected with some phases

of the office; and that, bating the clerical profession, there is no class of men who have more right to assume the air of "privileged" persons. The difficulty in their case is, to unite the calm, self-possession of the man of science with the susceptibility and earnestness of the Christian — to temper the scientific curiosity, without which progress in the profession, or even faithfulness in it, were impossible, with the earnest thoughtfulness and educated feeling. It is no libel on the profession, at any rate, to say that prominent examples of this happy combination are not so frequent as could be wished; and that the cases where the union of these is illustrated in any striking measure—especially when, at the same time, there has been exhibited such self-dependence, assiduity, and energy, as would have been memorable in any walk of life—do not deserve to fall out of view, but to be kept before the eyes of the rising generation. We believe that the life of Sir James Simpson is full of suggestive lessons in this regard, and that much profit—especially for young men—may lie in following an outline of it.

Sir James Simpson came of respectable, hard-working people in Bathgate—a little town in Linlithgowshire, about eighteen miles from Edinburgh. His ancestors had for a long period been small farmers—one family sometimes holding the same farm for three or four generations; so that feelings akin to those of ownership were called into play; and when, "as in the case of James

Simpson's father, a son left the farm for other work, his early training bore its characteristic fruits."

David Simpson, the father of the subject of this sketch, was a baker, who had commenced business in Bathgate in 1810, after two unsuccessful attempts in other places. James, the seventh son and eighth child, was born in June 1811, and, at that time, circumstances were at a low ebb with the family. The father, in spite of great industry and intelligence, does not seem to have possessed the sort of tact for managing such a business in a small town.

For a long period he had hidden the condition of affairs from his wife, but a crisis came, just shortly after James's birth, which made it necessary that she should be made acquainted with the state of matters. Hitherto she had left the business wholly to her husband, contenting herself with the management of her household; but now she assumed control of the business; and soon things began to look better. She was a woman of great energy of character; difficulties only developed her more sterling qualities; she was gentle in disposition and sincerely religious—such a mother as makes faithful sons. She died when James was about nine years of age. But the impression left on the boy was deep and abiding. "In after-years he loved to speak of her worth. During his childhood her health had begun to fail, and he was left much with her while the other members of the family were at work. The memory of her appearance as she

knelt in prayer, which was her habit several times a day, continued fresh with him through life."

After his mother's death his sister Mary became a second mother to him, watching over him with great solicitude "helping him with his lessons, and storing his memory with tales of local superstitions, and cherishing high hopes of his success in the future." He had been sent to school when he was about four years of age, and his quickness and industry soon gained for him the top of his various classes. Lessons were very easy to him; he delighted in the school-work; and any instructive book seemed to be welcome to him. But he was ready also to romp and play, though his appetite for facts was literally insatiable, and he soon began to show fine observing faculties, and to take note of recondite appearances in nature. Even then, too, a love for hearing old-world stories gave hint of the antiquarian bent in after-years to become so strong in him. He was winsome and lovable as a boy, and had a voice of silvery sweetness. Seeing the decided promise of talent in the lad, it was resolved to give him a superior education. In this all the family joined with great goodwill; for they were always loving, united, and self-respecting. He was the Benjamin without exciting the envy of any. And they had their reward; for he was willing and helpful to them. His lessons were none the worse learned that he "was at the call of the older members of the family—running with rolls to Balbardie House, where, as the 'bonnie callant,' he was a

great favourite; or ready to keep the shop for a time, when he always had a book in his hand." His work sometimes, however, brought him trial. "I remember," continues his brother, "finding him sitting in the street on a very dusty day, sobbing bitterly, the tears running down his cheeks covered with dust. 'What ails you, Jamie?' I said, and he answered, sobbing as if his heart would break, 'I've broken the pony's knees.' I told him it was not his fault, but mine. I had ridden the beast so much for a couple of days, that it was worn out, and could not help stumbling. This comforted him, but he was very vexed."

It was a happy family life. The children were taught to consider their own interest as that of all the family. The father was the friend and companion of his children. The "till" in the shop had no lock, and was free to all.

By the time James reached boyhood, the family was in comfortable circumstances, and lavish care was bestowed on him. Alexander, the eldest, especially watched over him with care and tenderness. "He felt he would be great some day." When the social usages of the town and the prevalent free mode of living presented strong temptations to the boy, Alexander would put his arm round his neck and tenderly warn him: "Others may do this, but it would break a' our hearts, and blast a' your prospects, were you to do it." Having been thus spoken to on one occasion, when he had been later out at night

than usual, "Jamie was greatly troubled, and cried a' the night, like to break the heart."

Bathgate is a thriving town in the midst of a bleak country, depending much on its coal and ironstone, and the mineral yielding the paraffin which has become so famous. It has its objects of interest too; it is rich in flora and fauna, and has its "Catstane" and cromlechs inviting attention not far off—objects which claimed interest from an inquiring boy like James Simpson; which interest did not cease with maturer years. Before his school days were over, he had made many excursions here and there, making notes of these and comparing them with each other. "It might have been expected," says his biographer, Professor Duns, "that a boy like Simpson would be early biassed, in such a district, towards natural science and antiquities. It was scarcely possible for an intelligent boy to escape such a bias. . . . The industrial condition of the district is not now favourable to the development of these tastes. But in days not long gone by it was no uncommon thing for Bathgate weavers to take to classical studies, in order to be able to understand works on natural history. I have heard Simpson speak of one man, whose earnings at the loom could never have amounted to fifty pounds a year, who could write a Latin inscription of a species of plant or animal in a way that an accomplished naturalist might have envied."

At fourteen, James Simpson entered the University of

Edinburgh, where he found, as companion and fellow-lodger, one who was well fitted to exercise a good influence—John Reid, whose devotion to medicine led him, while still a youth, to be appointed Professor of Anatomy at St. Andrews. Simpson entered the art classes, where his position was respectable, but not distinguished. What is most notable in his life at this time is, the evidence of the home-influence in producing thrift and self-respect; for, though the family at Bathgate, now in fair circumstances, were willing to contribute to James's expenses, he was determined to make no demand on the home circle that he could by any means help. He tried for a Stewart bursary, and succeeded; the rent of his room in Adam Street was only three shillings a week, and he kept an exact account of his expenses, which, at the end of the session, was submitted to the family. "During the first session, we are told that his expenses were confined almost to necessary food, the other items being 'fourpence for fruit,' and a few shillings for second-hand copies of a French Dictionary, Adam's 'Antiquities,' Milton's 'Poems,' and 'The Economy of Human Life.'" "In the growth of his student library," Dr. Duns says, "we see the first expression of that wondrous variety of tastes which afterwards distinguished him. In 1827 he purchased 'Monro on the Bones,' Byron's 'Giaour,' a Church Bible, Bell's 'Anatomy,' Fife's 'Chemistry,' &c. In 1829, 'Childe Harold,' 'The London Dissector,' Paley's 'Natural Theo-

logy,' Fife's 'Anatomy, 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' &c. The entries are often curious, and their association odd. Under one date, and as a single entry, occur Monro's 'Anatomy,' shoes mending, and stock. Under others, vegetables and 'Byron's Beauties;' Finnan haddies, 2d., and 'Bones of the Leg,' £1, 1s.; subject, £2; spoon, 6d.; bread and tart, 1s. 8d.; tin cup, 14s.; Mary's tippet, 2s. 6d.; Duncan's 'Therapeutics,' 9d.; snuff, 1½d.; and 'Early Rising,' 9½d. The snuff and the book on early rising show how anxious he was to walk up to the advice of Dr. Macarthur [another gentleman from Bathgate, and formerly his teacher there]—'Sit late and rise betimes.'"

No sooner did he enter the medical classes than his singular aptitudes made themselves apparent. He took notes with the greatest care, interspersing them, however, with queries, and odd remarks occasionally upon the lecturers. Liston, the anatomist, was then the famous man in Edinburgh, and Simpson was much attracted by his power, his dash, and his blunt manners. He must have admired, too, Liston's quick eye and dexterous hand as an operator, and his contempt, ever freely expressed, for the cumbrous appliances then in vogue. The young student must also have fully sympathised with his loud demands for hospital reform. What would, no doubt, astonish many people—though it is the key to much in Simpson's character—is his almost feminine tenderness of heart, which threatened at first to make him seek some other

destination than that of medicine. "The almost womanly tenderness, which was his from childhood, led him to shrink from a branch of the profession in whose practice he would have been compelled to witness the most intense forms of human suffering. It was when looking on the great surgeon's work that he first began to grope after means for the alleviation of pain, when the patient was in the hands of the operator. After seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast, he left the class-room, and went straight to the Parliament House to seek work as a solicitor's clerk. But, on second thoughts, he returned to the study of medicine, asking, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?'"

He would relieve his nights of hard study at this time by throwing off funny rhymes, in which he had considerable facility; but when at home for his summer holidays, he did not let them pass unimproved. He took care to verify by observation, as far as he could, what he had read in books; and it is certainly remarkable to find a lad of eighteen or nineteen able to put such questions as Simpson now put, and to contest so ably the positions of scientific men of mark.

From earliest days, as we have said, he was a quick observer, apt to make bold guesses, and clever in finding means of verifying them. In his nineteenth year he records the dates of the arrival and departure of the summer and winter birds of passage, and speculates on

the causes of the migration. He specifies the spots in the neighbourhood, or around Edinburgh, where rare birds have been met with, and wishes to find out if there be "a law determining the appearance of stragglers, as well as of the birds which regularly visit this country at particular seasons." He refers to the facts which show that the swallow is in Northern Africa in October, in the South of England in April, and at Bathgate in the first week of May. With reference to the woodcock, he asks, "Is it true that the males arrive before the females?" By noting the space over which different birds fly in a given time, he determines velocity, with the view of showing how long a short-winged bird, like the woodcock, would take to reach our shores from its summer haunts. He criticises the views of Jameson and Munro on the phenomena of torpidity, in the light of what he had seen in the case of the hedgehog. Jameson's geological lectures, and his own reading in the same department, are taken as guides to unravel the structure of the Bathgate hills, but not with much success. He is more at home with the phenomena of organic than with those of inorganic forms. His highest powers of observation come into play when he has to do with the presence of life and its varied manifestations. Even his antiquarian notes illustrate this. He passes at once from the things to the thoughts and feelings of the men associated with them. The use of birds to the farmer and gardener is more than once referred to. In his notes on the weather, he com-

pares its changes with the habits of certain birds, and the appearances of certain plants, with the view of finding natural prognostics, which might serve when a barometer could not be conveniently consulted. He concludes that the quantity of air in the air-cells of birds, and the electric properties of their down, should make them excellent weather prophets.

Clearly for a lad who can set himself stubbornly to work in this fashion there is hope of a great future.

His father's death occurred in 1830, and somewhat interrupted his studies just when he was on the point of going up for his examination for his degree. He was afraid of being "plucked," but he passed with ease—becoming a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, in his nineteenth year—still too young to practise. He now took up his abode in the house of his brother, Alexander, who describes him as "ever busy, fond of wandering about the Bathgate Hills in search of stones and plants; assisting Dr. Dawson, the local practitioner, by visiting his patients, or sorting his laboratory."

In 1831 he returned to college, took his degree of doctor in medicine, for a time assisted Dr. Gardiner, and cast about for a steady appointment, being disappointed in an application for a ship's surgeonship, and also for the situation of surgeon to the small village of Inverkip, on the Clyde. "When not selected I felt, perhaps, a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than I have ever

experienced since that date. If I had been chosen, I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still. But, like many other men, I have, in relation to my whole fate in life, found strong reason to recognise the mighty fact that assuredly—

> "'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."'

Dr. Thomson, the professor of pathology, had been struck with the ability of Simpson's graduation thesis, and offered to make him his assistant. Simpson himself thus tells of the circumstance:—

"Professor Thomson, to whom I was then personally unknown, but to whose advice I owe a boundless debt of gratitude, happened accidentally to have allotted to him my graduation thesis. He approved of it, engaged me as his assistant, and hence, in brief, I came to settle down a citizen of Edinburgh, and fight amongst you a hard and up-hill battle of life for bread, and name, and fame."

It was whilst assistant to the professor of pathology, and under his advice, that Simpson resolved to devote himself specially to midwifery, with a view to becoming a teacher in this department of medical science. With characteristic foresight and decision, he immediately began to seek distinction in the scientific literature of this department. His papers soon secured the notice of great Continental physicians, and were at once translated into French and German. The high ideas of his profession,

which, in after-years, he never lost an occasion to set forth, were now what guided and directed his own practice from day to day. As a good specimen of his mode of regarding his profession, take these few sentences from one of his addresses to the students at the close of their studies:—

"Nature has happily ordained it as one of the great laws on which she has founded our moral happiness, that the performance of love and kindness to others should be a genuine and never-failing source of pleasure to our own hearts. It is thus strictly, as well as poetically, true—

> 'That, seeking others' good, we find our own.'

The exercise of the profession is, when followed out in its proper spirit, a continued realisation of active beneficence; and, in this view, a continued source of moral satisfaction and happiness to the generous heart. The objects and powers of your art are alike great and elevated. Your aim is, as far as possible, to alleviate human suffering, and lengthen out human existence. Your ambition is to gladden as well as to prolong the course of human life, by warding off disease as the greatest of mortal evils; and restoring health, and even, at times, reason itself, as the greatest of mortal blessings. . . . We despatch you as Argonauts across the rough sea of life—not in search of a shadowy golden fleece, but with a far higher and holier commission, viz., to carry hence the rich and blessed gifts of medicine to all the ends of the habit-

able globe; to give, as humble agents under a higher Power, ease to the agonised, rest to the sleepless, strength to the weak, health to the sick, and sometimes life to the dying; to distribute everywhere freely a knowledge of those means which are best fitted to defend our fellow-man against the assault of disease, and to quench within him the consuming fire of sickness. . . .

"In some professions and occupations man's principal duty is to *think;* in others his principal duty is to *do.* The practice of physic and surgery calls for the constant and resolute exercise of both qualities—of thought and action. It is, however, the part of a medical practitioner not only to be ready to think and act for the relief and cure of his patients, but *also to feel for them in their sorrow and suffering.* An unsympathising physician is a physician bereft of one of the most potent agencies of treatment and of cure. He knows not, and practises not, the whole extent of his art, when he recklessly neglects and eschews the marvellous influence of mind over body."

Elsewhere he characteristically lays it down that the best way to win from patients a full knowledge of their case was to secure their confidence.

Professor Simpson was now fairly launched on that busy career of careful practice and devotion to the literature of the profession which are often said to be incompatible. It was his habit—notwithstanding his rare original powers—to make a complete study of all that had hitherto been done on any subject on which he proposed

to write. Greek and Latin authors, as well as mediæval, were hunted up, and not only read, but studied; so that on one occasion when he had a difference with a fellow-physician in Edinburgh, this opponent, on repairing to the library for a little-known book, was told that the doctor had it, "Nobody knows of these books but himself." His antiquarian studies, to which latterly he gave a good deal of attention, and in which he succeeded so well as to become an authority, were the natural outbranchings from the pathway he, in this manner, so perseveringly opened for himself in the antiquities of medicine. Had he not loved to follow up the history of medicine to its source as he did, it is doubtful whether, after all, he would have been the antiquarian he was.

"His method of study was purely inductive. Even his first important paper showed how rigidly this method guided him. In approaching any subject in the literature of his profession, his first task was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the views and opinions of others; his second to test these by facts which had come under his own observation. In the MS. of his early papers there are nearly one hundred references to the literature of the subject—many of them to works not likely to be known by any one not smitten with bibliomania. But in his case there was no parade of authorities he had not consulted, and no marshalling of the ancients, as if they only had spoken and contemporary workers had not. It was his custom to consult authorities at first hand,

and when not familiar with the language in which the work was written, to ask an adept to make search for him. . . . As an antiquary everything old and remote had ever a potent charm for him. But the influence of the archæological tastes was kept in check and balance by his love for what was fresh and new. From the outset of his professional life he sat loose to authority and to traditional modes of treatment, and no man was readier to welcome new light from any source."

So intent was he on his professional work now, that his visits to Bathgate became rare, in spite of his love and regard for his family, who began to fear his excessive application might have a bad effect upon his health. "James," said his sister Mary to him, in 1834, "you are working too hard, and hurting your health." "Well, I am sure," he replied, in a serious way, "it's just to please you all." And no doubt this was sincerely spoken, for the Simpsons were always anxious to please each other.

In 1833, he had become a member of the Royal Medical Society, and met there with much stimulus and aid. In 1835, through the ready monetary help of his brothers, he was enabled to visit London, Paris, and other places, in company with his friend, Dr. Douglas Maclagan, with a view to observing medical practice. And he now found the benefit of that cultivation of the eye, which led one to say of him, that "he sees not only everything that is, but a great many things that are not."

Some of his letters home have a touch of that humour which he often afterwards found of signal service. This is a specimen :—

"MY DEAR SANDY,—I received your long, long expected letter only on Saturday. . . . The morning I received your letter I had just finished the first page of a most thundering philippic against the laziness of one and all of you, which I was going to send off by the next post; but I gladly threw it aside on receiving your welcome letter, and the very welcome news therein contained. . . . We have got some most excellent bread in Paris. It is beautifully white, and costs sixpence the four-pound loaf, or rather I should say the four-pound roll, for it is all in the form of roll, from four inches to four and more feet long. They are the most 'unearthly' looking rolls you ever saw. I have never seen a bake-house, but I saw two bakers emerge from one a few days back; they had only a shirt and a petticoat on, and no such article as trousers. Think only of you stalking about in a coarse white petticoat! . . . With kindest respects to Janet, Mary, the two J.'s, Dr. Dawson, and believe me,—Yours ever sincerely and affectionately,

"JAMES Y. SIMPSON."

It was on his way home from this excursion that he called on Mr. Grindlay, of Liverpool, and first saw Miss Grindlay, who afterwards became his wife.

On his return, he was elected one of the presidents

of the Royal Medieal Society, and we have his appearance there at that time thus faithfully chronicled by one who was present :—

" The ehair was occupied by a young man whose appearance was striking and peculiar. As we entered the room, his head was bent down, to enable him, in his elevated position, to converse with some one on the floor of the apartment, and little was seen but a mass of long, tangled hair, partially concealing what appeared to be a head of very large size. He raised his head, and his countenance at once impressed us. A poet has since described him as one of 'leonine aspect.' Not such do we remember him. A pale, rather flattish face, massive brent brows, from under which shone eyes now piercing as it were to your inmost soul, now melting into almost feminine tenderness, a coarsish nose with dilated nostrils, a finely-chiselled mouth, which seemed the most expressive feature of the face, and capable of being made at will the exponent of every passion and emotion. Who could describe that smile? when even the sun has tried it he has failed; and yet who can recall those features and not realise it as it played round the delicate lines of the upper lip, where firmness was strangely blended with other and apparently opposing qualities? Then his peculiar, rounded, soft body and limbs, as if he had retained the infantile form in adolescence, presented a *tout ensemble* which even had we never seen it again, would have remained impressed on our memory. 'You

are in luck to-night,' said our conductor, 'Simpson is President.'"

In the beginning of 1836, he was elected a corresponding member of the Medical Society of Ghent—the first of those honours which began to fall on him so thickly not long afterwards—and in the spring of the same year a chance of promotion as a lecturer in association with Dr. Mackintosh was allowed to slip, because he would have been required to give lectures in Medical Jurisprudence, as well as midwifery, to which he had ere this resolved to devote himself, and from which the other lectures would have tended too much to withdraw him.

In this circumstance we see another instance of that wonderful concentration of purpose to which he owed so much; and a further instance is found in the fact that, in order to become more thoroughly acquainted with practical midwifery, he, in May, applied for the situation of House-surgeon to the Edinburgh Lying-in Hospital, and, through the liberality of Dr. Hamilton, was immediately appointed to it, and continued to act in that Institution for upwards of twelve months. He had great pleasure in hospital work and did it thoroughly. Recently he had often asked, "Cannot something be done to render the patient unconscious while under acute pain, without interfering with the free and healthy play of natural functions?" He had carefully studied mesmerism and magnetism in relation to this, without result. But the idea had taken deep hold of his mind, and was yet to

yield fruit. In the end of 1837, he was appointed interim-lecturer on Pathology in the University, which raised his reputation, though he said afterwards that it was a mistake—that he ought to have been lecturing for himself.

Writing to Miss Grindlay, for whom he had already begun to entertain sentiments warmer than those of friendship, he says :—

"It was decidedly, as I can see now, rather an unfortunate step that I took when I accepted of the interim-lectureship of Pathology last winter. I ought to have been lecturing for myself, and by omitting to do so, have allowed others to get started before me in the field. But I shall try and make up to them next winter. The race of life is a long one in some respects; so long that I hope the advantage they have gained will only stimulate me more to exert myself with the hope of gaining upon them ere the end of it."

Meanwhile his practice had increased to such an extent that he had to rise regularly at three in the morning to get all ready before breakfast. On the resignation of Dr. Hamilton, in 1839, he became a candidate for the midwifery chair, and by dint of great effort on his own part and that of his friends, he obtained it in spite of his youthfulness, of which his opponents did not fail to make use. He was only in his twenty-eighth year. Immediately after his appointment he was married to Miss Grindlay, and began to prepare for his chair. Hitherto his personal expenditure had been of the smallest. The salary of

£50 from Dr. Thomson had been sufficient while he was assistant, and afterwards the fees of the extra-academical class, the small income from practice, and the moderate *honorarium* for his writings, kept him in perfect comfort; but now, what with the expenses that had been incurred in connection with his candidature for the professorship, and his extra outlay, he had for a time a severe struggle to make ends meet. But he had learned the virtue of self-help, and he was full of faith in his own capacity to raise himself to the top of his profession. "This thought upheld him, and he worked with a persistency, heartiness, and determination truly marvellous. After days of unceasing toil, he refused to give to sleep more than three or four hours. He laboured apparently without distraction, in circumstances in which to most men work would have been almost impossible. Patients began to crowd his house. From the outset he exercised a singularly attractive influence over the sick, or those who imagined themselves sick. Schemes of philanthropy got his attention, and he was overwhelmed with questions and requests of a sort lying quite outside his profession. While helping and healing many, he took scant care of his own health. 'Well or ill,' he said, 'I must work. In fact, I can't afford to be ill.' Even in the beginning of his career, his work was thus engrossing, and he gave himself up to it, heartily and enthusiastically. But never merely for the money it was expected to fetch. . . . Had the getting of gain been Dr. Simpson's ruling motive, he

would have looked more closely after his fees, and have given less of his valuable time to work that brought no fee. When urged by relatives and others to regulate the management of practice so as to make the fee secure, he said: 'I prefer to have my reward in the gratitude of my patients.'"

So, with a class-room crowded beyond precedent, and largely increasing practice, time passed on—the Scottish Disruption, among other things, taking place, and Dr. Simpson going with the Free Church. In 1845, he was sent for professionally to London; and, while there, was entertained at Stafford House. He was appointed a Physician to the Queen in the beginning of 1847; and an operation which he saw about that time revived all his long-cherished desire to find relief for such sufferers. "I most conscientiously believe," he says, "that the proud mission of the physician is distinctly twofold—namely, to alleviate human suffering, as well as to preserve human life." He therefore once more set himself earnestly to find a prevailing anæsthetic. Sulphuric ether had ere this been made trial of; but had been accompanied with many drawbacks, especially irritation of the bronchial membranes after application. Simpson set himself to experiment on other chemical substances; and, for this purpose, spared neither himself nor his more intimate friends. Chloric ether had, a few years before, been the subject of purely theoretic investigation on the part of several chemists—Dumas among the rest; but its

practical application in this way had not been dreamt of by any of them. Simpson, at length, found that the inhalation of a certain preparation of pure perchloride of formyle answered all the demands; saw it successfully applied in obstetric and other cases; and as chloroform it has become known over the wide world—one of the most beneficent of medical agents. If the discovery of chloric ether is not due to Sir James Simpson, chloroform, as applied by inhalation in surgical cases, is entirely his; and it is certainly one of the greatest discoveries of later times.

With his wonted ardour, he now set himself to make it known to the medical faculty everywhere. But to his surprise, he had a battle to fight. He found prejudice, in many forms, arrayed against him. The medical profession were divided, not on its abstract merits, strictly understood, but on the advisability of it; and much was made of the "moral ground." One gentleman wrote: "I contend that we violate the boundaries of a most noble profession when, in our capacity as medical men, we urge or seduce our fellow-creatures, for the sake of avoiding pain alone—pain unconnected with danger—to pass into a state of existence, the secrets of which we know so little at present."

Others urged different pleas, and the whole gamut of objections, sound and unsound, was ranged; and what wonder that a man of Simpson's quick and impetuous nature was stirred to say some hasty words.

Some of his own colleagues in the University of Edinburgh stood out against the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic. Attempts were even made to rob him of the honour of its discovery. One comfort was, that his gift was more readily appreciated at a distance. Foreign physicians took to it, and extolled the discoverer. For a while the attacks did not cease, but became more and more personal. This is the way in which he disposes of that one made on him by a certain Dr. Ashwell, in *The Lancet*:—

"In our professional duties omissions and commissions amount to the same crime in principle. And I believe all your reasonings and efforts amount to this 'Red-Indian result.' To prolong your medical prejudices, you argue that you and your brethren are entitled to perpetrate medical cruelties and torture on the poor women who commit themselves to your charge. I know you will in a few years *look back with horror* at your present resolution of refusing to relieve your patients merely because you have not yet had time to get rid of some old professional caprices and nonsensical thought upon the subject. . . .

"In the meantime, let me allude to one or two of your most prominent errors in the libel alluded to.

"In some particularly absurd remarks in your P.S., in which you seem to doubt the truth of the Bible relation of the sleep of Adam, you say, 'Dr. Simpson surely forgets that the deep sleep of Adam took place before

the introduction of pain into the world, during his state of innocence.' Now, I will not offend you by comparing the theological opinion of Calvin with that of Samuel Ashwell; but let me ask you one question. Is it anywhere stated in your Bible that pain came in with sin, or that there was no pain endured when there was no sin? If so, then let me add, *your* Bible differs from mine. . . .

"'Unnecessary interference with the providentially-arranged process of healthy progression is sure sooner or later to be followed by injurious and fatal consequences.' Hence all the railway accidents and deaths. If you refuse to interfere with natural function because it is natural—why do you ride, my dear doctor? you ought to walk, in order to be consistent. Chloroform does nothing but *save pain*, you allege. A carriage does nothing but save fatigue. Which is the more important to get done with?—*your* fatigue, or your patient's tortures?

"You quote Paul Dubois against me. He is a better man than you take him for. Piqué (Dupuytren's nephew) was here a fortnight ago. He tells me Dubois uses chloroform now constantly."

The religious objection here merely glanced at took more decisive shape shortly afterwards, and caused a great stir in Scotland; and Dr. Simpson had to write a third pamphlet to prove that a man did not commit sin in trying to lessen pain, because there would always

be plenty of suffering in the world to testify to the original curse!

To qualify these painful attacks came messages of more grateful savour from all quarters; and Dr. George Wilson, the famous chemist, wrote one of his most graceful and characteristic letters, from the patient's point of view, in defence of chloroform.

No sooner was the battle of chloroform over, than Dr. Simpson was interesting himself deeply in cottage hospitals, at the same time that he was busy in scientific researches that lay close to the proper work of his chair. An occasional holiday was much enjoyed; and, in midst of his many calls, he could afford a social evening now and then, when he gave himself up unreservedly to innocent pleasure; his children now afforded him another interest, especially a lame boy—Jamie—with whom he would spend hours in working out a piece of carpentry, or such like. His next great work in practical surgery was his experiments with metallic ligatures, instead of silk, for stitching and tying arteries. So successful was this plan, that, in spite of a difference of opinion, it was very soon adopted by large bodies of the profession, under the name of acupressure.

Hitherto the development of his character had been mainly on the moral and intellectual side; now circumstances were arising that were to bring religion, as a new power, into his life. He began to question and to feel the need of something which knowledge, however wide,

brings not to the human heart; and at length he found it. This determination was made the more decided by the death of "Jamie," with whom he used to spend those quiet hours in carpentering; but now, at any rate, he interested himself more thoroughly in home-mission efforts, and the work of evangelisation generally—never sparing person nor money where he was convinced that real good was to be done. "Jamie became a changed boy for many months before he died; and perhaps he was one of the great means (let me *whisper* this in your ear)—for God has raised up others—why my whole household has seemed to change to me."

One of the first fruits of this change was the desire to come to a better understanding with any of his colleagues from whom he had been estranged, and a new life in that respect was also begun. He was still as busy as ever in his professional work, and as interested in scientific and antiquarian researches; but all who were brought into close contact with him saw that some of the fire had gone—that he was more alive to the feelings of others and readier to make allowance for them. He was now visited by attacks of illness, which made it necessary for him now and then to seek rest and strength in change of air and scene—now in the Isle of Wight, now in Ireland, and again in Switzerland.

In 1866 the Queen conferred on him the honour of a baronetcy; but scarcely had the sound of the congratulations on that royal gift ceased to be heard, when his

household was once more darkened—another son, David, called away. It was a little time before he recovered from this stroke, but, by and by, he resumed his antiquarian work, writing on the sculptured stones of Scotland. One disappointment of his life he had yet to experience, and that was his non-appointment to the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh, which he would have much esteemed. Hospital reform in 1868 and 1869 engaged much of his attention. He had come to the conclusion, which he had taken care to support by a wide induction of facts, that in the greater hospitals, where large numbers of patients are congregated together in one ward, what is called "hospitalism," or the generation of special forms of disease, largely increased the death-rate. He sets down figures to prove that the numbers that die after certain operations in hospitals are four times greater than in rural practice. He therefore urged the adoption of cottage hospitals, and gave to this subject immense thought and close attention, and was unwearied in his efforts to rouse the public mind on the subject, because he had become convinced that the common good was involved in it. "The great disinfectants and antiseptics," he said, "should be abundance of space, abundance of light, and, above all, abundance of fresh, pure, and ever-changing air, to every patient and every ward in the hospital."

It became clear to his family that he was more "easily knocked up" than he used to be. Great care was taken,

but still he kept to his work. Journeys to London were exhausting; but he could not always escape them. The year 1869 saw yet more unmistakable symptoms of declining strength, and in April 1870, he was confined to bed, from which he never rose. After suffering a good deal of pain, he passed away peacefully in May of that year, to the great loss of his country and of the world.

We may say of Sir James Simpson as one famous French operator said of another in his *éloge* on his death, "If my friend had not found his way to be a surgeon, Providence had been unprecedentedly baulked of her rights." Sir James Simpson's was one of those original, divining minds, that are content to run quietly in the ordinary grooves, and yet are ever making bold excursions into new territory, and, hitting the right mark with unerring instinct, return to open fresh pathways and unite the old and the new. In addition to his fine imagination, which kept him always on the "search," if we may so speak—his keen, quick grasp of possibilities that bred in him the restlessness of the discoverer—he had all the slow common-sense and hard logic of his race, and never for a moment became a dreamer. He had little patience with mere schemes—"hobbies" as he called them, characterising them with no little humour at some length in one of his lectures—yet no man perhaps ever suffered more by the professional tendency to treat the innovator as the "man of a hobby." He had all the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," and was so keen in

discerning the practical bearings of anything new, whether of his own or another's, that he was sometimes hasty in his expressions towards his professional opponents; but most often the greater blame lay with them in the long run; and notably so in the case of that difference with Professor Syme, which unfortunately grew into a confirmed coldness between two men who had done more than almost any other two to raise the Medical School of Edinburgh to its high position. But it is clear that Professor Syme was not a pleasant man to deal with. Clear, powerful, self-sufficient, never doubting his own way, he succeeded by his firmness and decision rather than by delicacy, and was, we fear, little inclined to appreciate or even acknowledge that in another which might threaten to draw off attention from himself.

In spite of some faults—warmth, occasional indiscreetness of speech, and obstinacy of opinion among them—of which Sir James Simpson cannot be held altogether guiltless, there were very lofty qualities in him, which did much to counterbalance them. He was faithful to his friends, generous, and self-denying in view of the general good. It has been well said that "in Sir James Simpson, along with wonderful common-sense, capacity of push, slow plodding assiduity, and tact of a certain kind (for without it he could never have succeeded with his patients as he did), there was a dash of the impulsiveness that most often accompanies real originality. By reference to this, many reactions and changes of attitude

are, in our opinion, to be accounted for. When we get a Sir James Simpson—a man with such marked genius as would have made itself felt in almost any department of human activity—we must be content to make some allowance for occasional displays of warmth and hasty words. They are the almost inevitable accompaniments of that very apprehensive type of character."

Two things he deserves to be specially honoured for. The first, his indifference to money for its own sake, and his readiness to give advice, according to his own phrase, "as a friend." The second is his faithfulness to his early associations, his love for his family, and honest pride in his origin. This is a good anecdote, and aptly illustrates this phase of his character :—

"He delighted to recall homely recollections of his mother. When in the height of his fame, I heard a lady tell him of an industrial school for girls which she had set up in a village near Bathgate. 'And what does your schoolmistress teach the girls?' he asked. 'Some fancy work,' was the answer, 'and plenty of plain sewing and darning.' Shortly after he said to me, Do you know, the mention of 'darning' a little ago recalls a very, very old and precious memory? One day, when a child, I came into the house with a big hole in the heel of my stocking, and my mother set me on her knee, darned the stocking, and, as she drew it on, said, 'My Jamie, when your mother's away, you will mind that she was a grand darner.' I remember the words as if they had been

spoken yesterday I would like to give a prize to the best darner in the school."

Another thing still, well worthy of being signalised, is his love for the patients. He never sank the man in the physician; and never ceased to regard *them* as men and women. We have seen the high place he accorded to sympathy as a rare element in the power of healing and helping. "An unsympathising physician," he says so finely that it is well worthy of repetition, "is a physician bereft of one of the most potent agencies of treatment and cure." He speculated, he theorised, as Dr. Duns says, or took to strange ways of doing common things; but in all it was clear his ruling motive was the good of others.

This delicate consideration for the feelings of the patients which everywhere appears, very often imparts a lofty, philanthropic, almost half-unprofessional, view to his remarks. He is not solely intent on attaining new light on disease by the ordinary means; he perceives clearly, and never fails to proclaim, that the physician's first concern—whether in private or hospital practice—is the good of the patient, and that on the security of this good lies most hope of improving medical methods. Hence the value of such remarks as this, in his diary of his first visit to Paris, which are constantly recurring:—

"*May* 27. . . . M. Dubois made some remarks of about a quarter of an hour's duration over each patient, the students and himself standing around the bed. *I*

think this system bad. It would, in my opinion, be much preferable to give the *clinique* in a separate room after the visit, and this would be attended with no disadvantages. But it is very apt to frighten patients to hear their cases discussed at such length at their own bedsides."

It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear medical men who come from the country or a distance to visit the London hospitals, speak with horror of the off-hand and indelicate manner in which cases are often treated—more especially in certain branches, where supreme care is needed if the delicacy of the students is not to be completely destroyed; but custom seems in some degree to have deadened delicacy in those accustomed to the work.

Sir James Simpson's position as to hospitalism was mainly determined by such considerations as dictated the remark on Dubois' practice, and had it not been for exceptionally powerful influence these had with him, it is doubtful if he would, first, have so devoted himself to the study of anæsthetics generally, or, next, have fought the battle of chloroform so bravely.

FRIEDRICH ALBRECHT AUGUSTI.

IN the Duchy of Gotha there is much to remind us of the rich blessing which, even in times of trouble, rested on our early Lutheran Church, and in the village of Eschenberge, between three and four English miles from the town of Gotha, there lived, from 1734 to 1782, the devout and learned pastor whose name stands at the head of this memoir.

Though a century has now nearly elapsed, his memory still lives in the parish. His last resting-place is pointed out with affectionate reverence; and his untiring and conscientious labours, whose fruits are still evident, are lovingly referred to.

I was first made acquainted with his history by means of a little memoir which was given to me by a friend. We both felt a keen desire to learn more about so remarkable a man, and, together, we paid several visits to the place where he had lived and laboured for nearly half a century. Sometime afterwards I met with two more copious memoirs of him, one by his son, published at

Gotha in 1783, which, as well as the above-mentioned little volume, which is an abridgment of it, I found to be pretty well known.

The second is by an anonymous, but evidently a well qualified friend of the deceased. It was written in his lifetime, and unfortunately extends no further than the first sixteen years of his pastorate. It was published at Erfurt in 1751. By means of these works I have been enabled to revive Augusti's history in the following brief memoir.

I.

Augusti was born a Jew, and belonged to a family of wealth and refinement. His father, Abraham Eschel, or Herschel, was a jeweller at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He belonged to a Venetian family. His wife had come from Amsterdam, and was of Portuguese extraction. They had a house with a good garden near the river. Their beloved and only son, who by them was named Joshua, was born in 1691. Though their affection for him was deep, it did not lead them to spoil or pamper him; but with a wisdom unfortunately too rare amongst Christians, he was brought up in habits of strict obedience, order, and moderation.

His father, who was a devout and learned man, carefully instructed the boy himself, and soon discovered his rare gifts. He could read before he was five years old, and his father made him read the Pentateuch, questioning

him upon it afterwards, and every week he had to learn a psalm by heart. Thus was laid the foundation of the desire he always felt to study the Scriptures thoroughly himself, instead of depending on the explanations of others; it also strengthened his naturally good memory, and cultivated his talent for languages. He soon distinguished himself in making those little speeches, which it was the custom of his nation to require from boys on special occasions or before distinguished guests. One day, to his father's great surprise and the amusement of all present, instead of the speech which he had been instructed by his father to make, he delivered, with complete self-possession, one which he had himself secretly prepared. "This boy will be a teacher in Israel," said the learned men and elders, and his attention was soon entirely voted to study.

When he was only ten years old his father died. In order to keep up the property, his mother desired that he should devote himself to the business. All his own desires, on the other hand, were directed to going to Lithuania, in order to pursue his studies with his learned relatives there, and next to go to Jerusalem.

He had heard Jews who had been in the Holy City speak of it with enthusiasm, and had observed the consideration with which they were treated; he had read that the prayers of a Jew offered from the site of the former temple were more availing than those offered from any other place; and that if a Jew were buried there no

worm dare to touch him, besides which he would be on the spot when the Messiah came, and would not have to come from afar, like the rest of the nation. Joshua implicitly believed all these rabbinical fables.

At this period there came to Frankfort, as an envoy from Jerusalem, a Babylonian Jew, to collect money for the preservation of the holy places, and for the ransom of Jewish brethren held in captivity by the Turks. Such envoys are generally selected from the ablest and most eloquent men of the nation, and are received with great honour and veneration wherever they go. Ahron bar Jekuthiel, over and above possessing these advantages in a pre-eminent degree, was distinguished by his skill as a physician, and his great kindness and affability. Joshua was quite captivated by Jekuthiel: he never tired of listening to his conversations with the learned men, and the beautiful Chaldean psalms and hymns which he sung in their assemblies affected even the grown-up people to tears.

Every evening as he went home, the boy strove to get access to the man he so highly revered. He was not satisfied until, as is the custom with Jewish youth, Jekuthiel had spoken to him in Hebrew, and laid his hand on his head, giving him his blessing.

Before Ahron bar Jekuthiel's departure, Joshua made a little oration before him on the "Blessedness of Jerusalem," which, in spite of some inevitable boyish touches, did not fail of its impression on those present. Jekuthiel

inquired about the boy, and asked him in jest whether he would go with him to the land of Israel. Joshua not only consented, but hastened home, asked his mother for his best clothes, and wanted to take leave of her at once. She earnestly remonstrated with him, and got the rabbi to do the same, but without effect: Joshua was not to be deterred by the perils of the journey, nor the persecutions of the Turks. At last the rabbi was obliged to command him to stay with his own people. But on Jekuthiel's return from Holland, six months later, he came to Frankfort again. Joshua assailed his mother afresh, and begged the learned man to intercede for him. The boy's extraordinary bias at length attracted attention. The Jews count him happy who has seen Jerusalem, and the parent is to be envied whose son has worshipped there. Joshua was now eleven, and very vigorous for his age. It is the custom for Jewish boys to leave home early, either for study or for travel: this was an excellent opportunity and would be a great honour, and the fact that Jekuthiel was a skilful physician was another advantage.

At length the mother was persuaded to permit her only son to go, and the rabbi listened to his entreaties and the representations of his friends.

The journey led them first through the Mark and Pomerania to Danzig; thence through Prussia and Lithuania to Tartary. It was their intention then to cross the Black Sea on their way to Jerusalem. They visited, by the way, the universities of Brest-Litor, Wilna, Zolkiew,

and Lemberg, and made frequent halts. But it was from Jekuthiel that the boy learned most. The niceties of the Hebrew language were illustrated, and the legends and sayings of the Talmud were explained allegorically; he likewise learned something of natural history and medicine. Jekuthiel was a Cabbalist; he used amulets in his cures, and divined the maladies and the destinies of men not only by their faces, but by the lines in the palms of their hands. But the services he often rendered to the suffering showed that he was also a skilful physician.

Once, when his precocious young pupil asked him to give him the key to his secrets, he answered, "My son, you are now too young, such knowledge is far above you; but the good spark which is hidden in your heart will in time be fanned into a flame to enlighten yourself and many others. In the meantime you must suffer many things, and be content to walk in hidden paths, before you will be able to render acceptable service to God and man."

This was a prophecy from one deeply versed in the human heart, and it was in due time fulfilled, in a higher sense than he had as yet any idea of.

They reached the boundaries of Tartary in safety, without encountering difficulties other than the ordinary vicissitudes of travel, but great dangers awaited them there. The war between Poland and Charles XII. of Sweden had broken out, and their intended route was thus rendered unsafe. It was therefore agreed to go by way of Moscow and Astrachan. The company then con-

sisted of about a hundred mounted travellers, and they had to make their way through rivers and morasses, over mountains, and through deserts. It was hard work for our young friend, more especially that his conductor was overtaken by a serious illness, which obliged him to stay for some weeks at a Tartar inn. The greater part of the company went forward. Jekuthiel, Joshua, and the rest were obliged to return to Moscow to endeavour to find some means of getting to Turkey. Their host, a very good fellow, offered to put them into a nearer way of getting to Smolensk. Having agreed, they were furnished with fourteen men armed with sabres and bows and arrows, jovial, hearty fellows, perfectly contented, in spite of hard fare and the most difficult and dangerous paths.

At Smolensk they fell in with merchants going from Little Tartary to the Ukraine, and passed the winter at Kiev, where Jekuthiel acquired great reputation and gained a good sum of money by his cures of Russian princes and Polish nobles. Amongst others he cured a Turkish merchant from Kaffa, on the south side of the Crimea. In his gratitude, this merchant promised to have him and his company conducted safely to Jerusalem, and to render them other assistance, if they would go with him to Kaffa. This was quite in accordance with Jekuthiel's wishes, and he hoped to be able to ransom some captive Jews in the Crimea.

They started in May, a company numbering more than two hundred persons—Christians, Jews, and Turks. They

were accompanied across the Dnieper, then the Russian boundary, by thirty armed Kalmucks. Just when they deemed all danger passed, a hard fate befell them. About a day's journey from Otschakow they were overtaken by a band of Tartar robbers, who demanded their passports, in Turkish, Polish, and Russian. The leader of the band declared that they had passed a Turkish frontier, seized the whole caravan as a good prize, and had them driven along with the knout, like beasts. Only the Kaffa merchant was separated from the others, and allowed to go. Those who attempted resistance were cut down; those who tried to escape were recaptured. Joshua became the booty of one of these wretches, who, in true Tartar and Kalmuck fashion, bound him across the saddle of a horse. Others were tied to the tails of horses, and thus dragged along. The poor youth soon began to cry out because of great pain in the chest and in the hands, which were bound together and hanging down. He prayed for relief from the torture, but his cries were drowned in curses and lashes of the knout. He was obliged to be quiet; but his hands were so cut with the cord that it was long before they healed, and his breast-bone was bent for life from the pressure of the saddle. After nearly a day's journey he was brought in pitiful plight to a Tartar settlement. The cords were taken off, he was revived with some Turkish bread and a drink made of honey and water. His right hand and chest were anointed with some healing lotion; but he was for ever separated from

the rabbi, and all hope of seeing Jerusalem had vanished. Then the thought of his mother! The bodily and mental sufferings of a sensitive boy of thirteen, so lately full of life and hope, may be imagined.

He was now put into a dungeon, where for a time a deep sleep relieved him of his misery. Every day he was awakened by the knout to a sense of his misfortunes; and then had to put on the horse-hair dress of a slave. After a few days he and other slaves were blindfolded, and put upon horses, the right arm bound to the back, the left to the leg. In this fashion they performed a painful journey of several days, through forests, and over mountains and rocks, until they reached the Black Sea. Joshua was in a very bad condition, and after a little bargaining he was sold for three German dollars and a half (10*s.* 6*d.*). He was then taken on board a ship that traded in contraband goods. The interpreter on board, an old renegade, soon discovered that the youth was a Jew, and of good family. First by kindness, promises of freedom, and mountains of gold, and then by threats, he tried hard to induce Joshua to renounce his faith and become a Mussulman. But, even in this misery, Joshua preferred to renounce life and liberty rather than to abjure the faith of his fathers.

In consequence of the nature of his cargo, the captain put too far out to sea; and after a storm, which lasted for several days, the vessel was wrecked not far from Kaffa. Some of the men were drowned, but the greater

number were saved. Joshua and a few others clung to a rock, from which they were rescued, after having endured cold and hunger for three days. The captain was greatly concerned about the bad bargain he should make with his sick and exhausted cargo. Fortunately for Joshua, before the captain was able to proceed on his voyage, three merchants came and bought at a ridiculously low price some eighteen of the slaves, of whom he was the youngest.

His lot was now greatly improved; he and his comrades were at first conveyed in the baskets of the as yet unloaded camels, and the rest soon improved their condition. Joshua's new master treated him fairly well in order that he might increase in value. His fetters were taken off. He was assured that if he was faithful no harm would happen to him. When he was stronger, he learnt to drive a camel with not a little skill. The journey was often very fatiguing, over high mountains and through pathless wilds. Sometimes, too, they passed through cities, the names of which they were not allowed to ask. The caravan increased in number as they went on. One Sabbath morning Joshua heard one of the merchants who had joined them chanting in a low and plaintive tone the 92d Psalm. He was a learned Jew who had professed Mohammedanism, but was still a Jew at heart. Joshua joined in, and addressed him in Hebrew. The man asked in astonishment who he was and how he came into this company, but soon left him, not

wishing to attract attention. But in the evening he made an offer to buy him, and had to pay a good price for him, as it was seen that he was most desirous to have him.

With this man he at length arrived at Smyrna. Here a cord was placed round his neck, and a piece of yellow metal with figures upon it was put upon his forehead. These were the badges of slavery; and he was taken to the door of the chief synagogue that he might excite the compassion of those who passed in and out. Though his master was touched by the youth's fate, it did not prevent him from wishing to make as good a bargain out of him as was possible.

The Jews, however, show great kindness to their countrymen in misfortune, and in the East often collect great sums for ransoming such as may be in slavery. They are often deceived; and they were the more suspicious of this case, when they discovered that the merchant was an apostate from Judaism, a class of men whom they hold in abhorrence and fear.

For some weeks Joshua had sighed in vain for deliverance. Then, by command of his master, he drew up a memorial addressed to the Jews, relating his history, and referring to Jekuthiel. He stated that his master threatened to sell him to the Turks, in which case he could only hope for freedom through death. This had the desired effect. The merchant asked 200 ducats for him, but was prevailed on to take less. Joshua was like

one in a dream. The next day, which was the Sabbath, he hastened to the synagogue and on his knees offered his thanks to God and his deliverers. After the lapse of seventy years, the remembrance of this frightful slavery and the almost despaired-of deliverance was vividly present to his mind, and often brought the tears into his eyes.

We shall see in the sequel with what trust and resignation, patience and humility, with what tenderness, love, and sympathy, with what knowledge of human nature and affection for the Word of God, with what gratitude and self-denying obedience to his earthly superiors, God had adorned His servant, by means of the paths through which He had led him.

Joshua was introduced to the president of the synagogue, and received his blessing. The president solemnly warned him on no account to forsake the faith of his fathers, and advised him to give up the idea of going to Jerusalem. This desire had again been strongly awakened in his mind, but no idea was then farther from his thoughts than renouncing his faith, although the Lord, unknown to him, was preparing the way for it. He himself advised that he should be sent by the first opportunity to Europe, that he might go and see his mother, who must long have mourned for him as lost; and this plan met with general approval.

II.

After having been affectionately cared for by his benefactors for six months, during which time he fully recovered his health, and furnished with everything necessary for the journey, he took leave of them with tears of gratitude, and after a long journey by sea and land, he arrived safely, in March 1714, at Caminiec, in Podolia. He had been attacked by the plague, not far from Constantinople, but happily recovered.

At Caminiec he considered his future course, and decided to seek out his relations in Lithuania, and consult them on the subject. It had been his father's intention to send him there to complete his studies, and his desire to devote himself to study was strongly renewed. Afterwards he would go and see his mother.

At the house of a near relative, at Brest-Liter, he received all the attention he required after his illness. There he held many conversations with learned Jews. Their answers did not satisfy him; but they demanded implicit faith in their doctrines. Joshua was then seized with a strong desire to meet with Jekuthiel again, and to go to Jerusalem, where he hoped he might find him. A Lithuanian Jew, who boasted that he had been there four times, skilfully fanned the flame. They went as far as Siebenbürgen, but there again fell among thieves, who plundered and ill-treated them. Joshua again barely escaped with his life, and gave up the plan of going to Jerusalem at once and for ever.

At Lublin he saw his father's brother, who was a rabbi. By him he was advised to go first to Cracow, and then to Prague, and he gave him letters of introduction. Prague was then the chief seat of Jewish learning. He found the professors there greatly excited by reports of the wonderful learning, more particularly knowledge of the Cabala, and even of magic, of a man who was said to be a forerunner of the Messiah. They strongly advised Joshua to seek his acquaintance. But on the journey to Paiskow for this purpose, the Lord let him see plainly that this undertaking was not in accordance with His will, for he was nearly drowned in crossing the Nidda, and his escape was looked upon as a miracle.

This wonderful personage, after unsuccessfully treating a noble lady in her confinement, was imprisoned as an impostor, and Joshua returned to Prague.

He was very well received there. His descent, his adventurous life, his attainments and industry, his attractive manners and appearance, inclined all hearts towards him. At the Jewish universities for distinguished young men who wish to devote themselves to the study of the Talmud, not only are arrangements made for their residence free of cost, but wealthy families vie with each other in lodging, boarding, and clothing them. They even provide them with money for travelling, and the students are allowed to change their residence every year or half year; so that here Joshua wanted for nothing.

He was especially desirous of studying the records of

divine revelation. As in the corrupt state of Christendom before the time of Luther human treatises were esteemed even above the Word of God, which was regarded as defective and unintelligible without their aid; so the Talmud was and is considered by nearly all Jewish teachers as the necessary supplement to the books of Moses, and is even set above them.

At Cracow and Prague Joshua availed himself of every opportunity, though such were rare, of acquiring more knowledge of the sacred writings and of their language; but he by no means neglected the study of the Talmud. On the contrary, he adhered to it with reverent and child-like faith, and, in accordance with Jekuthiel's teaching, hoped to discover a profound meaning even in its extravagances and mysteries. But, in spite of his unremitting industry, his longing for light remained unsatisfied. He resolved to make researches into cabalistic learning. This idea turned his attention towards Italy, as he had learned that he might obtain instruction from Italian Jews. First, however, he would visit his old home. Before leaving Prague, where he had been several years, he obtained the honour of the Morêna, or, as we should say, the doctor's degree, in virtue of the composition and defence of his treatise on the death of Moses. With this was combined the right to teach publicly.

To the great delight of his mother, and the joy of his countrymen, he at length arrived at Frankfort. The boy of whom such high hopes had been entertained had,

indeed, attained to the dignity of a rabbi. He was now nearly thirty years of age; and, according to the Jewish law, a man is then qualified for public offices, and he might have reckoned on high honours. At Prague, too, some of the most distinguished rabbis were bent upon his making a wealthy marriage; but his consciousness of the imperfection of his learning, his holy desire for clearness and thoroughness in his knowledge of divine truth, however mistaken his views of it might be, overcame any wish for riches, honour, or other earthly good. After staying three months at Frankfort, he again bade adieu to his mother and friends; and, taking sufficient of his patrimony for his projects, he intended to proceed by way of Berlin, Dessau, and Halberstadt to Hamburg. God, however, had other plans for him. At Halberstadt he was attacked by a violent fever, which laid him on a sick bed for a long time. The chief men of the synagogue urged him to spend the winter there, that he might entirely regain strength. By various chances and mischances, as we might say, he was now led by God's highway to the real end of our earthly existence, into liberty from the bondage of delusion and sin.

Among the Jews of Halberstadt and the neighbourhood, there had crept in certain serious errors of doctrine which the chief rabbi was entirely unable to remove, because he was himself involved in the controversy. They chose Joshua Herschel as umpire, and he was obliged to yield to their solicitations, although he tried hard to excuse himself on

the plea of youth and his wish to proceed upon his journey.

Armed with a document signed by the chief rabbi and chief priest, he visited all the communities which were involved in the strife. He investigated all the grounds of it, which were found mostly to relate to external arrangements. His knowledge of the world and of mankind, and his experience among his own nation, stood him in good stead, and he succeeded to the general satisfaction in restoring harmony. A full reconciliation took place in the house of a wealthy Jew, named Wallich, connected with the court at Sondershausen.

It had not been Joshua's intention to stay long in this insignificant place, which appeared so ill adapted for the objects he had in view; but again God made it subservient to His purposes.

As winter was approaching, and his health was still weak, he yielded to the request of Wallich and the Jews of the neighbourhood to stay amongst them for a time, and to undertake the office of a teacher. Another attraction was that Wallich had a collection of books relating to all branches of Jewish learning, and he promised in the spring to accompany Herschel to Amsterdam. Here he was destined to find what he had not yet found in all his travels—the clear light of truth and peace in the soul.

Wallich, who was a zealous Jew, was to be the immediate instrument, though without any intention of being so.

"The dearer the child, the harder the stripes." Joshua was once more to experience his own utter helplessness, notwithstanding his varied gifts, in order that he might more readily learn to submit to God's leadings in spiritual things. During a November night of the year 1720, whilst Wallich was absent on a journey, Herschel suddenly saw at his bedside three men with blackened faces, and armed with pistols and sabres. They stopped his mouth, held to his nose a paper that burnt with a blue flame, and one of them gave him a blow on the nape of the neck with a crowbar which stunned him. Towards morning it was discovered that the house had been broken into. The unfortunate man was found, to all appearance dead, under the bed, which had been thrown upon him. They untied his hands and feet and sent for medical aid, when it was discovered that he still breathed. There was, however, little hope of his recovery on account of the blow on the neck.

Prince Günther sent his own surgeon to attend him. He revived, but his state was pitiable; he could neither eat, speak, nor sleep. The cord with which he had been bound had so cut into his hands that it could only be removed bit by bit after having been well oiled. One of the burglars had proposed to cut his throat, but was prevented just in time by one of the others. In this condition he was removed to the house of the court apothecary. The apothecary was a humane and experienced man, and tried every means to restore him. At

length it occurred to him to administer nicotine in very small doses; by assiduous endeavours he induced the rabbi to smoke, and the tobacco produced a good effect. Sensation was restored, he sank into a sleep which lasted for ten hours. Much to the astonishment of all present, he woke up in a state of consciousness and greatly refreshed. By the use of various means, one bad symptom after another gave way. At the end of three months he had entirely recovered; once more a miracle in the eyes of many.

Of the many misfortunes which had befallen Joshua, he always declared that this was the most frightful, and for a long time afterwards he started up in alarm out of sleep at the hour at which it happened.

Herschel loved his own people ardently. He knew better than most what great advantages they enjoyed over many other nations. He was proud of them. And they had given him unmistakable proofs of the love and esteem which his learning, his zeal, the services he had rendered, and his severe misfortunes had won for him. It was also well known that he avoided intercourse with Christians, and that the sight of a crucifix was repulsive to him. He shared the opinion that we worship images of the malefactor on the cross and practise revolting idolatry. He had been acquainted with the Scriptures from childhood, and in his journeys had observed the general neglect of them, and the consequent ignorance and retrogression. His eyes had also been opened to the tyranny of the

rabbis. He saw that they endeavoured to keep the people in a state of slavish obedience by sophistry, fables, dogmas, and excommunications, and that they imposed outward observances, which were purely their own invention, and which were laughed at by the better educated Jews in the East, in Germany, and in Portugal, upon the Polish youths as both necessary and binding.

He was pained at the indifference shown towards religion by most of the wealthy Jews, who, satisfied with their own lot, neither troubled themselves about the Messiah nor about their own souls; they paid for fasts and prayers, and if besides this they gave alms liberally, thought themselves quite secure of the first place in Abraham's bosom. He, however, attributed all these evils to the present degenerate state of his own order, and had not the least suspicion of their true ground. As for Christianity, when at Prague he conceived the idea of publishing a popular edition of a well-known Jewish work, full of reproach and mockery of the New Testament, with many explanations and additions.

This project was overruled by God, as the means of first putting the New Testament into his hands. He read it diligently for the object he had in view. Its representations of the Messiah did not at all correspond with his preconceived notions; and he afterwards confessed that he was often startled and touched by its incomparable doctrines in their simple garb, and its exact agreement with the Old Testament. There it ended, however. He

considered the book nothing but a clever artifice, in which the prophecies of the Messiah were dexterously interwoven. He still regarded Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified Saviour of the Christians, with abhorrence.

About this period, it happened that a prince of the house of Schwarzburg died. The court Jew Wallich considered it his duty to testify his sympathy on the occasion; and in his discourse on the subject, made use of an expression implying that the prince was now in heaven (*hochselige Prinz*). Prince Günther, who was an earnest Christian, and, as was usual in those times in Lutheran countries, well informed in matters relating to religion and the church, censured the expression as hypocritical, because, according to the principles of a Jew, he could not believe in the salvation of a Christian. Wallich applied to the rabbi, who told him that salvation could not be denied to all *Gojim* (heathens) and Gentiles. The prince, wishing to investigate the subject further, sent for the rabbi, who told him that in Rabbi Jehuda's "Book of the Pious" it is said that if a Christian lives devoutly, keeps the seven commandments of Noah, and does good to the Jews, he cannot be denied a certain happiness in the next world. It was therefore allowable to speak of a Christian as saved. The prince was satisfied; and, as Herschel left, he recommended him to pay a visit to the superintendent,* as he was well versed in the Jewish learning. Wallich persuaded him to do so, and

* An office in the Lutheran Church.

himself accompanied him. Superintendent Reinhard received them cordially, was pleased to make the acquaintance of so remarkable a man, who, on his part, was much astonished to meet with a Christian teacher who could speak Hebrew and showed no slight acquaintance with Jewish learning. The question about salvation was discussed, and then the rabbi proposed to take leave, for he felt repulsed at the sight of a crucifix. Reinhard, observing this, took occasion to explain to him that God having in Christ revealed Himself to man in human form, and commanded us to keep the work, teaching, and example of the Crucified One in constant remembrance, the image was intended only to serve this purpose.

With his characteristic firmness and humility, he mentioned several passages in the prophets foretelling a suffering Messiah. The rabbi, however, endeavoured to confute them with the usual arguments; and he and his companion took their leave. He was pleased at making the acquaintance of so amiable and learned a man; but what a pity that he was a Christian!

It was his intention shortly to take his departure, but he wished to avail himself of Wallich's excellent library in order to complete a Commentary on Isaiah which he had begun at Prague. The ancient prophet, whom the fathers of the Christian Church called "the Evangelist of the Old Testament," took a stronger hold of Herschel's mind than Reinhard had done. He was now led earnestly to desire to understand the revealed word (mostly so clear in

its meaning and connection) without the subtle explanations of human wisdom. He was as if enchained by the fifty-third chapter. The more he struggled against his convictions, the less he could free himself. He consulted the commentaries, but none of them gave him any satisfaction. The subject became more and more clear to him. He could find nothing in the Scriptures to favour the idea of some Jewish teachers that there were to be two Messiahs—a suffering one and another coming in glory; everything in his idea pointed to Christ, the Son of David.

Still the idea of His passing through sufferings so deep and ignominious seemed degrading and unworthy of Him; and, in the light of human wisdom, who can gainsay it? Did not David say of God's mysteries, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it?"

He felt inclined to dismiss the subject; but disquietude had taken possession of him, and he felt impelled to go on. At length it occurred to him to consult Reinhard as to what experienced Christian teachers had said of this chapter; but it was not until after long hesitation that he resolved to go. Whatever Reinhard's explanation might be, he should learn something from it. Reinhard listened with his usual kindness, and offered to place side by side the opinions of Jewish and Christian teachers. Herschel could then judge for himself. Herschel agreed, and Reinhard endeavoured to show him in the simplest

manner, and mostly from the Scriptures themselves, that the passage could relate to no other than the Messiah, the Son of David; that the prophecies in it were fulfilled by His sufferings, death, and resurrection; and that whoever applied them to any one else must do violence to the text. So far good. But a suffering, an insulted, a crucified Messiah! How repulsive! Reinhard's endeavour to show that it was precisely such that He must be if the object of His coming was to be fulfilled, if through His stripes we are to be healed, could not yet be received; and Herschel left him after again stating his objections.

Again, like the "more noble" of his nation of old, "he searched diligently the writings of Moses and the prophets, to see if these things were so." The more he studied, the more thoroughly he was convinced that the Scriptures did not agree with the Talmud and the rabbis; that more must be looked for from the Messiah than a physical and temporal redemption; and that the indications of time in the Scriptures did not accord with the expectation of a Messiah yet to come. According to the prophecies of Micah, Haggai, and Malachi, He was to come while a Bethlehem in Judah, a temple and sacrifice, and the race of David still existed. But these had all disappeared,—the last even according to the Talmud itself. It appeared to him even more incontrovertible that Jesus of Nazareth must be the Messiah. Still he was bound by a hundred tender yet powerful bonds to his people—the Lord's chosen and peculiar people. He

was at the turning-point. In his anguish he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed to the God of his fathers that his way might be made plain. He received an indication that his prayer would be graciously heard, for a feeling of comfort, "as one whom his mother comforteth," a peace of the soul, came over him. His desire became stronger, and his resolution firm, to seek Him whom he now perceived at a distance, until he found Him.

Reinhard, he now saw plainly, was the only man who would understand him. He hastened to Reinhard, and told him what had been passing through his mind. Reinhard was surprised and rejoiced, but, with his usual discretion, he controlled his feelings, and subjected the matter to the strictest investigation. He warned him against haste; reminded him how he was beloved and esteemed by his people; how, that, if he remained amongst them, honours and privileges awaited him; represented the struggles which were before him if he separated from them; that poverty and contempt would be his portion; and besought him to remain amongst his brethren unless he left them with entirely disinterested motives.

This brought the tears into Herschel's eyes: he had not expected such a suspicion from Reinhard, and it deeply pained him. "Doctor," he replied, "if it were any question of temporal advantage, I should certainly remain with my people; but neither my patrimony, nor

my beloved mother, who has already gone through so much sorrow, nor the affection of my people,—nothing in the world shall keep me from seeking Jesus, whom I shall evermore clearly acknowledge to be the Saviour of the world."

Reinhard now no longer doubted his sincerity. But he begged his friend to give the important step he was about to take a little further consideration. They knelt down together, and Reinhard prayed for grace and light. Herschel followed. The veil was now entirely taken away. He could say with the prophet Jeremiah, "Lord, Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived; Thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed."* His heart now burned with desire to suffer all that he might have to suffer for the sake of Him whom he had so long persecuted, to give up all that had before been dear to him.

A few days later he came again to Reinhard, and told him that at the approaching feast of Pentecost he should make a public confession in the synagogue and take leave of his brethren.

The day arrived. Prince Günther, to whom Reinhard had communicated the rabbi's intention, said that he and his counsellor would be witnesses.

It was a great astonishment to the assembly when Herschel declared, that from the searching of the Holy Scripture, he had attained to a firm conviction that the

* Jer. xx. 7. In Luther's version it is "persuaded," *überredet*, instead of "deceived."

Messiah had already appeared, that Israel was waiting for Him in vain, and that Jesus of Nazareth, and no other, was indeed the Messiah. He entreated his brethren after the flesh not to deceive themselves any longer, but to pray the God of Israel that He would grant them such knowledge and conviction as he would not now part with for all the treasures of the world. He thanked them with pathetic tenderness for all the affection they had shown him, and his tears spoke more plainly than words.

Reinhard then told him, in the hearing of the assembly, that it was not too late for him to remain amongst his people, and to enjoy a continuance of the affection of which he was now witness.

The Jews in whose countenances astonishment and dismay had been depicted, then embraced him, and prayed him not to leave them. But Herschel remained firm, tore himself from them, and taking Reinhard by the arm, left the assembly.

But he had still to undergo many struggles to preserve it, and to add other jewels to it; but God, who had led him by such unusual paths, gave him strength to come victorious out of all his conflicts.

After a few weeks the Jews of the neighbourhood sent him a challenge to a discussion at Dessau, which he accepted. The prince was pleased at his courage. He sent Reinhard and a counsellor with him, and wrote to commend him to the protection of the prince of Dessau.

The synagogue was crowded, and all the clergy of the town were present.

Herschel bore joyful testimony, and declared that if all the rabbis pronounced the threatened curse upon him, he should not be alarmed, but in return should bless them. As to the still expected Messiah, he confuted the speakers from the writings of their own rabbis, for many of them maintained that the time of His coming was gone by. He spoke of them as not concerning themselves with the prophecies, or as blindly interpreting them as their forefathers had done, and thus of remaining in wilful ignorance. He said they deluded the people with false hopes, and even threatened with a curse those who searched into the subject of the Messiah's coming.

He asked them directly, when the Messiah should come, since the prophecy of Jacob and of all the prophets until Daniel pointed to times long gone by. He asked, where was now to be found the name of Judah or the race of David from which He was to spring, since it was plainly set forth in the well-known book "Schalschelet hakabbala" that Marsutra ben Marsutra was the last of the race.

A general murmur was heard; the assembly was visibly embarrassed. Some of the learned men at length brought forward the usual answers, which cannot really satisfy a Jew, not to speak of a Christian. Herschel then related how he had arrived at his conclusions, stated that he had not been hasty in forming them, and that he had not been influenced by hope of any earthly advantage.

Upon this some of the most eminent Jews took him aside, entreated him not to leave them, and held out the highest expectations to him, but all was in vain.

The counsellor then addressed them, asking them if they had anything to say against Herschel, and all gave the highest testimony to his character. He then asked Herschel himself if he would not gladden his brethren by recanting. He replied that nothing could induce him to do so, and that his only wish was that all present should see their error and follow his example. As the result of this discussion, two Jews of Dessau and Gernrode left the neighbourhood, and the one at Köslin, the other at Ulm, embraced the Christian religion. A general excitement was caused, which was only with difficulty put down by means of promises and threats.

These contests, however, were not the severest trials that Herschel had to go through. Reinhard had taken him into his house to prepare him for his baptism. Both Jews and Christians, however, were convinced, in their worldly wisdom, that he would recant, for he would never make such sacrifices as persistence would involve. Jewish friends came weeping to his room, to overwhelm him with their entreaties. At length they spread a report that he was out of his mind. Many Christians even were found willing to believe this. Others said he would not do much honour to the Christian Church. They did not believe in the genuineness of his conversion. This came to his ears, and grieved him sorely. When he slept he

dreamt that he saw his mother, with weeping eyes, entreating him tenderly to return to his people and their faith. He longed for baptism, but time for preparation was needful, and he passed through many days in which all faith and peace seemed to vanish from him. He himself related that he was once wrestling on his knees in prayer to God until midnight, and the perspiration streamed down his face. Then it was that the Lord, whom he had been seeking, answered him in a manner far beyond his expectation and understanding. As far as it is possible here below, he beheld "the mountain of God." "My heart," he says, "became lighter; I slept, and had an incomparable dream of the heavenly Jerusalem!" He accepted it as a foretaste of eternal blessedness, a gracious token that he was in the right path.

At break of day Reinhard came to him, and asked what had been happening to him, for he had heard some of his words. On learning the whole, he was much rejoiced. Closing the door, he admonished Herschel earnestly to struggle against the last vestiges of unbelief and doubt, or any hankering after the esteem of men and temporal advantages, and to continue in prayer, so that he might obtain peace. They then knelt together in earnest prayer for an hour, which strengthened and refreshed Herschel greatly.

Ten days after he had left the synagogue he felt a longing to attend Christian worship, and heard Reinhard preach. Reinhard took the trouble to go over the sermon with

the convert again, that he might fully understand it. Full of gratitude, Herschel handed him thirty ducats, which he had remaining of his patrimony. Reinhard smiled, assured him that he sought only the good of his soul, but acknowledged his kind intention. He took the money and put it out to interest. Afterwards it came in very usefully to his spiritual son.

Soon afterwards Prince Günther sent for Herschel, and Reinhard went with him to the palace. The prince received him in a most friendly manner; he had a Hebrew Bible before him, and took the pains to refer to one powerful passage after another, and to explain their meaning. He exhorted him to stand firm, to be diligent in reading the Word of God and in prayer, and presented him with a Wittenberg German Bible, as our greatest treasure, and the princess gave him Luther's Catechism.*

The prince was much pleased with Herschel's zeal and talents, and consulted with Reinhard as to his future studies. Reinhard himself devoted two hours a day to aid him; a clerk gave the bearded scholar instruction in reading and writing, in order that he might lose his Jewish German; and a candidate daily went over what he had learnt with him. He had also, from time to time, to pass

* The taste for good old books and our national history has, unfortunately, so much diminished among distinguished circles that this may scarcely sound like truth. But our ancient Saxon and Thuringian princes were many of them diligent students of the Holy Scriptures, and were deeply, even learnedly, versed in the doctrines of our faith and Church.

through public examinations, which he did to the satisfaction of the prince and of all present. Some of the gentlemen of the court, and even some of the princes, invited him to their houses once a week to assist him in acquiring refinement of manner; but this excited so much envy and calumny that the prince was obliged to interfere.

At Christmas, 1722, after the lapse of about half a year, the long-wished-for hour of his baptism arrived. Reinhard had drawn up a paper, giving notice of the solemn ceremony, together with a sketch of the remarkable career of the convert.

Reinhard performed the ceremony, and six princely personages, who were selected by Prince Günther, were the sponsors. Among them were Princess Günther, Duke Frederic II. of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg, and Duke Augustus William of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. When Prince Günther was asked if he would not be one himself, he answered, "No, I will represent his father." Reinhard preached an excellent sermon on Isaiah lx. 16: "Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles, and shalt suck the breast of kings; and thou shalt know that I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob."

He mentioned in the course of the sermon that it was the wish of the convert to learn something by which he could serve God and his fellow-men, so that he might not, like many other converts, be burdensome to his Christian brethren.

Herschel closed the ceremony himself with a touching address from Psalm ix. 1: "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works."

III.

The name given him in baptism was Friedrich Albrecht Augusti. A few days after the ceremony a letter was received from Frederic II. of Gotha, offering his godson free admission into the celebrated Gymnasium there, under Rector Bockerodt. This was accepted in the following year. Bockerodt, in a few lines, congratulated Reinhard on the evident blessing which had attended his labours with this promising son of Israel. He was placed in the second rank of the first class, but soon complained to the rector that his school-fellows "were too mighty for him," and begged for help to enable him to keep up with them. The rector apprised the Consistorial Court of his request, and he was allowed to have private lessons in all branches, so that he was taking lessons from five in the morning till seven at night. Every hour was employed with the utmost diligence, and his health, now completely restored, was not affected by it.

Neither envy nor derision hindered his progress. When, in the following year, the school held its second jubilee festival, he delivered an address in Hebrew and prepared a poem in Chaldee. At the end of three years he left the school with the best testimonials, and full of

gratitude to his benefactors. After due consideration, he was sent by the Consistory, first for half a year, to Jena, and then to Leipsic, where it was thought that he would have the best opportunity for completing his studies. The Consistory bespoke assistance for him there, and promised to contribute a certain sum towards his support for two years.

He had at first to bear the universal distrust of converted Jews, and afterwards to defend himself to his benefactors in Gotha and Sondershausen from various calumnies. But his gifts and acquirements, his godly and blameless life, enabled him to overcome all this. The most distinguished professors of the university treated him more as a friend than as a pupil.

His benefactors assisted him not only with the means of living, but aided him in the purchase of needful books. His knowledge of the Eastern and Sclavonic languages was soon turned to good account, and not in the university only. From his travels and years of slavery, as well as from his residence at Jewish universities, he was well acquainted with Russian, Bohemian, and Turkish; and, as is well known, any one who can speak and interpret those tongues is most welcome in the inland cities of Germany. His acquaintance with Hungarian enabled him to assist in the compilation of a Hungarian hymn-book. He also assisted young scholars in the elements of Hebrew, and read Job and the Psalms with them. This, however, was objected to by the young masters of arts

who gave lectures, but, as a compensation, a place was given to him at the common table.

After he had studied for three years at Leipsic and Jena, various prospects opened before him. At first he obtained permission to give lectures and to explain Hebrew grammar, some of the books of the Bible, and parts of the Mishna. It was then proposed to him by August Herman Francke of Halle to go out as a missionary to Malabar. This he would gladly have done, had his friends not dissuaded him from it.

Not long after some one spoke for him to his sponsor, the Duke of Brunswick, and he had a well-grounded hope of being appointed as the minister of a parish in his dominions. This, however, was frustrated by his former brethren, the Jews, who circulated gross lies concerning him. It was said, for example, that he had been obliged to leave Leipsic and Gotha in consequence of sins against the seventh commandment. The same experience followed him at Sondershausen. Unhappily this time it was from Christians. It had been reported that he had said of a living and an appointment as co-rector which had been offered him that they were not good enough; even his former patron, Prince Günther, was so incensed against him by this that he withdrew the offer, although it had been promised to him. He was next offered the professorship of Oriental Languages at the Gymnasium at Bremen. From this he was dissuaded by some of his friends; and a prospect was held out to him of obtaining

an appointment in Gotha, which he would have done before had opportunity offered for it in that small territory.

His first appointment, as assistant teacher to the third class in the Gymnasium, was a very poorly paid one. The rector soon found that he was a treasure, and his diligence and his affection for his pupils won for him the love and confidence of the parents. He was employed by the Consistory to instruct the candidates for the ministry in Hebrew and rabbinical learning; and his having been a Jew gave him, in this sphere of activity, a great advantage in explaining the Old Testament. Some of the first people of the town also intrusted their sons to him to be prepared for the university. Some of these young men afterwards did him great credit. One of his benefactors, General Von Seebach, recommended him to the curator of the University of Göttingen, then about to be established, pointing out his close and extensive acquaintance both with the ancient and modern languages of the East. All was in train for this office, when, to Augusti's great surprise, he received an autograph letter from Duke Frederic III., commanding him to preach before him. A few days after he was offered by the Consistory the office of assistant minister at Eschenberge. He accepted the offer, as General Von Seebach had strongly advised, desirous as he had been before of his getting the professorship at Göttingen. The office of a Christian minister had been his chief desire ever since his conver-

sion, and was that for which the chequered course of his life and the purifying trials he had borne had, in the providence of God, prepared him.

On the eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1734, he was inducted into his office.

It is related that not long before, as he was riding through the village on his way to preach for a neighbouring rector, he had passed by the unpretending but pleasant-looking parsonage, then newly built, and had said to himself, "If the Lord would but give me such a home!" With the sincerest desire to work while it was day, he entered on his charge. Here also he was pursued by envy and hatred. Attempts were made to embitter the outset of his career by exciting prejudices against a "converted Jew." But his heart was now steadfast in love to his Redeemer. He overcame evil with good. Open and upright, sympathising and unassuming, but unsparing to sin and vice, no longer young, but still fresh, he had great influence with both old and young, rich and poor, sick and well. The congregation soon discovered that they were blessed with a faithful and an experienced pastor. The worthy old minister to whom he was assistant lived for five years longer. During this time Augusti only received one-third of the moderate income of the living. But he was no hireling: his object was the work and not the pay. The well-to-do people arranged that he should take his dinner with them by turns. As, however, the poor felt this as a slight, he

dined at their houses also; and in accordance with his Saviour's injunction, was heartily content with their fare. He thus became thoroughly acquainted with all his parishioners, and they found in him a true friend and adviser. His friends and admirers in the town supplied his few wants according to their ability.

When he became sole pastor, he married the daughter of the duke's steward.

We can thus readily believe the statement of his biographers, that after his previous life he knew but little of domestic affairs or the management of land. Nor did he concern himself much about these things. After God had given him a faithful and industrious housewife, he was able to devote his attention undisturbed to his parish and his studies. The Word of God was his daily food; his discourses were always derived from it; they were simple, yet profound; carefully adapted to the comprehension and the wants of his hearers.

Having experienced in his heart that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, his preaching and teaching of every kind were very effective, while his life was a manifestation of his paternal love for the souls confided to his care. He also interested himself warmly for those of his nation who were seeking Christ, and maintained an intimacy with those who had found Him. There is an interesting account of the conversion of a young Jew of fifteen or sixteen, named Adam Joseph Goldschmidt, born at Eschwege. His father had

been detected as a receiver of stolen goods, and had fallen into the greatest distress. His children were scattered; Adam Joseph came to Ohrdruff and enlisted in the army. The excellent General Von Seebach took pity on him, and sent him to Augusti that he might "examine and instruct the wandering sheep." He commended him to his fatherly care, and enclosed the needful sum for his support in his laconic soldier's letter. The examination was promising, and instruction begun. He was baptized with the consent of the Consistory in 1746. He learned an honourable trade, went to sea from Hamburg, and wrote letters to his spiritual father, which convinced him that he was steadfast in the faith. A second convert was baptized in 1749, a Jewish student, Raphael Joseph, who also remained true to the Christian faith.

But these conversions excited in his brethren according to the flesh the deadliest hatred. They not only tried to injure him by wicked slanders, but even made repeated attempts on his life. The inhabitants of Eschenberge tell many stories of the snares laid for him; and the spots where his enemies lay in wait for him are pointed out. His son relates a most treacherous attempt to poison him. A letter was one day delivered to him by a simple sort of man from Naumburg. On opening it he found within a fugitive powder, which immediately caused headache, sickness, and swelling of the fingers. Feeling that he had been poisoned, he hastened to Gotha and procured an antidote, which fortunately proved successful.

In addition to his other occupations, Augusti had a useful sphere of labour in writing a considerable number of works, which, though small in extent, were enriched by the treasures of his experience and learning. They are enumerated in the memoirs mentioned at the beginning of this article, mostly with very favourable criticisms which had been given on them. We will only mention a work which he began to publish in 1748 to prove the genuineness of the original Hebrew text of the Old Testament. This, however, he was deterred by the publisher from completing.

As time went on, he had another occupation which bore good fruit, in the education of his children; God gave him three sons and one daughter. The eldest and youngest sons died before him, the first in his seventh, the second in his twenty-sixth year, when he was a promising candidate for the ministry, and three years before this he had lost his wife, so that he was not spared heavy domestic crosses. His daughter became a pastor's wife. The second son, Ernst Friedrich Anton Augusti, studied theology, and became, first, assistant, and afterwards, successor to his father.

Before visiting Augusti's grave we will turn to the study where he may have instructed his children. When the present commodious new parsonage was built, rather singularly, a part of the original building, much lower and not so wide as the new, was left standing. It closely adjoins the new part, the ground-floor now being used as

a stable, and the upper part as store-rooms. The mortar has long since crumbled away, and the stones themselves have suffered at the ravaging hand of time. The windows are only small round panes of glass fixed in leaden frames. The space in front is divided into two small rooms, one of which is said to have been the living room, the other the sleeping room. The rest of the space consists of a narrow passage and a small closet with one of the little windows looking toward the churchyard. Tradition says that this was Augusti's study, that in this contracted space much of his cheerful, active, and useful pastoral life was spent, and that through this window attempts were made by the Jews to assassinate him; but whether this is correct, we cannot undertake to say.

In his seventy-third year the sight and strength of this faithful servant of God began to fail. He bore these final sufferings with meekness and patience, but was compelled to ask for an assistant. As before mentioned, his own son was appointed. He has given ample proof of his affection and esteem for his father in his memoirs of him. But Augusti continued to be diligent in his calling, preached often, was always ready to converse with his parishioners, and is said to have been particularly communicative respecting his own life to the edification of many. The spiritual father who had now seen another generation arise was greatly beloved, and his sermons at this period are said to have been very impressive.

At length, the jubilee year of his ministry (including

the five years of study) arrived. His mind was still fresh, and it was his wish to offer publicly his homage to Him who had so marvellously guided him to light and peace, and blessed him with earthly goods to his heart's content. He communicated his desire to his superiors, and requested that the approaching visitation day, by the superintendent-general, might be named for the occasion.

On the 20th of June 1779 his congregation accompanied him to the church with festive music. The procession was headed by his son, the schoolmaster, and the children, and closed by his grandchildren and a numerous band of brother ministers. Those ever-new hymns were sung, "Come, Holy Ghost," "To God alone be praise," and Gellert's hymn beginning, "This day I thank Thee for my life." The 71st Psalm was read, and then the venerable old man of eighty-seven preached with unusual animation of "all the mercy and all the truth" which the Lord had shown to his unworthy servant. He had long been unable to write a discourse, but he could speak to his hearers from a believing heart in a way which made a powerful impression.

For three years longer he bore the increasing infirmities of age. He entered into the joy of his Lord in May 1782. His frequently expressed desire to depart and be with Christ was at last fulfilled. He who once could not endure the sight of a crucifix, now rejoiced in the thought that he was one of a nation that might call Jesus its kinsman. It is related in the place that his last words were,

"I was born a Jew, I have lived as a Christian, as a Jew I die," and interpreted by the light of the foregoing narrative these words are not improbable, for "they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." *

It is not to be denied that the cause of Christianity has suffered severely from hundreds of Jews who have embraced it. This accounts for what may appear like almost needless caution on the part of Augusti's benefactors; but he was well aware of these experiences, and we can but admire the patience with which he bore the consequences. But in the present century Christianity has won over from Israel many decided, devoted, and learned men, who, while the Church has so much in her midst to mourn over, have aided not a little in brightening her prospects.

Augusti's resignation and composure did not forsake him to the last. "Let us be patient, God will help us," had long been the words with which he used to try to strengthen himself and others; and he had chosen for his motto the words, "Fio angustiis Augustus," which may be rendered, without the play upon his name, "I am made perfect through suffering."

Forty years before he had selected as the text for his funeral sermon the words of the prophet Isaiah, which had occasioned the distress which resulted in so much blessing, and on which he delighted to meditate in his devotions:—"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried

* Gal. iii 7.

our sorrows, yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." *

Some time ago an old inhabitant of the parish, when selecting a resting-place for himself, restored the simple monument on the south side of the church. On one side may be read the name of Augusti, on the other three those of his wife and sons, with the dates of birth and death.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

* Isaiah liii. 4.

THE END.

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